WOMAN'S

HERALD OF INDUSTRY

VOL. II

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 1 — San Francisco, California, January. 1883. — $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

A Monthly Newspaper. published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco, Cal. Terms—$1

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editer.

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Offices where copies ar for sale and subscriptions receved—304 Stockton St, San Francisco; Hardy's, Oakland; 10 Spruce St, New York; Woman's Educational & Indusirial Union, 157 Tremont St, Boston; Womans Ind'l Ass'n, 291 16th St, Denver, Col. A. K. Boygue, Stockton, Cal.; Shelton, & Co., Olympia, W. T.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

Instigated, Organized and Founded by Mrs. J. W. Stow, August 7, 1880.

Headquarters, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.
President—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.
Hon. Secretary—Gertie S. Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
Membership.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

S. S. S.

ORDER AND TRADE MARK.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left brest with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.
Officers badges, $1, members 59 cts., post-paid.

W. N. S. S. L.

At a special session of the Californin Woman's Social Science Association, Thursday. Sep. 1882. there was organized a "Woman's National Social Science League," with Mrs J. W. Stow President and Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, Secretary.

The time has come when women, working for the salvation of the body and the industrial education of their own sex, *must* have a united and definite plan of action, and a fearless outspoken *National* organ to *emphasize* that action, and this plan is Woman's National Social Science League, and the permanently established National Organ, Woman's Herald of Industry. California (a woman,s name) is destined to be *woman's state*. Here her out-door kingdom will be established, in a propitious clime of perpetual summer.

An Annual Congress will be held in one of the large cities of the Union each year, and every third year, will be held a Grand Trienial Conclave—the first in San Francisco, Sep. 1883, when it is hoped that every state will be represented by a delegate.

It cannot be too often repeated that the Woman's National Social Science League is organized for the purpose of creating a real bond of united effort among women, to free woman from legal and self-imposed slavery, and to emancipate her physically and industrially from the time honored "curse."

Mrs Stow willy occupy the presidential chair and choose her own cabinet of officers, up to Sep. 1886. She does this because woman's social science has taken firm root in her brain, and because she has but *one single occupation* the development of *Woman's* social science—which differs from *Man's* social science in many ways.

Annual membership $1 life membership $25. Send the amount to the office of the Herald, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, and the certificate will be forwarded immediately.

Charter for auxiliary Leagues $5.

The Goddess of Liberty (stamp on the seal) holding in one hand our glorious banner and in the other a laurel wreath, ready to crown every Sister, is emblematic of Woman's perfect emancipation.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the Herald *promptly, should notify the* Office *at once.*

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE for the handsomest dress for a woman, which clears the ground twelve inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The PRIZE EXHIBITION will be held during the session of the first

GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE

of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco. the first week in September, 1883.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

Agitate, Educate, Organize. "Women's Social Science Association's," that you may be abreast of the wave of progress and be ready to send delegates to the first Grand Triennial Conclave of the W. N. S. S. L. to be held in September. A society can send a delegate when the individual might not be financially able to attend. Social Science is the only organization which embraces every department of life, therefore organize social science associations, and hold an hour and a half meeting every week. Devote the first half- hour to business, reading minuits of the last meeting, etc, and at the begining of the hour, *sharp*, read a twenty minuits essay, or selected paper, and follow it with a discussion. Let no business interfere with the *literary hour*, which can be opened with music, recitation, and sentiments offered. Many ladies will attend if Code and Constitution wrangling is kept sacredly out of of the hour for instruction and interchange of thot.

If necessary, call a special meeting to settle Code differences, but on no consideration let it destroy your societies. Better be without one altogether than to have it do such a great wrong to human progress. Always keep in mind the importance of the organization. Remember that Social Science, or the Science of Society, is the flower and consummation of all the other sciences, the seience *par excellence* because it is the *salvation* of the *body* science. The mind is of the body, if one is diseased the other is enfebled.

Social Science has brot humanity from slavery to co-operation, and the complex fabric is becoming better and better woven as the peoples of the world learn the advantages of co-operation, which is destined to overthrow usurpers and bring about a universal peace on earth.

Send in your names for membership. It is only one dollar a year, and who is too poor to give so small a sum to help forward so large a work? The Womans Social Science League is destined to constitute a vast network of intelligent, co-operavive thot and action, not alone in this country, but in Canada, Great Briton and Continental countries. The work of laying the foundation of this mental and material structure, of establishing inposts and outposts, is necessarily slow, but not tiresome.

Every new society formed, however small, is a bright star in the firmament of progress, and with its golden chords of sympathy vibrating, with messages of hearty goodfelloship, along the main line of action, to the citadel upon whose turrets the sun of progress always shines with an ever increasing luster, is sure to harvest the full sheaves and ripened fruit of mental and material growth.

Mrs. Stow mortgaged her home for a $1,000 to buy the outfit of the Publishing Department of the S. S. S. Who will give, of their abundance, from $1 to $25 to cancil this debt? As soon as it is done the property will be entailed in legal perpetuity to industry—for the benefit of women— as "Woman's College of Industry." A number of ladies and gentlemen have given $5, each, and make the donation annual, thus creating a steady income. Will not other women and men do likewise?

Conference Prizes.—The prize for the essay, "Bread," and the prize for the best loaf of bread, were won by Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland. There wereno other competitors for these prizes. Flora C. white, of New York City, won the first prize upon "Labor" and Fanny A. Combs, of West View, Ohio, the second.

MUSCLE—not BRAIN—rules the world. The logic of government is muscle. The eloquence of statesmanship is muscle. If the women who stumped Nebraska had fired one gun into man's citadel of power, or shook his stronghold of usurpation with one catipult, it would hsve been more convincing than the combined logic and eloquence of all the Helens and Hannahs, the Susans and Sarahs who went up to conquer and were conqured.

Develop muscle, my sisters, develop muscle! Feminine muscle is the shouting need of the hour. It takes muscle to run Post Offices, sell stamps, register letters and attend to interviewers; it takes muscle to sell tape and taffy, buttons and bodkins; it takes muscle to sit in easy City Hall chairs and draw fat salaries, whilst obsequious muscular clerks do the muscular writing. Muscle is the lever of the world, sisters. Put on sensible apparel and begin to develop it, We want a few non-tobacco smoking, non- whiskey guzzling women to sit in high, official, places in '84; and unles the time is well spent in developing muscle we shall be defeat- again. What we want is—*victory!*

Technical Schools.—Until such times as the puplic and normal schools take the initiative in educating the hand as well as the brain of our children, technical colleges must be established. The S. S. S. is the first undertaking, in this direction, on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Stow has been urging the capitalists of San Francisco, and other large towns in the state, for years, to establish carpet, wallpaper and cotton manufactories. These would furnish an unlimited amount of designing for women and greatly enrich the state. The commercial value of such traning schools cannot be estimated.

The first year, 1880. there was taught in our college, Decorative Art, in all its branches, Kensington Stitch, Lacemaking, Dressmaking, History, Music, Languages, Physical Culture theoretical Silk Culture. At the present time typesettiug is the leading branch taught, but as soon as some one donates $100,000, or $10,00, or $1,000 (small favors thankfully received) we shall again teach various handicrafts.

Decorative Art has become an independent organization, and is doing much good in creating a public taste and demand for artistic designs in ornimental decrorations, for the home, which gives employment to many women and girls. Silk Culture, also, stands alone.

This issue of the Herald begins the second year of its existence, Will friends and patrons send in their subscriptions for Vol. 2 immediately. The amount, $1, is too small to make out receipts for. Those who have had the 12 numbers will know that their first year has expired.

We offer *The Woman's Journal* ($2,50) and the Herald for $3 a year, also the *New Northwest* ($3) for the same price. All orders to be sent to this office.

These Journals are the oldest and ablest edited of any of the newspapers published in the interest of women in the United States. The Woman Suffrage campaign which Mrs. Dunni- has innugerated in Oregon will make her paper particularly attractive this year, and no word of praise is required for Lucy Stone's Journal.

The Herald for '83 makes three subjects especially special: Dress Reform, Race Culture, and the Industrial Education of women. We hope our friends, and the general public, understing the pressing need of this trinity of reforms will make swift haste with a *palpable* expression of their sympathy.

See Premiums, on the 8th page.

The Herald acknowledges the receipt of No. 2 Catalogue of the N, Y. Co-operative Dress Association—one of the largest and most successful organizations in the United States, with a *woman* at the head (a classic head) of it. Also Manual of Bee Keeping (new system. See ad.), by Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton, West Gorham, Me., which will be reviewed in February.

SCISSORS.

O splendid age! when Science lights her lamp
At the brief lightning's momentary flame,
Fixing it steadfast as a star, mans name
Upon the very brow of heaven to stamp!
Launched on a ship whose iron-cuirassed sides
Mock storm and wave, humanity sails free—
Gaily upon a vast, untraveled sea—
O'er pathless waves, to royal ports, she rides,
Richer than Cleopatra's barge of gold
This vessel, manned by demi-gods,, with freight
Of priceless marvels.

What a piece of work is Woman!

Liberty keeps pace wsth intelligence, and tyranny walks side by side with Ignorance.

Those who can read the signs of the times, read in them tnat the kingdom of Woman is at hand.

It is by rising above the conditions of sex into the elevated relm of "thonght and directed power" that we can hope to do the most good in society.

A lady was recently elected a Fellow of the meteorological society of London.

The New Jersey legislature has appropriated five thousand dollars to an industrial school for girls.

Liberia has given two hundred acres of land for the founding of an industrial school for girls.

A womad has just been chosen Superintendent of Schools at Barrington, R. I. This is the first time a woman has occupied the position in that state.

Miss Louise Clark, of Cheyenne, rides a velocipede accompanied by her father who sees that no American freeman throws mud at her.

New Hampshire pays its men teachers $36,45 and women teachers $22,36. That is because men are sovereigns and women subjects.

Twenty-one Irishmen have been elected to Congress, yet not one American woman has a right to cast a vote. Shame! shame! American citizens!

Miss Ewing, of the Chicago Cooking School, has been giving lessons in cooking to large classes at Terre Haute, and the cooking "craze" has superseded art and æsthetics.

A One-third vote was polled in Nebraska, at the recent election, for Woman Suffrage. Whiskey and the Freed*men* defeated it.

The British parliament has swept away all restraint a husband may have over his wife's property. She can acquire and dispose of real estate as if she were single; she can render herself liable in business to the extent of her seperate property; she can sue and be sued. The details of the new law are liberal, and completily upset the old "clinging vine" theory.

Andrews, Ind., has a brass band composed of fourteen young ladies. San Jose, Cal., has a military company of 24 young ladies, in perfect drill.

Mrs. M. T. Faskin, of China, Me., has given $1,000 to the Hollowall Industrial School for Girls. May her shining example be emulated by other women. It will prove a paying investment.

The newspapers of Oregon stand on the pending Suffrage Amendment in that state, twenty-three in favor,five opposed, and four neutral. Mrs Dunniway has the majority and will convert the minority by her eloquence and daring. The brave general wins the battle and wears the victors crown.

Mrs J. W. Stow, of San Francisco, has sent a desctiption and photograph of her Tripple S. Costume to London, to compete for the prize offered by the National Dress Society of England for the most approved style of dress that does entirely away with the health-destroying petticoat.

Paris is setting women a sensible fashion in dispensing with high-heeled shoes. Flat soles are to be the order, hereafter, and women will be able to walk without a rotary motion.

Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M. D.. Vice-President of the South London Tricycle Club, strongly endorses tricycle riding as a healthful exercise for women. The fashion has become so widespread in England that the factories cannot supply the demand.

A man 26 years old, by the name of Connors, committed a rape upon the person of an aged colored woman in Washington, D. C., recently. Connors is an old offender. He was convicted of rape some years ago, and sentenced for ten years in the penitentiary, but was pardoned out, let loose upon the community to repeat his depredrtions on women.

When will lagislators frame laws to prevent such crimes—at least, the repetition of such crimes? Had this man been handed over to a skillful surgeon and effectually disabled, this poor old woman would have escaped abuse, and the youths who were his companions might have escaped contamination.—*Alpha.*

Children's Corner.

TUM If 'OU DARE!

Tanta Kaus, Tanta Kaus
Tum if 'on dare!
Ise hung'd up my tokin
Under de 'tair
An' one by de mantle
An' one on a chair.
Tanta Kaus, Tanta Kaus
Tum if 'ou dare!

I onts 'ots ov tings,
A s'ed an' a d'um
A pie an' a puddin,
A tandy an' bun.
Now, Tanty, be doody
An' kikity 'nn
An' fill up my tokin
Tuk full of fun.

L. B.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

It *was* hi-o and heave-o, in real eatnest, for as one wheel vainly endeavored to climb a tre, its fellow was struggling in a rut. It was impossible to see the road and Terry declared that the darkness was so thick he could feel it, and that the vaunted darkness of the Egyptians could n't hold a candle to it.

All at once Puss roused from her slumbers in Milly's lap; spitting and growling she savagely unsheathed her sharp claws and crouched low down as if about to spring at something. Towz whined and crept close to the silent group that were quaking with a vague sense of danger, Suddenly there was a crash among the branches over their heads, and the gleam of two firce eyes flashed out as a heavy body grazed the side of the wagon-box just where they were huddl'd together.

Etta gave a terrible scream, and Towz leaped over the box and gave battle to the wild beast.

"Han' m' gun in a jiffy, boy, an' take these critters by the bits, ef ye want ter live a minit longer, whilst I let hev inter that ternel catemount," shouted the driver, as he stopped the trembling horses.

Mrs. Breeze had already seized the rifle, as a means of defense, and was holding it in a menacing attitude between her babes and the foe. Terry jumped to the ground, and catching hold of the bits said, in a hosrse voice, "Quick! mother has the gun."

He scrambled into the wagon, snatched the gun from Mrs. Breezes' hand, and just as she cried out, "Dont hit Towz!" there was a flash of light, a sharp report, a smell of powder and a howl and scream of agony. The driver sprang to his seat, the horses plunged their length forward, and with a superhuman effort he reached down—guided entirely by an exclaimation of pain— and grasping the collar of Terry's coat, dragged him into the seat beside him, more dead than alive with fear and physical suffering.

One of the horses, as it sprang forward, had trodden upon his foot, and altho but slightly injured—as it provon examination—it was still very painful.

They were tearing along at a rapid rate, considering the darkness and bad road, when Etta cried out, "Towz! Oh! where's Towz?" To which question the driver grimly replied—

"Ony fur that ar dorg thar would hev bin one less on ye in camp ter night. The sarpint's mate is n't fur away, depend ont, an' ef ye vally yer lives ye wont dally 'bout a dorg that's ded afore this, sartin."

"Drive on!" said Mrs. Breeze in a husky voice. The little girls hid their faces under her shawl, sobbing and bewailing the sad fate of their playmate and faithful friend. Terry leaned against the rough driver, who compassionately put his strong arm round him, for he had a tender heart under the homespun exterior, and pitied the poor boy who could not swallow the tears and groans, because his heart and foot hurt him so.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY GERTIE S. SMYTH.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"The Dawn with trembling hands draws aside the curtains of the East and welcomes to her arms the God of Day." Bright with hope and cheer breaks the glad light of the new-born year. As the old year wraps his mantle about him and slowly departs into the shadowy empire of the past, so should we banish into the land of forgetfullness all that is evil and unlovely in our natures. Miss Mulock says let bygones be bygones, never recall the past except to mend the future. Let us bury the dead things of life deep in good honest soil and plant flowers over them, so that the place where they lie shall not be barren nor disfigured; make of each mistake, each sad experience, a means for future good and truth and beauty. Roman history tells us of an Emperor who lost a day whenever he had passed a day from sunrise to sunset without performing some good deed. Let the religon of Abou Ben Adhem dwell in the heart and show itself in the every day life.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood.
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good."

G. S. S.

How to Cook Eggs.—Baked eggs are very nice. Butter an earthen pie-plate break in eggs, put in lump of butter, a little pepper and salt, and bake in a hot oven three or four minutes. Instead of boiling, try the following—take a saucepan or pail with close fitting cover, fill with boiling water to heat it, throw out lay in eggs and cover with boiling water, and put on cover, set in a warm place for twenty minutes; no person will want to eat them boiled after having tried this method once.

To Boil Rice.—Soak in plenty of warm water over night, or several hours; pour off and cover with boiling water; boil twenty minutes. Each grain will be seperate from the other.

Chicken Cheese.—Cut a chicken into small pieces, lay in saucepan, just cover with cold water, cook slowly until tender, taking of scum as it rises; take out chicken and boil liquor down to a cupful, remove all the bones and pick, not chop, the meat in small pieces. Season with salt and pepper, and if chicken is not fat, add a tablespoonful of butter; mix with gravey and put in well-buttered mould ;set in cool place twelve hours. Cut in slices for table. Better make day before it is wanted for use.

Baltimore Delicious Bread.—Two common tumblers of rice flour, two teacupfulls wheat flour, three tea spoonfuls yeast powder sifted into flour, two tablespoonfuls butter rubbed into dry flour, a little salt, two well-beaten eggs, yolks and whites seperate, two teacupfuls rich sweet milk. Mix well and bake same as stired short-cake.

Winter Comforts.—As the cold season approaches there is need of carefulness as to our bodily comfort. Colds, coughs, rheumatism, and consumption are bred by careless exposure between October and May.

Many persons contract a cold that end's a career, when otherwise they may have been candidates for longevity. There is only one rule to be odserved, and that is dress for comfort, both out of-doors, in-doors, and in bed. There is no rule that will apply to all as to amount of clothing necessary. A strong person, engaged in physical labor, may keep warm so long as at work, but as soon as his labor is over, he should add to his clothing enough to protect him from the cold. Few persons know how much greater the power of resisting the cold is when there is a determined effort of the mind to resist it, and how much greater the danger is when one gives into it without effort. Of course there comes a point beyond which the will cannot go, but up to this it is a conservator of health, and helps very much, at least temporarrily, in resisting cold.—*Herald of Health.*

For the Herald.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND DRESS REFORM.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

The California W. S. S. Associ'n is culturing the vital elements of ethical æsthetic life united with sustaining industry. Its recent annual conference revealed the exercise of a noble purpose. The presidents address was comprehensive and finished. The prize essays on bread and labor were excelent and must impress minds with improved resolves. Their conclusions are not out, but I make no doubt but pure unleavened bread wil be held superior to yeast rotted loaves; and that labor wil be crowned lifes magic staff and best elixir. Tipe seting by women has already a call—fisical culture is a long neglected necesity, and reforming deathly fashions in dress a necesity of that culture. That this is seen and acted on by the president shows worth and wisdom with consistency. Her adopted style is a good begining and suggests that all women knowing the burden of presure, weight and impendiment, adopt the best reform they can devise or imitate, each suiting self; all need not be alike where tastes differ. It is forty years since I abandoned fashion as unfit for reasoning women—it was nine years before the dress movement moved, and one year before the inventor conceived the idea. I've spent little time in experiment on styles but wil give concisely as possible my present style, to prompt thought at this time. In summer, next the body, a tidy (a soft cotten shirt comming to neck and elbows, and laping under body), this takes the perspiration and is often changed—in autum it gives place to canton, in winter to real flanel—drawers keeping match with each. Next the main shirt cambric, size of tidy, but a band at throat, and sleves to rist, uniting with cap; suspension vest, (the waist on which all leg-garments hang,) with two buttons in front, two in back, and each button duplicated by another an inch below it holding the first drawers, that when other pairs are used too many bands may not be on buttons holding the trousers. Drawers, save that on the skin, or tight like trousers opening at side. Trousers eleven inches at knee, seven at foot. A button on vest just back of hippoint, with a strait tape to the hose outside the knee, is all hose require, and protection is perfect. A basque and skirt to the knee, or pelisse (tunic) to the knee, neatly but lightly trimed, finishes suit. Turban hat in winter; brim in summer; shoes too loose to make corns, and with low wide heals. My foot is a beautiful No. five, but if a seven I'd not pinch or hide it—think it a morbid taste and reckless reason that has cursed life so long trying to warp nature out of woman's feet. Unproportionate feet cannot be beautiful; the topic needs dweling on persistently. My style is simple, readily made at home, always in place. Union underware may better suit fleshy bodies who are too warm in body, or they may dispence with the whole, or the lower part of the main shirt. Fit your needs. Over suits may be cloaks, capes, or jackets. Let the good work advance.

Vineland. N. J.

Only one-tenth of the rasins used in this country are made here. California, alone, is capable of producing enough to supply the entire home market.

THE TRIPPLE S. COSTUME,

Invented by Mrs. J. W. Stow of San Francisco, California.

DRESS SUIT.

The following is a description of Mrs. Stow's Dress Suit worn, for the first time, at the *second* Annual Conference of the California Woman's Social Science Association, Sep. 6th and 7th 1882, and the Mechanics Fair Sep. 9th 1882.

Coattail Basque—Plain black velvet; jet buttons.

Short Skirt—Twelve inches from the floor (The skirt should invariably terminate at the "line of beauty"—double curve—in the calf of the leg.),two yds round the bottom, lined and faced, with a full kilt-pleating fifteen inches deep of heavy black silk surmounted by a sash the width of the silk finished with a deep fring on the lower edge, the ends crossed and confined by a knot of silk in the back, the fring falling to the bottom of the skirt; on the left side a full shirred pocket finished at the bottom with a large double looped bow, with both ends falling back upon the skirt and fastened with a handsome jet ornament at the bottom of the pocket. The skirt is gored in front and over the hips just enuf to make it set well, and the fullness is carried back and gathered into a yoke seven inches deep. This gives the true form—no corset, no bustle, no petticoats.

The Trousers—Are cut after the American Costume pattern without the gore, measure twenty-one inches around the bottom, made of drilling covered witn silk above the knee and faced twelve inches high with stiff cloth which makes them set or hang nicely.

The skirt, drawers, and stocking supporters are attached to an underwaist which reaches three inches below the waist line. This removes all pressure and weight from the hips, stomach and back.

Under Wear.—Long-sleaved high-necked red flannel under-waist; no chimese, double red flannel drawers, the outside pair buttoned just above the boots, the little under-waist and stockings—that's all.

WALKING AND CARRIAGE SUIT.

Any kind of heavy material, Ladies' Cloth, Waterproof or Navy Blue, cut Princess with the kilt pleating made with a hem four inches deep to fall below the bottom of the skirt, which gives more ease than when attached. The pocket is placed under the sash which is finished with a bow and ends in the back. For wraps a double or tripple cape, made of the same material as the dress, or a short Spanish mantle or English walking jacket and turban hat. In order to give the foot a small appearance the trousers must be fitted at the bottom like men's pantaloons. The house dress is made after either patern. The Dress Suit, with detached skirt, is capable of grater variety in garniture than the Princess Walking Suit.

The "Tripple S. Costume" is simple, scientific, sensible, and no amount of ridicule and social ostracism can ever drive its inventor back into the modern health-destroying life-destroying style of dress. She is 47 years of age, 5 feet and 7 inches in hight, measures 33 inches at the waist line, weighs 200 pounds and wears her abundant auburn hair short. *She* will never unfurl the white feather and petticoats at the same time, at the behest of Dame Grundy, as some of her sister reformers have done. No fear, no quarter, no compromise, is what wins the battle and shouts—*Victory!!!*

Mrs. Stow's full-length Photo., in the Tripple S. Costume, thirty-five cents. Cabinet, twenty-five cents.

Several Departments, and Business Notices, have been unavoidably crouded out of this issue of the Herald.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY. *London, England.*

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

Notice:——The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

RATIONAL DRESS OR THE DRESS OF WOMEN AND SAVAGES, BY MRS. E. M KING. Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co London, Eng. Price Sixpence.

The author of this finely written and logical tract is the Hon. Sec. of the Rational Dress Society of England Here is what she says about crucifying the body upon the cross of fashion, and its æsthetic origin—

"Tattooing, feathers, beads, and paint are the savage's first idea of personal adornment and covering, from which the the civilized man has worked his way upwards, from less of personal adornment to more and more of personal comfort, health convenience, and decency.

For a long time, however, this upward progress with women has ceased, the chief aim of their clothing being still personal adornment, ignorently followed, as by their savage prototypes, even at the expense of self-mutilation, self-torture, and the most ruthless sacrifice of health, and convenience.

Such a state of things shows in the sex, as in the individual, a lower condition of mind, character and civilization. Not only is this barbarous mode of dress a sign of inferiority, but it is also a cause of it"

WHAT'S THE MATTER? By Celia B. Whitehead. W. B. Smith & Co., N Y. Price 25c.

A bright, sensible and witty book upon the popular subject of Dress Reform. Mrs. Whitehead is a pungent writer, and practices what she preaches, having worn the short skirt and trousers for several years. After portraying the unhealthfulness of the present style of woman's dress she gives the *morale* in the following terse language. "When I say the dress is extravagant, unfit for any active exercise or occupation, degrading, ridiculous and wicked I have said a worse thing than to say it is unhealthful. It *is* degrading, because it is ridiculous, extravagant, and unfit for active exercise or occupation. It degrades women socially, financially, physically, morally, spiritually. It does more to keep alive—and, alas! to keep true, too—the idea of woman's inferiority than any other thing"

The *second* edition of this publication shows the growing interest in dress reform, shows that it is basic to all other reforms.

PROGRESS VS FASHION. By Mary E. Tillotson, Vineland, N. J. Price 10c.

The writer of this stinging rebuke to feminine *intemperance* in dress and disipation of God-ordained atributes, goes to core of her subject with a keen lance. Her own words are best. "History shows strange caricatures, but is silent concerning anything approaching the fashion illusions of today. The swells on the bust and hips show that the style was not hit upon by accident, but was planned by beings sufficiently depraved to gloat on the spectacle, and it must have been devised in the interest of licentiousness as well as fashion-changers' coffers, with the view of bringing the morals of women to the standard of their appearance.

Fashions, changing as they do monthly to swindle all women's earnings, time and strength, are too heartless to be tolerated; and when they ask the feble vassals to assume appearance of solely sexual creatures it must be time to revolt, and seriously reflect if, peradventure, there may be enough womanhood remaining in the sex to raise it from supineness and bid it live for character and heavenward growth"

The Reform Dress has restored Mrs. Tillotson from an "incurable" to a life of rare usefulness to all womenkind.

AN EPITOMY OF THE POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY. Published by the Society of Humanity, N. Y. Price 35c.

Positivism is one of the purist, cleanist and most wholsome *isms* extant. It is reason not emotion, fact not fiction, knowledge not speculation. Reason is enthroned in the brain—of the head. Emotion is enthroned in sexuality—of the body. They represent the antipodes of human organisms. When the head of man is monarch instead of his body, when he is swayed by reason not passion, positivism will become universal.

What is Positivism or the Positive Philsophy? The silent tongue of one of England's most gifted daughters. Harriet Martineau, shall voice the answer—

"Positive Philosophy is at the opposite pole to skepticism, it issues in the most affirmative (not dogmatical) faith in the world, and excludes unbelief as absolutely as mathematical principles do; there is no 'darkness' in it, but all clear light, up to the well-defined line which separates knowledge from ignorance; positive philosophy is, in short. the brightest, clearest, strongest, and only irrefragable state of conviction that the human mind has ever attained.

The *point of view* is the grand differance bstween the dogmatists, the metaphysical speculators, and the positive phylosophers. We try to get out of the charmed circle of illusion, and to plant our feet in the center of the universe, as nearly as we can manage it, and, at all events, outside of ourselves. Copernicus has been the great benefactor of his race, in this matter and by showing that our globe is not the center of the universe, nor man its aim and object, he overthrew theology and metaphysics without knowing it.

While the disciples of dogma are living in a magic cavern, painted with wonderful shows, and the metaphysical philosophers are wandering in an enchanted grove, all tangle and bewilderment, the positive philosophers have emerged upon the broad, airy, sunny common of nature, with firm ground underfoot and unfathonable light overhead".

GEOMETRY AND FAITH. By Thomas Hill, D. D. Lee £ Shepard, Boston: Price $1.

Philosophical analytical minds will find this ably written and beautifully made book a little mine of intellectual thought whose vein is not easily exausted. Here is a specimen of its ore—

"By the manners of a man, or by his speach we know whether his companions have been Galileans or Athenians. A close observer in the city can tell, of the majority of strangers he may chance to notice, their age, their character, their calling, the place of their residence, and of their nativity, or that of their ancestors. It would only need a nicer observation, a closer insight, a more searching analysis, to detect in a stranger's heart both the original traits of his character and the modifications due to the influence of all with whom he has been associated. It might be a task no more above a Shakespeare's grasp, than the creation of a Hamlet is above the power of an ordinary man, to trace, in a man's present character, the influence of every person and every circumstance that have acted upon him to repress or to develop his powers."

FOR GIRLS: A SPECIAL PHYSIOLOGY. By Mrs. E. R. Shepherd. Fowler £ Wells, New York. Price $1.

Every intelligent mother has long felt the need of just such a work (a suplement to the study of general physiology) as this. The anatomy, physiology, and hygiene of the female organism, puberty, menstruation, leucorrhœa, self-abuse, reproduction, motherhood, reform in dress, physical exercise, and rest are among the topics of instruction. Each subject is of vital importance, and is treated in such a manner as not to violate the most delicate sense of propriety, The priceless information which this little book contains will save thousands of young girls from ruin and death annually. Over sensitive mothers must bear in mind that the world was not so filled with bad morals and bad blood when they were girls, and that a grain of prevention is worth tons of cure, in this direction. Touching upon this subject Mrs. Shepherd says, "Some mothers still believe it is best for their daughters to be kept in ignorance of all these subjects as long as possible, fearing that instruction will injure their morals; that somehow it will rub off the delicate, beautiful bloom of modesty and purity that should overspread their souls. Let such mothers look back to their own childhood and enquire whether proper teaching by a proper person would have done them harm; whether it would not have been of lasting benefit. Surely, mothers, your daughters are as trustworthy as yourselves. Ignorance is not innocence, nor is it a safeguard of virtue. We teach a child beforehand that it is wrong to steal. We do not presume that its ignorance of the sin will prevent it from committing a theft. How are modesty and purity most endangered? By correct teaching, or by the leadings of a prurient curiosity, and the knowledge acquired by stelth and questionable companionship? In one of these ways an understanding of these things must come to the majority, unless, indeed, it is taught by rurned health and suffering through ignorance."

THE WOMAN'S WORLD. Vol I. No. 1. Chicago, Ill. Helen Wilmans, Editor. A four-page weekly newspaper. Terms $1 a year.

The world was made for woman as well as man; but she who fails to preempt her claim need blame no man for it.

We give this new, bright being a cordial hand-clasp. It breaths of liberty, of progressive mental growth for all womankind; of the sisterhood of woman as separate and destinct, *individually*, from the brotherhood of man. It smacks of the Concord School of Philosophy, when it discourses upon the possibilities of brain-telegraphy between the spheres.

Mrs Wilmans speaks right out without fear or favor. Here is a taste of her "Hard Words." "Woman is uneducated, undeveloped; she is the great social and political enigma waiting solution, whose quotum when added to existing conditions will produce unheard of results. Man's place is among the physical forces of life; woman's is among the intellectual. She never could meet man on the physical plane; she has never had a chance to meet him on the intellectual one."

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR. Vol. LII. *Truth, Perseverance, Union, Justice—the Means, Happiness the End. Hear All Sides— Then Decide.* Horace Seaver, Editor. Josiah P. Mendum Proprietor. Terms $3 a year,

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TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, California.

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A book in which dumb animals are made to say some wise and witty things.—*Woman's Journal.*

Just the book for the seaside.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Introduction is the most scathing condemnation of unjust laws that I ever read. The "Memorial" is eloquent and unanswerable. So much for the Alpha and Omega. As for the middle, it is racy, saucy, spicy, sprightly and satirical, acrid and airy, polished, pungent and pithy. It is rightly named "*Chaff.*" The name alone ought to sell the book.—*Lawyer.*

☞ Price $1.50, Post-paid. The two volumes $3.00, Post-paid. The usual reduced rates to Booksellers. Sold at 304 Stockton Street.

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GERTIE S. SMYTH,
Oakland, Cal.,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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HERALD GREETINGS.

A year old messinger today,
From a cosy nook beside the bay,
I come with happy greetings.

Say, "Welcome!" as I give my hand:
Good news I bring from every land
To make my New Year's greeting.

The fabric of the dress I wear,
Is spun and wove with loving care,
To bless you with my greeting.

The gold and silver threads of thot'
With pearls of fancy here in-wrought,
Combine to give you greeting.

The magic loom is by the bay,
Where warp and woof come every day,
To keep the shuttle flying.

Ah! warp and woof, from brain and heart,
How beautiful and kind thou art,
To grace my birth-day greeting.

O friends, dear friends, please welcome me,
In native land, and o'er the sea,
And crown my New Year's greeting.

Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Oct, 27-82

DEAR MRS. STOW:

Having had some experience in launching a newspaper enterprise, I understand how very important the question of funds is in the early life of a journal, and putting my knowledge into practical form send you a $5 order for five years, commencing Jan, '83, believing from the tone and breadth of the HERALD that it has a long strong life of usefulness before it. With best wishes I remain ever and always

Fraternally yours,
Jane R. Spring.

PIPESTONE, MINN, Nov. 14- 82.

MRS. J. W. STOW:

Dear Madam,—Enclosed please find money order for the books "Probate Confiscation, Probate Chaff" and two copies of the W. H. OF L, for one year. I enjoyed reading your books very much. My nearest neighbor is a Probate Judge. We have had several discussions upon the probate question and have lent him your books to read, in order that he may see the justice of his Court from a widow's standpoint. Will see what I can do about getting up a club for your paper.

Yours truly,
J. G. C.

HARTFORD, CONN. Sep. 26, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I enclose 50 cts. for six month's more of the *Herald*. I like almost every thing it advocates,—especially Mrs. Stow's advocacy of castration as a punishment for rape. There is a sublime justice in the penalty that puts all others in the shade. Lynch law, hanging, perpetual imprisonment,—all fall short of the purpose compared to this. If all the wretches whose victims can be nnmberd all over the country, from the age of three years up to seventy, had been served with this punishment, they would have had something like adequate justice done them.

Yours truly,
FRANCES ELLEN BURR.

GREEN COVE SPRING, Fla.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW;

Through the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, you are doing a noble work for humanity. I am rejoiced that one woman has the moral courage and physical endurance to not only beard the lions in their den but *continue* the good work.

I was glad to notice that you had adopted the divided skirt. I hail with joy any change for the better that women would adopt, as nothing is more destructive to health than the present style of women's dress. Enclosed find stamps for patern. My continued ill health keeps me among the orange groves, You have my warmest sympathies and best wishes. I hope you will long enjoy health and strength to continue your noble, progressive, agressive work.

Yours sincerely,
JENNY R. TROUT, M. D.

NORTHFIELD, Nov. 25th 282

MRS J. W. STOW:

My Dear Sister.—The book, and the beautiful shadows of thyself, have arrived. I know that I shal enjoy reading "Probate Confiscation," I wish al women could be made to realize and feel the wrong and great injustice which this law perpetrates upon them. Many women say to me, "I have al the rights I want. The present laws favor women." "Favor!" Is it a *favor* for a mother to be deprived of her child? of the dollar she has earned by the sweat of her brow? Is it justice to die like a dog, with no power to bequeath to her children a farthing of her hard earnings? Is it right to have her dear ones turned out into the cold world, from the bountiful home which she had helped to make. by the step-mother who stepes into her shoes to squander and live an easy life. It is education upon property rights—or wrongs, rather—of wives, widows and motherless children, and the unqualified power of the dead man's court, that women so much need. Your book sheds a radiance upon this subject which should illumen every home in the land.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. S. J. LENONT.

SOUTH NEWBURY, O., Oct 1st '82

MRS. STOW:

Dear Reformer away out in California—and a paper advocating it. Good! Go on and increas. To look at the way women dres, and know the time, money and strength, worse than wasted, necessary to make and carry the abominations that are worn by nearly al our sisters, is enuf to make one wish that the long-talked of millennium might cum at once, and lift the burden of their shoulders by releiving them of the necessity of any longer being troubled by their fisical bodies. But work, and not wishes, is al that wil accomplish anything in this day and generation, so we must e'en be content to work and wait.

I am much interested in your paper and quite agree with the doctrin that castration for rape is the only cure for that crime. Every blow struck at the chains which bind society to the false and slavish customs of the day should be applauded. When both men and women occupy their true position—as aquals and co-workers—then and not til then wil America be the "Land of the Free."

Cordially yours,
RITA BELL.

WASH., D. C., Nov. 4-82.

MRS. J. W. STOW;

Dear Friend,—I am glad of the effort put forth on behalf of women. I think there is more vim and enterprise among the progressive women West than among those East.

I have been riding a trycicle for about 14 months. Ride several miles nearly every day,—go to the Departments, the Capitol, and the Courts upon it. I greatly enjoy the health-giving exercise, and am a very skillful rider.

My machine is "Chalenge No. 2." an English manufacture. It has a little seat like a chair, between two large wheels, and a small wheel behind to guide it. It is moved entirely by the feet with a crank, the motion of which is like walking. I have invented a dash-board which I use when the wind is blowing to keep my skirts down.

There is now being made in this city a similar trycicle, called the "Quickspeed." Price from $100 to $150 acording to ornamentation. It is virtually a little carriage which goes at will, is easyly managed, and works like an inspiration.

I find it very exhilerating and delightful and think that no person accustomed to the use of one will give it up. The Washington mails are being collected upon them.

Truly yours,
BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

NEW YORK Sep. 29-82

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:

I am as pleased as surprised that you should invite me to become first Vice-President of the W. N. S. S. L. I shall do my very best to honor the office, and thank you most sincerely for the pleasure of having a pen-voice in your paper. I fear that my professional duties will give me too little time for opportunities so grand.

For many years I have believed that it would be a humane act to castrate idiots. criminals and rapers—especially the latter class. I treat cases, daily, where the sole cause of the uterine diseases and pelvic tumors is due to the unrestrained passions of husbands. I have given food, shelter and medical care to many sufferers whose only horror was the sexual abuse of otherwise kind husbands. Ignorant, idle, drunken. tobacco-steeped villains have a legal right to maltreat and ruin wives and children. This terrible vice, which causes the premature death of many delicate young wives, is often hidden and fostered by unscrupulous male practitioners, and the world calls it the "mysterions dispensation of devine providence." Shameful ignorance, on the one hand, and criminal deception, on the other—"necessity"—is at the bottom of this most reprehensible state of things. Let us women, who are too old to fear death, risk life itself for a truth so grand as *continence*. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Again thanking you, my dear sister, for the honors confered upon me, I remain,

Yours truly,
CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.
103 W. 48th St.

STIRPICULTURE.

For the Herald.

FEWER AND BETTER CHILDREN.

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

In the good time coming there will be fewer and better children, and these will be provided for by the nation, even as they are now schooled by Law. Public nurseries will abound where mothers for a nominal sum, will have babies of all ages nursed and cared for, far better and more scientfically than it is now done in isolated homes. Washing, ironing, cooking and all will be done in Public Institutions, for those who are able to pay enough to support them; aud thus women who wish it, will be as free as men are to follow any art or profession they choose. Those who prefer to remain single can live independent lives; and those who marry will be free to become mothers or not, as they elect.

Reforms are linked in one great chain. We cannot advance one, but what all the rest are carried forward; we may not be able to do much, but we must do what we can and keep on trying:

"Pray, will it help the matter much
To idly sit despairing?
Ah no, be brave, toil on in Love,
Whatever troubles harrow;
Learn wisdom from the tiny flowers,
And patience from the sparrow.
Yes, toil and trust with all thy might,
And so shall Hope resplendant;
With all her sweet, supporting power
Be ever thy attendant."

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

Health Monthly.

CHRISTIAN STIRPICULTURE.

ED. HEALTH MONTHLY—*Dear Sir:* If by chance there ar any of your readers who believe in Christianity, and could work plesantly with a Christian minister, this note is addrest to them; and is written to ask if the time has come or is near to attempt a movement on a distinctively Christian basis in the direction of Heredity. To me it is clear, and to some others, I hav no doubt, that one of the great fundamental elements of the Bible, underlying what is aimd for in that book, is sientific Heredity, set forth in religious, social law. No part of the Christian Church seems to hav apprehended this important element, or at least had an intelligent view of it; but in these last days, and from a sientific impuls the subject has come into consideration. Now if there ar any such people as ar above referred to, the writer invites correspondenc with a view to a convention to be held, or at least to some action which shal bring the question before the religious public in a manner to secure their serious attention. what is in mind is not to go agenst some body; but to enter an entirely unoccupied field.

Very truly yours in this good work,
JESSIE H. JONES.

North Abington, Mass.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

America's salvation lies under God, in American women. It is precisely because I desire to conserve our glorious past that I plant myself on the platform of woman suffrage.
—*G. N. Bordman.*

I argue not a woman's right to vote; I argue womans duty to discharge citizenship. I argue it on the ground that the nation needs woman, and that woman needs the nation, and that woman can nevor become what she should be, and that the nation can never become what it should be, until there is no distinction between the sexes as regards the rights and duties of citizenship.—*Beecher.*

Massachusetts Democrats.—Equal rights, equal powers, equal burdens, equal privilegs, and equal protection by law under the goverment for every citizen of the republic, without limitation of race or sex or property qualification, whether it be by a tax on property or a poll tax on persons.

The women of Germantown, Pa, have formed a Political Education society. Its object is the education of its members with a view to increasing their usefulness as citizens of the United States. They foresee the coming triumph of the equal suffrage movement, and are determined to be able to intelligently discharge their duties.

If we are defeated in the coming contest, the defeat will be but temporary. We will continue to fire the same old guns from behind our entrenchments, until company after company, and regiment after regiment, of progressive, intelligent men and women come to our rescue and will at last take possession of the enemy's camp. So let us make our plans for work and victory.
—*Laura. G. Schofield.*

The suffragists of Indianapolis have defeated Wm. E. English for Congress, and have elected Stanton M. Peake in his stead. This is a great triumph, for Indiana elsewhere went Democratic, and yonng English was sustained by the money and influence of his father, late Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

William E. English is said to be a young man of bad private character and immoral life. He is charged with having boasted among his associates of ruining more than one young girl. The women protested against his election. Mrs. Gougar called public attention to his infamous record. The suffragists verrified the prediction made by the *N. Y. Nation* against woman suffrage, which is also made by suffragists in itsfavor. They showed up the immorality of young English and appealed to woman suffrage Democrats to scratch his name and vote for his Republican competitor. The result is the election of Peake.

Well-done suffragists of Indiana!
—H. B. B. in *Womans Journal.*

Muscle, not brains, rules and runs the world.

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Illustrated Circular, of full particulars, FREE. Address
MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, W. Gorham, Me.

How debauched and filthy must be the mind which cannot speak upon the sacred subject of reproduction without a guilty blush of shame. The bee and the wasp gather sweets from the same flowers, from which the bee elaborates honey and the wasp poison.

A *pure-minded* lady censured as "nasty" one of Miss Lewis' statues because it was naked. "Madam your mind is nastier than my statue," was Miss Lewis's stinging rejoinder. Prof. Wilder says "the impure ear pollutes the purist speach."

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Agents Wanted.

Correspondence is solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

JULIA AND ABBY SMITH.

When I visited Hartford, Ct., in '77 Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker was holding suffrage-revival meetings every Monday evening in a cosy little hall on Main street. At one of those bright gatherings it was my good fortune to hear one of Julia (the famous Julia of Glastonburry) Smith's witty and amusing speaches. She told the appreciative audience, among other things, how the incorigible taxgatherer refused the ancestral pictures and sold their cows, at the Town's Stake, to the highest man-bidder; how he was deaf to the still *higher* bid of herself and sister, Abby; how their two brindle calves, Voty and Taxy, deported themselves, when called to breakfast; how when she called "Taxy, Taxy, Taxy," one of them would give a bellow of delight and come tearing over the ground at breakneck speed, and thrusting his nose into the pail drink all the warm milk to the last teaspoonfull, unless chocked off, before his sister, Voty, could catch up or get a drop.

The next morning found us sitting on a board over the hind wheels of a mudwagon called the "Glastonbury stage," with seven miles before our faces. When we lost sight of the decorous city and came upon the rough-and-tumble country road, Julia, with a merry twinkle in her eye, said, "It'll jolt us up some, but *I* shant mind it if *you* dont."

It was miserable weather, late in the fall or early winter, such as the English call "nasty," mizzling above and ice and slush below. When one wheel climbed a frozen mud-boulder and its companion sunk out of sight in the bottomless pit of a rut, she laughed at my fears and assured me that the Glastonbury stage was too well-bred to be guilty of upsetting wito company on board, and when she further put me at my ease, by saying that when a side lurch bounced me up against her that it did her no more damage than a sack of wool would, I grew calm and calous and entered into her merry mood with a zest.

During that never-to-be-forgotten seven miles ride she gave me the genealogy of the Smith family. She martialed generations of Smiths before my mind's vision, in one unbroken line, and so touched them up and haloed them with rainbow tints, from the rich storehouse of her memery, that they passed in review as palpable as flesh and blood Smiths, Jonses and Browns—the latter supplied corners in the Mosaic. I laughed so merrily over the quaint history that the other stagers (sober people too) joined in, regardless of their mud-splashed faces and brused bones; even the staid old driver gave a resonant chuckle between the lurches.

When he drew the reins bofore the almost a century old Smith mansion Abby came thru the gate with open mouth and arms, saying, "Has Mrs. Stow come?" "Yes," replied Julia, springing out of the stage as quickly as a Miss of sixteen, and kissing her sister, ,,here she is."

Warm was the heart and hand-clasp of welcome, and warm, bright and beautiful was the cosy sittingroom into which I was ushered, and my wraps taken off.

At dinner two exquisite China plates were brot out for my use—plates with a history. The father of those ladies, a lawyer, and mother, a highly culturred lady and a fine linguist, had carefully instructed their five daughters before sending them from home to be educated, and Julia inherited her mothers love of many tongues. She has translated and written out, *verbatim*, the entire Bible, from Hebrew to Greek, from Greek to Latin, from Latin to English. I saw all the Mss. and the translator gave me a copy of the published work, which differs very materially from King James' version.

When first sent to a young ladies' seminary Julia was very small and very proud, and with her school-girl companion determined, that if they were countrybred, they were not to be imposed upon by "city airs." At the first stopping place on their journey the stage took up a very consequential gentleman and his little daughter who bestowed neither look nor word upon the rurals. After a few minutes of dignified silence Julia opened her satchel and taking out an Italian testament commenced reading in a low voice to her companion, at which Mr. Pomposity opened wide his arristocratic eyes and said—

"Little girl, what are you reading?"

"The Testament, sir."

"What language is it written in?"

"Why dont *you* understand Latin, pa?" chimed in his daughter.

"Yes, but that's not Latin."

"No," very demurely replied the reader, "its Italian."

"Are you Italian?"

"No sir."

"Then where the duce did you learn to read it?"

"My mother taught me Greek, Latin, French and Italian."

"Well! that's a good deal for a tot of your size to hold," he exclaimed, looking back and forth from his ignorant dumpling of a darling to the little molehill of knowlege in front of him.

He was most courtious after that, introduced his daughter and bid her emulate Julia in ladylike deportment and, diligence in study, and duaing vacation sent her the two plates which she has been offered $250 a piece for, as relics. Abby said, "Everyone who comes to see us wants relics, and they think us the rarest of all. But we dont tell how *old* we are."

In speaking of the time they had, every, year with the taxgatherer she said, "We never could have stood up for our rights as we did only that here were *two* of us. We leaned each against the other and were strong." How beautiful! How often in life's earnest battle I think if there were "two of us" as united in heart and purpose, making one household, as those lovely and beloved sisters were how lightly the burden of care would press. If only a spoon was wanting (they kept no servant) they both went to bring it.

In all my wanderings up and down the earth I never saw anything more touchingly beautiful than these two sistsrs love for each other, and if ever the freed spirit returns to earthly scens Abby's walks with Julia today

Mrs. Stow.

TEMPERANCE.

WHY?

If Dr. McDonald wants to be Governor, why dont he do something for the people that will make him popular? Why dont he build a "Two Bit *Temperance* Theatre," with some of his idle millions gathered in banking, and call it "The McDonald Coffee Garden," where coffee would be served instead of beer? That would be doing more for the temperance cause than he ever done.

Put up the theatre, Doctor, it will prove a paying investment—in fame and name capital—and it will keep thousands of people out of drunkard's graves. Build a swimming tank for women and children, and it will save hundreds of people from drowning. Do something practical and praiseworthy for humanity's material needs commensurate with your ability.

Why dont the *Rescue* attack the kindergarten schools of intemperance—the beer theaters of this city where children and youths take their first lessons in tippling. Stop trying to lop of branches and begin to dig lower down at the root of the evil of intemperance.—Mrs. Stow.

DRESS REFORM.

For the Herald.

SHORT COSTUME.

BY CELEA B. WHITEHEAD.

My Short Costume consists of three pieces and is composed of black silk. It is cut in one piece from shoulder to knee, or a little below, because of all abominations a skirt band is *almost* the most abomniable. The dress is finished around the bottom with side pleating about six inches in depth. The waist, cut vest fashion, is bottoned down the front with small, white, pearl, ball buttons, to obviate the necessity for extending the opening in front below the waist the skirt is left open a little on each side of the top breadth and a band put on to pass around the waist. No weight comes on the band, which is so loose as not to be felt at all.

Over this vest waist is an open basque or jacket fastened at the neck only, showing the vest front. The sleeves are left open about six inches from the waist and buttoned with buttons like those on the waist. Last, but not least, come the pants, trousers, breeches, objectionables—unmentionables, bifurcates, or whatever it suits the mood of the speaker to call them. I bought a man's pants pattern such as I found represented in the Madame Demorest's pattern catalogue and varied it to suit my wishes. The important change was goring away the bottom of the leg so as to make it small enough to button inside of my ten-inch-high button shoes. As the silk would not be warm enough for winter wear I lined the *trousers* with woolen cloth. With this suit on I forget that I wear men's clothes. It is perfectly comfortable and I do not know why, except for its color (which chemists object to) it is not perfectly hygienic. The one fault in it is that it necesitates buttoning the boots snugly around the ankle. I think the Tripple S. suit better in that respect.

The comments excited by this costume are various. One says: "It is very neat and convenient, certainly". Another, "I think your dress is *beautiful*, You now bear some resmblance to a woman. I have often said that take a woman as ordinarily dressed set her against the wall and draw her outline and nobody who had never seen a woman in fashionable attire would guess what it was meant for." Another says, "I dont think your dress is pretty, *at all*; but it looks so *comfortable*" and yet another, "I shouldn't feel modest in such a dress". And about this modesty I have somewhat to say. Mrs. King, the Hon. Secretary of the Rational Dress Society said, in a sarcastic paper, recently read before The Social Science Congress, of London, something to the effect that "Nature had doubtless done a very improper thing to make women with two legs". That is true if woman's present dress is any indication of how she ought to be made but as yet I have not seen as good reason for accepting the dictates of fashion as I have for those of Nature.

If to wear a style of dress that follows the outline of the human form be immodest let men put on skirts too, and women conceal the outline of breasts and arms by wearing long capes. Instead of this they make these as conspicuous as possible, and yet cry out ,,-Immodesty" if a woman refuses to tangle her legs in skirts.

A modesty born of custom and prejudice is a bastard and has no legitimate claims to our notice or respect.

If I wished to devise a really immodest dress I should plan one that half conceals, half discloses; or, that acasionly exposes to view what it intimates should be concealed. If the presant method of dressing the lower parts of women does not answer these requirements I am at a loss to know how they can be met. I remember hearing of a loafer in a certain New England village who boasted that he knew the leg of every woman who attended church there. Careful observation during the ladies ascent and descent to and from church and carriage steps and in rainy weather and muddy walkings had secured to him this valuable store of knowledge. If all the women in the country would dress their legs as sensibly as they did their arms before the skin tight sleeves become fashionable this vulgar curiosity would be done away in a month. Finding themselves unable to get even a glimpse of anything not intended for the public gaze the stairers would in despair and disgust leave off stairing.

If I succeed in my endeavors I shall bring up my two sons with the idea that it is no more immodest for a woto wear a dress adapted to her form, than it is for a man. One of them said to me, "Why dont women ride bicycles?" "Because it takes two legs to ride a bicycle," I replied. "Well, hav'nt women got two legs?" "Do they look as if they had?" I asked, pointing to some ladies passing along the street. "No," he thoughtfully answered, "and they ride on horseback as if they had but one."

I have often said that when my boy's are grown up I shall start a dress reform paper, but the burden begins to lift from my heart as I see the work that is being done in the Herald. Mrs Stow must not be alarmed bscause the advocacy of castration has frightened away some of the timid ones. It may call in those who are brave and more helpful. As a principle I believe in it thourghly as a punishment for the crime of rape.

Dress reform is certainly coming to the front; and I can never tell how I long for the abolition of the petticoat. With that accomplished women will be free to work for other reforms. I shall work for it pray for it and hope for it. In so doing I recieve much encouragement. I am in frequent receipt of letters on the subject from those who are interested and from not a few who are experimental dress reformers. One lady from Ohio writes me that she has worn a radical reform dress for seven years and earned her own living. This ought to encourage the timid ones many of whom I have heard say I wish I could wear a short dress but I have my living to earn and should lose my position at once if I should make any radical change in my dress. The continuance of this bondage depends more on lack of courage than upon circumstances. These are wome n who in their own home dare not adopt a hygienic dress alth'o fully convinced of its benifits.

Sometime I hope dress reformers will have a conference and see if we cannot find some way of imparting courage as well as instruction in such matters. I close this article by wishing the Herald staff and its patrons a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. C.B.W.—*Bloomfield. N. J.*

What becomes of the Heralds carefully mailed in this city which never reach their destination? Will the Postmasters of San Francisco, Santa Rosa, San Jose, Checo, Florin and various other localities, in and out of of the State, rise and explain?

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Prurient people who are shocked at the discussion of the crime of rape, and its remedies, in a *woman's* paper, are the people who croud court houses during Jenny Cramer and Beecher trials. Filthy minds, only, object.

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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of *"justice,"* the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but *"speaks right out."* It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco,

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for one of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Betts.*

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BREAD

A PRIZE ESSAY

read at the *Annual Conference of the* C. W. S. S. A. September 6th, 1882 by MRS. J. H. SMYTH.

(Continued.)

For a period of five-hundred years, there was produced in Greece a succession of the strongest and bravest men, and the healthiest and most beautiful women that ever existed. Few housekeepers are aware of the great responsibility resting upon them in reference to the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the bread furnished for their families. As this is the staple article of food, the so-called "staff of life," there is no one thing on which the health of a family is more dependent. The only kind of bread which is always palatable healthy and nutritions, is sweet, well-raised, well baked home-made yeast bread. Baker's bread will not answer. It is often made of musty bad flour which is made to look white and the unpleasant taste removed by the use of deleterious substances, and there is no other way of discovering the imposition. Added to the two-fold evil of musty flour and poisinous drugs, is the large per cent of dirt, gratis in making. It is said that not half the people in the United States *know* what good bread *is*. It is certainly an article of luxury to be upon very few tables, and those who enjoy this comfort, realize that there is no food upon the table which is so necessary, or the loss of which, is so much regreted. A loaf of perfect bread, light, sweet and tender is the basis of all good eating, so much so, that the name "loaf-giver," applied to the Saxon matron, may well be held in honor by every woman. To make and to be able to teach others to make a loaf of perfect bread is an accomplishment second to no other. No girl or woman who aspires to the responsibilities and comforts of home-making should shirk the duty of learning to make *good* bread. The whole art and science of bread-making is no mean study. It requires as much practice as a sonata; it takes months and sometimes years of persistant effort before perfection is arrived at. The first requisite to good bread is good flour, the second is good yeast, and the third is good care. Good flour has a yellowish tinge, and when pressed tight in the hand, retains the creases of the skin impressed upon it. Poor flour is not thus adhesive; it can be blown about readily, and has a dingy look. Flour should *always be sifted* before using it, to restore the lightness destroyed by packing. In buying flour the *best* is always the cheapest, there is no economy in using a poor quality. Medicine and doctor's bills soon show the folly of it, if the best seems too expensive, make up the difference in cost by dispensing with cake, and your head will be the clearer. Good yeast is as indispensable to good bread as good flour. The compressed or German yeast is preferable to any other. An excellent bread can be made from this yeast in about three hours; the rapidity of "raising" the dough is advantageous because less of the nutritive elements of the flour are lost than by a longer process. The best of flour will not make as sweet bread, if it is allowed to rise too much. One secret of good bread is that every stage of the process must be complete and rapid. At the precise moment when the sponge is fully light the bread should be kneaded, and at the precise moment when the bread is light it should be baked; any delay at this stage of the process will ruin it. When all the rules for making good bread have been carefully followed, all will fail if not properly baked; see that the heat is just right, a little experience is all that is needed to be able to tell when the oven is hot enough; a very good test is to put in your hand and count twelve moderately, if you can not do so without burning your hand it is too hot, if you can count more than twelve it is not hot enough. It is more convenient, and takes less time to set the sponge over night, and for that reason many would prefer to do so, and we think the bread is quite good enough for every day use.

GOOD WHITE BREAD.

To one quart of new milk, scalded, add one third of a cake of German compressed yeast which has been thoroughly dissolved in a cup of scalded milk, into the milk stir sufficient sifted flour to make a pretty stiff batter, and beat well with a strong spoon at least five minutes, then cover and set in a warm place to rise. If the sponge is set in the morning, or at night in cold weather the milk should be warm, but if set at night during warm weather cold is better, Milk for bread should *always* be scalded to prevent its turning sour in the sponge, besides, boiled milk is richer than that which has not been subjected to that process. Many housekeepers make a great mistake in using too large a quantity of yeast; if too much is used the bread is liable to taste of it and it makes it too light; one cake will serve for three small bakings in cold weather. At the time of baking divide the cake into three equal parts, using one of them, and put the other two in seperate cups, cover with cold water, and set uncovered in a cool place until wanted for use, then drain off the water carefully from the yeast and use as directed. Of course in hot weather it will not keep more than two or three days, but when the weather is cool it will keep nicely a week or more. We use a large earthen bowl for making bread; a common wash-bowl, kept for the purpose is very convenient. In setting the sponge, all the flour should be *stired in*, leaving no dry flour around the edge of the bowl, or over the top. In kneading use as little flour as possible to prevent the dough from sticking to the board, if too much flour is used the bread will not be as tender and delicate. Some persons recommend moulding the bread twice; that is, to mould it after it has risen, for half an hour or so, then set it to rise the second time, and when it has risen to twice its volume, place it again upon the board; divide with the hands, and mould it lightly into a shapely loaf with as little handling as possible, and lay it in a well oiled pan. Set in a warm place for half an hour and bake at once in a hot oven form thirty to forty-five minutes according to the size of the loaf. Take immediately from the pans and set it up end way, leaning against something; when from the oven never lay it flat down, as it sweats the bottom. In moulding up the loaves do not leave loose flour adhering to the outside, but work it in thoroughly, so as to have the loaf look smooth. Oiled pans are better than floured ones; no one enjoys eating scortched dry flour. Salt should never be put into the sponge, but a small amount added when it is ready to mould. We much prefer the compressed yeast to any other, but as it is not always obtainable, especially in country places, we will give a recipe which we know to be good. Some persons regard potato yeast as much the best, it raises bread quicker than common home-made yeast, and does not impart the bitter taste to bread often discernable when hop yeast is used. Pare and boil eight medium-sized potatoes; when done take them out of the water in which they were boiled, and put into it one small handful of loose or a tablespoonful of pressed hops, and boil fifteen minutes. In the meantime wash the potatoes very fine and free from lumps; mix with them three even tablespoonfuls of flour, half a cup of sugar, one even table-spoonful of ginger, and three of salt. Strain out the hops, and pour the boiling water on the potato and other ingredients mix thoroughly, set in the stove, and stir constantly until it boils up once, then pour into into a larger earthen bowl to cool. When blood warm, add a cup of yeast or a yeast cake; when well raised, put it in a stone jug and cork it down scurely. One teacupful will raise three good sized loaves.

(To be continued.)

LABOR.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

(Concluded.)

Labor requires a perpetual grappling with difficulties and overcoming of obstacles, which inspire and cultivates a firmness and determination imparted by nothing else. Hence the youth brought up to do no work while young fails to cope with difficulties, but yields to them through life, and of course accomplishes little. This explains why rich youths make such poor scholars and shiftless ninnies. Rather my boy would be a street scavenger, and my girls kitchen drudges, than brought up not to labor at all; for no kind or amount of work is as bad as either idleness or no labor. No man or woman can ever be above labor, without being above his nature and his God.

Horace Greely, a self-made man, in speaking of the early education of the young says: "Too many make play a business when it should only be a diversion from business. The youth who has given his minority to study and play alternately, with no experience of work, is deplorably ill-fitted to grapple with the stern realities of responsible life. His muscles need hardening, his sinews have not been disciplined to the work that solicits them. As between a youth all work and one all play, though neither is commendable, the former is preferable." Prof. Fowler, another self-made man asserts that from four to six hours of vigorous muscular exercise is the least time campatible with first rate health. There should as a general thing be more exercise, *more labor*. "Provide that labor, now repulsive, shall besttractive," says Horace Greely. We would add, make labor *respectable*. Make labor respectable and honorable, and a grand reformation will have been accomplished. Then and not till then will it be attractive. Labor may be made honorable and attractive though the inherent virtues which alone are perfected by a life devoted to industry. These virtues can only affiliate with those of a kindred character, and must consequently hold vice and folly, in contempt. Idleness and profligacy, intemprance and vice, practised by the high-born and the rich, must be despised instead of palliated.

Laboring men have within themselves a power which compel a recognition that their occupation is, if not attractive, at least honorable. This power is the ballot; it is irresistable. This they have, and this they are at liberty to use. Society will yet adopt the rule that social position shall depend on a man's *moral character*, and his integrity of purpose, without regard to occupation.

The life and examples of such men as Watt, Miller, and Burrit, and a thousand other shining lights, have cast the lie, that labor is ignoble and its sons the objects of contumely contempt, back into the teeth of the aristocrats. God speed the good time coming, for come it will, when the true standard of man shall be predicated of his morality and industry and integrity of purpose—and not of the quality of the cloth of his coat or the blood of his ancestors, when true and genuine merit shall be the password to position and place instead of money and the demoralizing influences which are its offspring. Industry connected with moral and upright conduct is the corner-stone of a proper social fabric.

"The land is to be tilled; the mines are to be explored; the ships are to be sailed; the machinery is to be kept in motion. The product of these it is that makes the nation rich and great, and the people happy. And what is the propelling, moving power but the *hand*, the great strong hand of the laboring man and the finer and defter touch of the laboring woman. As the blood is to the life-giving and life sustaining principle in the human body so is labor to the body politic. The fresh and vigorous current which this imparts makes the strong and bounding pulse of the nation.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

O woman arise! put on your strength, your beautiful garments and come forth to meet the bridegroom—Labor. It will give you real roses for your cheeks, real sparkle to your eyes, real sweetness to your breath, real rubies on your lips, real health, real happiness, real wealth. Linger no longer by the lethean sea of Indolence, but, gird on the armour of activity, and clothe yourself with the fine raiment of purpose and accomplishment. Behold the garden of life filled with fragrance and perfume! Behold the fields of life filled with ripened grain and sun-kissed fruit. Behold the realm of science filled with past achivements and future possibilities. All these beckon you onward and upward, *upxard and onxard*, ever and ever onward and upward!!!

FLORA C, WHITE.
New York, Aug 3d 1882.

Dear Friends and Patrons: Do not be alarmed if you find ONE or TWO typographical errors in the HERALD. When we become perfect typos and proof readers they will all be weeded out. We (individually) shall spell after the rulings of the Five Rules, as soon as we master them.

Our ship has gone down in Nebraska, but the crew and passengers are all saved, and eager for another voyage.

SAN JOSE PEOPLE.

San Jose people are far in advance of other cities, on this coast, in progressive mentality. Why is this? Because the Pulpits of that city have heroically dared to speak out, in no uncertain tones, for the right-woman's right. Revs. C. G. Ames, C. Fowler, and last, but not least, Mr Ravlin, a hard-shell baptist, whose shell is not so thick that the divene light of truth and reason cannot penetrate it, have preached, and are preaching, Social Science. Mr Ravlin cannot find room for his thousands of hearers who attend his Sunday evening lectures.

People are tired of the old cut straw of Egypt—and musty at that—and thirst for the new wheat and wine of today—and they are going to have it. How to live clean, pure, holy lives in *this* life is the *new* salvation doctrin taught by pulpit social scientists.

Read Rev. Mr. Jones' letter, on 5th page, and judge for yourselves.

There are other progressive, non-compromising causes, "Why?," in the city "Beautiful." The Knox-Goodrich cause, and the Murcury (J. J., Owen Editor) cause.

San Jose has a well-trained military company of young ladies, a swimming tank 100x65 and from 2 two 10 feet deep, and it has an electric tower 200 feet high. These things ought to put San Francisco pulpits and people to the blush.—MRS. STOW.

NEVER BE AFRAID OF RIDICULE.—Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of ridicule than you can enjoy life if you live in constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and make a point of morals, do it —not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as if you wore a big soul of your own in your bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into you by the breath of fashion. Be true to your convictions, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience.

I object to the present style of woman's dress because it destroys her health; because it unfits her for motherhood; because it unfits her for full-orbed woman-hood, I impeach the present system of dress of high crimes and misdemeanors, and because of this, I consider every woman who adopts a better dress, risking public scorn and excommunication, as a heroine of the bravest and noblest type.

Every eye should kindle with admiration, every heart should warm with affection, every hand should clench with defensive ardor, every head should bow with respect, at sight of such a self-forgetting, and self-ennobling queen among women.

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Capersauce.

"IT WAS THE PIE."

In the night—solemn night—
I woke in fearful fright,
And my chest
Seemed oppressed,
As if lead—heavy lead—
A ton or more of dead
Weight was pressing—cruelly pressing—
On my Chest!

And a demon with a pie—hot mince pie,
Perched upon my bedpost high;
And blue devils
Held their revels
O'er my brain, aching brain,
Racked with pain,
And kept dancing, madly prancing,
On my brain.

Then I cry, wildly cry:
"Give me rest, or let me die;
Let me sleep,
Sweetly sleep."
But the demon perched on high,
Yes! the demon with the pie,
Hoarsely shouted, "Never—never!"
Quoth the devils, "Hardly ever!"

Then the joke, heartless joke,
Startled me, and I awoke,
Awoke in pain,
Half insane,
And I said, simply said:
"Do I dream, or am I dead?
Have I fallen out of bed?"
From the gloom there came reply:
"Silent be,
It was the pie!"

—*Toronto Orip.*

A Milwaukee man while in Chicago recently, sent a bouquet of flowers to a relative in a Wisconsin town, and when he heard from them, they had arrived four days after being shipped, wilted and dead. He was mad, and, in talking it over with a railroad man, the railroader said: "You must not expect too much from an express agent.

Now, that bouket had to pass—— Junction, and I know the express agent there. He is the depot agent, express agent, keeps a restaurant, is post-master, acts as switchman, helps unload freight, checks baggage, keeps store, works a team on the road, drives passengers to adjoining towns, is sexton in the church, buys country produce, keeps the hay scales, runs the caucus of both political parties, goes out shooting chickens with hunters, keeps a pool table, has a mill for grinding sugar-cane, and runs a hop-yard, besides helping his wife run a millinery store. Now, a man that has as much business as that ought to be excused for letting a bouquet remain in the express office a week or ten days.'

On the questions that are important, whether the goverment shall be in one person, or whether representative, or whether democratic, whether the unlimited sale of cheap liquors shall be allowed, they would give I suppose, as intelligent a vote as the Irish voters of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. As for the unsexing and contamination, that only accuses our politics, shows how barbarous we are that our politics are so crooked, made up of things not to be spoken, to be understood only by a wink and nudge; this man is to be coaxed and that man to be bought, and that other to be duped.—*Everson*

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Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 2. San Francisco, California, February. 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

Newspaper. published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco, Cal. TERMS—$1

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editor.

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OFFICES where copies ar for sale and subscriptions receved—304 Stockton St, San Francisco; Hardy's, Oakland; 10 Spruce St, New York; Woman's Educational & Indusirial Union, 157 Tremont St, Boston; Womans Ind'l Ass'n, 291 16th St, Denver, Col. A. K. Boygue, Stockton, Cal.; Shelton, & Co., Olympia, W. T.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.
PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—Gertie S. Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

S. S. S.

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Officers badges, $1, members 50 cts., post-paid.

W. N. S. S. L.

At a special session of the California Woman's Social Science Association, Thursday. Sep. 1882. there was organized a "Woman's National Social Science League," with Mrs J. W. Stow President and Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, Secretary.

The time has come when women, working for the salvation of the body and the industrial education of their own sex, *must* have a united and definite plan of action, and a fearless outspoken *National* organ to *emphasize* that action, and this plan is Woman's National Social Science League, and the permanently established National Organ, WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY. California (a woman,s name) is destined to be *woman's state*. Here her out-door kingdom will be established, in a propitious clime of perpetual summer.

An Annual Congress will be held in one of the large cities of the Union each year, and every third year, will be held a Grand Trienial Conclave—the first in San Francisco, Sep. 1883, when it is hoped that every state will be represented by a delegate.

It cannot be too often repeated that the Woman's National Social Science League is organized for the purpose of creating a real bond of united effort among women, to free woman from legal and self-imposed slavery, and to emancipate her physically and industrially from the time honored "curse."

Mrs Stow willy occupy the presidential chair and choose her own cabinet of officers, up to Sep. 1886. She does this because woman's social science has taken firm root in her brain, and because she has but *one single occupation* the development of *Woman's* social science—which differs from *Man's* social science in many ways.

Annual membership $1 life membership $25. Send the amount to the office of the HERALD, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, and the certificate will be forwarded immediately.

Charter for auxiliary Leagues $5.

The Goddess of Liberty (stamp on the seal) holding in one hand our glorious banner and in the other a laurel wreath, ready to crown every Sister, is emblematic of Woman's perfect emancipation.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE for the handsomest dress for a woman, which clears the ground twelve inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The PRIZE EXHIBITION will be held during the session of the first
GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE
of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco, the first week in September, 1883.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

The unleashed bandits of sociery, everywhere, are in full cry after women reformers. The time has been when women thus assailed shrunk away out of sight and cried themselves to death. But the the time for suffering in silence is past and a new order of things is inaugerated among women worthy the name of women. They are rising to the dignity of true womanhood and defying the lecherous sleuthhound's bay, by sumonsing the weak arm of the law to their aid in order to teach the vilifiers a wholsome lesson.

Pestilential breath can no longer blast a woman's fair name and grand work, for women are joining hands to protect each other, This is a new order of things; a new sort of civilization; a new sort of christianity, and it is going to supplant the old sooner than male roughs in broadcloth and fustion wot of.

Helen M. Gougar, in suing her defamers, is battling not only for her own good name, but for the good name ef every other woman-worker in the boundless relm of human progress. She enters court for a principle. Some women-reformers have entered prisons and courts for a principle and the weak arm of the law was powerless to render them justice. May our sister in bonds have a better fate. May the judge be unsuborned and the jury (of her peers) honest.

It is refreshing to see the sympathy expressed for Mrs. Gougar by all women. It shows the rapid growth of public sentiment, in regard to personal safety, in one short year. Nothing could better demonstrate the growing power and popularity of the woman movement. May she recover damages to the extent of ten times ten thousand dollars!

Do not fail to read Miss Choice's very interesting and instructive letter upon Tricycles and Tricycling, and bear in mind that this sort of a pegasus requires neither grooming nor oats.

Miss Choice is an flicer in the South London Tricycle Club, and speaks from experience.

There was no NOVEMBER and DECEMBER issue of the HERALD. Vol. 1 closed with the October number. The reason of this two-months vacation is this: Mrs. Stow issued, before the time set for publishing, 10,000 copies of the first number to prevent a man, who had maliciously caused her arrest and emprisonment without a shadow of a cause, from again disgracing a municipal office in San Francisco.

Mrs. Stow defeated him, and he is not the last scoundrel, who thirsts for power to subjugate women, whom she will defeat.

Dear friends of woman's emancipation, are you not going to renew your subscriptions for Vol 2 of the HERALD? Can you not give the small sum of one dollar, annually, for so large a work? Surely Dress Reform ,alone, is worth that amount: surely Physical Culture and Stirpiculture, alone, are worth that amount; surely the Industrial Education of Women, alone, is worth that amount.

Ah! my sisters, if you knew, as well as I know from a careful investigation of the fearful subject in New York and San Francisco, the inner life of women who are educated for ornaments, and to despise the soiled hand of labor, prefering the soiled soul, guilty conscience and polluted body, you would not marvel that I appeal to every man and woman that honors purity of life, for aid in bringing about a new state of things wherein work, for women, will supplant the harem idea of life. If you knew what indignities "kept women" will suffer from their keepers, you would be horrified. They pay a price for their dearly purchased ease. A State Supt. of Pub. Inst's wife said to me, "Numbers beautiful girls in this city use this argument, with me, 'If you dont give us situations in the public schools, as teachers, we are lost. We clothe ourselves, now, with the assistance of our gentlemen friends. We *must* keep up appearences, and this is the only way we have to do it. We are educated for teachers, not manual labor, we hate that and will only teach till we get husbands to support us.'"

It is this hatred of work that fills our sreets with brothels, our homes with sorrow and our childrens veins with the consuming-fires of lust.

What is the remedy? To teach our girls, as well as our boys that labor is honorable, that if the Queen, upon whose domain the sun never sets, has her daughters learn trades, then trades and handicrafts should not be dispised by the daughters of The Republic.

Mrs. Stow mortgaged her home for a $1,000 to buy the outfit of the Publishing Department of the S. S. S. Who will give, of their abundance, from $1 to $25 to cancil this debt? As soon as it is done the property will be entailed in legal perpetuity to industry—for the benefit of women— as "Woman's College of Industry." A number of ladies and gentlemen have given $5, each, and make the donation annual, thus creating a steady income. Will not other women and men do likewise?

Two young ladies of Chico, Misses Nora Peck and Addie Allen, have each preempted 160 acres of land in the foothills of Tehama county. Honor to them. We have not had an item in a long time which affords us so much pleasure to publish. So far as our observation goes, nearly all of our young ladies are qualifying themselves, in some way, to be able to support husbands. —*Chico Enterprise.*

Those women farmers, if they dont remain maids, will marry men and have them work all their lives for food and a limited amount of cheap clothing, and when they die own all the property—just as men-farmers do. Good! We like it, too. We have seen the beauty of this farm-bossism and are glad to see the tables turned. Give the off horse a chance. It will afiord us unqualified pleasure to see the farmer paterfamilias on his knees for a nickle. Soon the *Enterprise* will be shrieking about the wrongs of farmer's husbands. Then its short-lived "pleasure" will be turned to gall and wormwood.

If more wemen would follow the example of these enterprisinf girls, there would be less misery and more wealth in the world. There are thousands of acres of good vineyard and orange-orchard lands in California waiting preemption. Four women can join hands, co-operate, and pre-empt 640 acres. One driven well and one house, built on the four, center, corners, will answer all legal rnquirements snd make it sociable, when the work of theday is over. Women can do this just as well as men where there are no forests to fell. With $500 a apiece and a will to work and economize in three years time they would need no husbands to "support." Let every lone woman who desires to preempt, commudicate with the HERALD, immediately.

ERRATA.—In the article on Dress Reform, by Celia B. Whitehead, in January HERALD, read: This suit is so light and convenient that I forget that I am wearing cloths at all, instead of: I forget that I am wearing men's clothes,

The great need of the hour is City Mothers. Muddled municipal affairs have got beyond the Fathers control. The burden is greater than they can bear—in all large cities.

While the agitation upon postal reduction is going on, it is hoped that Congress will make the postage on all newspapers the same, charge per pound instead of stamps—to publishers.

SCISSORS.

If you improve the mind, or gain
The meed of honest praise,
Your stronger efforts seem in vain,
Still higher your standard raise;
A little knowledge gained to-day,
Will greatly help you on your way.

Those who on their own powers rely,
See every barrier fall;
The dauntless heart— the sleepless eye
Will triumph over all,
And gather round their deathless name
The victors wreath of virtious fame.

Indulge no doubts—they are traitors.

Mille Louise Armaindo, now in Chicago, challenges any man in the world to a twenty-six hour or a six day bicycle race, twelve hours daily, for $250 a side. What wheelman will accept the challenge?

Vermont has two women mail carriers.

The woman who would reach the top of the hill must not pause to throw stones at the puppies that bark at her. Distance lends enchantment.

The word "impossible" is the mother tongue of little souls.

If you want to be ground out of all your husband left you, just be caught between the upper and lower mill-stones of a probate court.

Opposition is the mother of effort. We grow large and strong by engaging in combat.

The Slade fine art scholarship, worth $250 per annum for three years, was awarded ro Sarah C. Harrison, of London, and at the recent examination of candidates for the A. B. degree, one-third of the boys who passed got a second class grade, while fifteen sixteenths of the girls went into the first division.

Albany, Ogn., has an Anti-Corset Society, composed of young men sworn to never marry a girl who deforms herself by lacing.

Mrs. loveless, of Nevada, owns a ranch of several hundred acres, and is engaged in hay and cattle raising. She dresses in men's cloths and uses the lasso with the skill of a vaquero. She lives alone since her husband "left her bed and board," taking several of her best horses.

The most valuabje gift which can be bestowed upon a woman is something to do.—[Garfield

Mrs. Mary Jacklin, a Detroit broker and speculator, has raised a family of children, giving them a good education, and accumulated a fortune of fifty thousand dollars.

Mrs Langtry owes her good health and splendid physique to her youthful romps with her brothers.

The skies were never dark enough nor starless enough; the storm was never fierce enough or wild enough; the quickest bolts of heaven were never lurid enough; and the arrows of slander never flew thick enough to drive a noble woman from her husband.—[Ingersoll.

The Empress of Germany has, for many years, spent much time in the study and improvement of stoves and kitchens.

Miss Belle Braden is treasurer and paymaster of the Waynesburgh and Washington railroad, in Pa. She makes regular trips over the line in the pay-car.

There are two million dyspeptics in America, and nine tenths of them could be cured by work.—[Dio Lewis.

The prize for the best essay on "Common Sense about Women," offered the pupils of Kirkwood Seminary at St. Louis, was won by a Cherokee Indian girl, who has since graduated and gone home to the Territory to live.

Miss Emily Faithful is lecturing in Chicago upon the position of women in the nineteenth century.

Miss E. U. Kelly is the proprietor of a large establishment for the manufacture of steam boilers, fixtures machinery in Williamsport, Pa. The receipts of her business exseed $2000 a month, and she sells her goods in all parts of the West. She was formerly book-keeper for the firm, which failed and when the buisness was sold out she became the purchaser.

Several Departments are unavoidably crouded out of this issue of the HERALD.

Children's Corner.

SHOE, SHU.

A woman, they say, once lived in a Shoe,
Her children, al told, were twenty and Toe;
She scolded so much, they caled her a Shroe,
And when she got mad her visage turn'd Bloe

To feed such a brood, it was al she coed Doe,
To stir up the mush, and seson the Stoe;
She never coed rest, for when she got Three,
The first she had fed, were hungry Anoe.

As children increased, the crosser she Groe,
She scolded and walop'd the clamorus Croe;
Til a very hot day, you may think it nnTroe,
In a passion she floe, and al of them Sloe.

X

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

As they turned an angle in the road they saw a bright light gleaming in the darkness before them, and one of the horses gave a friendly neigh. Then the light appeared to advance rapidly, swaying from side to side of the wagon-path, and soon they were near enough to distinguish a hand and arm above it, and then, oh joy! a man—and that man the husband and father. Terry shouted, forgetting his brused foot—

"It's father! it's father! with a lantern in his hand."

"Do look, ma," cried Milly, "he's forgot his hat. And sure enough, there he was hatless, and, bootless, too, for just as he was getting ready to go to bed, having given up all hopes of seeing his dear ones that night, he had been startled by the report of the rifle. Thinking only of their safety he had rushed from the house in his present condition, only stopping to get a light.

We will pass over the glad greeting in silence, and go forward to the "welcome home."

"O what a funny house!" exclaimed Terry, as soon as the wagon stopped before it. "Do see! there's a blanket hung up in lieu of a door, and the walls are made of big logs piled on top of one another."

Then he jumped down, regardless of his foot and the fate of Towz, in the excitement of the moment, and running up the steps curiously peered behind the swaying substitute for a door. Turning to the rest of the party he called out—

"Capital! There's a big kettle for a fire-place, and half the roof's off to let out the smoke. Come in, it's perfectly splendid!" He drew aside the blanket for his mother to enter, and pressing his lips to her cheek consecrated their new home with the first kiss of welcome.

Etta opened her eyes, wide, when she saw the glowing coals in the five-pail kettle, and edging up to her father, with whom she was a great favorite, said, "Do da 'ealy dit beffus in dair?"

It was a wild place with everything in the rough. There was no underpinning to the house, but half the floor was laid, only part of the roof was on, and the dense forest which closed them in on every side was full of hungry wild beasts.

Weary with the exciting and painful incidents of the day Mrs. Breeze shaded her eyes from the feble rays of a tallow candle—that was vainly trying to make an illumination in honor of the event—and let the pent-up tears flow, to relieve the oppressive pain and longing in her heart.

When Etta saw the tears on her mother's face she slipped of her father's knee and running to her said, as soe lovingly stroked her cheek, "P'eas dhnt ky, ma, me 'oves 'ou dea'ly, me's *defful hungy*, too. Is dat what's de matter wid 'ou mama?"

"No darling," replied her mother, hastily drying her eyes. "I had forgoten that you had been so long without food. Is there anything to boil water in to make a cup of tea?" she inquired of her husband.

"Certainly, wife," he replied, as he took down a long-handled skillet from a shelf over the table into which he poured some water and thrust the vessel into the glowing coals where the merry lid of the skillet soon began to dance a lively jig, as it piped, and gurgled, and sung—

"Ready for the tea, all ready for the tea, and if you dont hurry up I'll run over and put out all the fire, ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Breeze took a handful of tea out of a brown paper, and lifting off the saucy cover with a pair of tongs douced it all in, saying, as he replaced the lid and wiped his glowing face, "I guess that'll be strong enough to rouse your spirits, love!" which was the best he could do to comfort his homesick wife. He was full of sympathy and kindness of heart but it was locked fast within him, making it powerless thru lack of expression.

Supper, owing to Milly's nimble feet and deft fingers, was soon on the table. It consisted of cold boiled ham, Indian-meal dumplings, crackers and cheese, a pitcher of milk and the strong tea. Yeast bread was an unheard of luxury, the father said. Now and then, for a change from dumplings and hasty pudding, Bill, the teamster, made a "hoecake" and baked it on a board before a fire built in the roots of a stump in the door-yard.

When the repast was finished, they crept close together and sung "Rock of Ages," followed by prayer. Thus they dedicated that forest home with prayer and praise—leaning upon God for protection and support. Their voices harmonized beautifully. The father's deep base and fine musical culture had led the choir for many years in his native town; the mother's sweet soprano and Terry's clear tenor made a perfect flood of melody, which floated up thru the lofty arches of God's first temple, and peacefully the stars looked down thru the semi-roofless tenement upon that earnest group of wayfarers.

Etta had fallen asfeep in her fath ers arms when the important question arose, "how and where are we all to sleep." There were six tired people and only one bed sn sight. But Bill gallantly came to the rescue, at the right moment,. Reaching up to a cross-beam, by the door, he took down therefrom a securely tied package, which, when unrolled, proved to be a rude hammock, made out of an old horse-blanket and secured at each end by braided buckskin, with two strong loops to hold it in place on the pegs on either side of the wall in the corner. This be magnanimously offered to Terry, saying that he prefered to "camp on the ground." After much persuasion, on Bill's part, the kindly offer was accepted, and Terry was soon swinging back and forth in true sailor fashion, and feeling, he said, very much like an "Old Salt."

The solitary bedstead was made out of pieces of round timber—saplings stripped of their bark—and fastened together with wooden pins. And, lo! underneath it was discouvered a baby-bedstead, called a trundle-bed. Milly pulled it out with a merry laugh, for it sounded like a cart rattling over cobble-stones, as it wabbled along on its wooden castors. The little girls were to sleep in this queer bed close beside their father and mother.

Etta was wide awake, now, and anxious about Puss. But Mrs. Breeze, thotful about the comfort of all, had prepared a warm place for her in a box. Bill rolled in a blanket and stretched in front of the fire, with "Old Charger" lying conveniently beside him, looked, in the fantastic light emitted from the kittle, like a graceful alligator.

It is the mind which lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days. Happiness or misery is in the mind.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY GERTIE S. SMYTH.

This is the season of the year, in California, for putting out trees, shrubs and plants. No finer assortment of garden and lawn beautifiers can be found anywhere than at Trumbull & Companys, wholesale and retail dealers at 421 Sansome-st. A small expenditure in fancy pottery and rustic brakets now will fill your grounds with fragrance and loveliness when the early spring arrays himself in fairy garments. If every lady who has a flower garden would work therein one hour every morning she would find it would pay her well in improved health and real happiness.

G. S. S.

HYGIENE FOR BILIOUSNESS.

When you have no appetite, do not eat. When the appetite is poor and fitful, eat light food, ripe fruits; drink butter-milk, several glasses daily; if this does not suit the stomach, try whey, made fresh every day. The juice of a lemon or lime in a glass of water, without sugar, is an excellent drink during a bilious attack. Take all the rest and sleep you want, if you can get them. Three days hibernation does a world of good sometimes. No one ever succeeds in forcing himself into a better physical mood. It is said that the lactic acid contained in buttermilk is an excellent remedy for diseases of the heart. I take the juice of a large lime in half a glass of water half an hour before each meal, and on going to bed for neuralgia. It is good for sore throat, and for the voice. I was reading in some medical work a few days ago, that if people would make use of more lemons and limes they would live much longer than they do; mention was made of several persons who used them daily reached 100 years and over.

SNOW PUDDING.

Pour half a pint of cold water over half a box of Cox's gelatine, and let it stand over night, if convenient, if not two hours will answer, then add half a pint of boiling water, and stir until the gelatine is all dissolved. Then add two cups of white sugar and the juice of three large lemons; when the sugar is dissolved, pour the mixture into a large earthen bowl and set it in a cool place for an hour or so to stiffen; when it begins to set beat in gradually the beaten whites of four eggs, beat until white, and mould. Take the yolks of the eggs and one quart of new milk and make a boiled custard; flavor this with vanilla and pour around the base of the pudding. To prevent eggs curdelling in milk, beat into the well-whisked yolks a spoonful at a time of the boiling milk until you have used five or six, then stir the eggs rapidly into the boiling milk, and stir over the fire until the custard is like thick cream, but do not let it boil.

CAKE TO SERVE WITH THE ABOVE,

One cup of flour, one of sugar, three eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of yeast powder two tablespoonfuls new milk or cream, one teaspoonful extract of lemon, and a pinch of salt. Beat the whites, and yolks of eggs seperately, and then together, the whites stiff and the yolks until they are thick and smooth; sift the flour and yeast powder together, add it to the other ingredients and bake in a twelve oven,-that is an oven in which you can hold your hand and count twelve moderately. All cakes, or anything raised with yeast powder must not be left standing, but put at once to bake.

VEAL POT-PIE.

Cut 2 lbs., of the best veal, and ½ lb., of sweet salt pork into small pieces, and pour over one quart of boiling water. Let it boil slowly one hour, then have some paste much like soda biscuts, only very soft, which cut in square pieces, and lay in a buttered steamer and steam about 20 minutes; then place around the meat on the platter; thicken and season the gravy and pour over all. Dumplings for pot-pies of any kind should always be steamed. I use new milk for the paste but no shorteing.

ONIONS FOR POULTRY.

It is stated in the Country Gentleman that the feeding of onions to poultry will exterminate poultry lice. A corespondent says-I choped the onion fine and mixed them with corn meal and boiling water. After standing a short time it was fed to the poultry, and in less than three weeks the pests had entirely disappeared. I never lost a chicken with the gapes during five years; lice on chickes weakens them, so that they can not sneeze and throw out the worms. The feeding of onions will not cure the gapes, but is a preventative. Three feedings a week in the spring and a part of the summer is sufficient. I seldom fed the onions in the winter. (This lady lived in Virginia.) In fattening turkeys, it is said that the increase of weight will be greater if charcoal is mixed with their food at every meal. A tablespoonful of saffron to each hen once a week will do much in the way of keeping them healthy and vigorous. Fowels need gravel, oyster shells and some green food. Cabbage and carrots chopped fine and mixed with soft food is very beneficial. I chop every thing they will eat, and mix with their food, scraps of meat, potatoes and turnip parings, apples, pears, celery tops &c. Never use a cock that is a cross. The hen may be a cross, but the cock should be pure, as they exercise the stronger influence on the chicks. For market chicks, a good Plymouth Rock cock will impress his qualities on chicks from all kinds of hens.

SHAMPOOING MIXTURE.

Aqua ammonia 2 ozs; soft water one qt: saltpetre one teasqoonful; veriegated shaving soap one small cake finely shaved; mix all and let stand until the soap is dissolved. This preparation will shampoo like a charm; apply with a sponge or cloth rubbing it well into the scalp then wash the head in tepid water, and dry with linen towels, and sit in the sun until the hair is perfectly dry. It is good for cleaning soiled coats, pants, carpets &c; a cloth wet with it will soon remove all the dirt from kitchen doors.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

Dissolve 3 ozs, of saltpetre in 3 pints of hot water; place the feet in it as hot as can be borne, for half an hour and then wipe dry. The first application is usually sufficint, but if not, apply again.

ROUGH OR CHAPPED HANDS.

Mix corn meal and vinegar together thick; rub the hands long and well, and dry near the fire without washing; when dry, rub with glycerine. To cure a burn without leaving a scar, mix beeswax and linseed together to a salve; put on the burn thick, and let it remain till it comes off without assistance.

LIQUID GLUE.

Dissolve glue in good whiskey to any desired consistancy. It must not be allowed to evaporate.

PASTE FOR SCRAP-BOOKS.

Dissolve a piece of alum the size of a wallnut in a pint of boiling water, to this add two tablespoons of flour made to a smooth paste in a little cold water, and a few drops of oil of cloves, letting the whole come to a boil. This paste will keep several months.

Several Departments, and Business Notices, have been unavoidably crouded out of this issue of the HERALD.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necesity. Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME OF THE RATIONAL DRESS SOCIETY. *London, England.*

So many questions are asked as to the divided skirt we recommend, that it seems desirable to issue a short leaflet on the subject. Not because it is the principle reform we advocate, or even an indispensable part of it, but as it is the only new part of it, it excites more attention and without explanation is liable to be misapprehended.

The divided skirt is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the under clothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. It should come to abont the instep, quite clearing the ground, and be made about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much or as little trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although to secure lightness the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches without exciting the least notice.

The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist. Or, if preferred, hooks or buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose, always avoiding bands, ligatures, or pressure of any sort from below the fixed ribs to the top of the hips.

In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one-half, because as the divided skirts cover the body fully and evenly, fewer layers of clothing are required, and less material in their construction. We have here a style of dress by which no internal organ can be injured, no muscle cramped, no movement of the body impeded, and to which the wearer may add as much grace and beauty as her own good taste may direct.

NOTICE:—The Committee of the "Rational Dress Society," intends to protest against the attempt to introduce any fashion in dress which either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or injures the health, and earnestly begs members of the society to avoid wearing any article of dress so denounced.

They protest against corsets or tight fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health.

Against heavily weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible, and all tie down cloaks or other garments which impede the movements of the arms.

Against crinolines, or crinolettes of any kind or shape, as deforming, indecent, and vulgar.

Ladies visiting Stockton, who like a pleasant *temperance* home while journeying, should patronize Mrs. Allen's Hotel (See ad.), on Webber Avenue: Also, Mrs. Hamer's Sacond Street House, San Jose. These ladies undersand home makinging in hotels.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE RELATIONS OF THE SEXES. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. M. L. Holbrook & Co. New York.

This priceless work, upon the most sacred and important subjects pertaining to the well-being of society, has been reviewed at length in the HERALD. It should be in every household and on every library shelf. Only clean, pure minds can discuss these vital subjects, and every page of Mrs. Duffey's book, from the first to the last word, gives only pure instruction and motherly advice. She thus consecrates her work: "To the Young Men and Women of America,: Those who hold in their hands their own lives, and the lives of a future generation—in the hope it may show them how to perform their duties to themselves, to each other, and to futurity, wisely and well, leaving no room for regret or reproach—*This Book is hopefully and lovingly dedicated*, by the Author."

THE WAY OF GOD IN HOLY MARRIAGE. By a Christian Minister. Murray Hill Publishing Company, N. Y. Prece 10c.

All Paul-Churchists should read this most intenesly religious woman's rights tract. Here is a sample of our good brother's sermon. "Only a love marriage is God's marriage. All others are of the world, the flesh and the devil. Therefore only a love-marriage is holy marriage. All others are sacrilage.

In holy marriage woman is at the head of the family.

In a true love-marriage, with woman at the head of the family, parentage will be the supreme thought. To reach in the highest degree toward perfection in parentage will be the ruling motive, controling all else in the ordering of family affairs.

The human individual is flesh and spirit. Woman is the sex representative of the spirit, as man is of the flesh. Only as the woman is set over the man in the family can the spirit fully triumph over the flesh in the individual. The triumph of the heart over the loins, of sweetness over fire. As the heart triumphs over the loins in a man will he remain a *lover* all thru wedlock, thus keeping the heart pure.

We know what the relations of the woman is to the man under sin. In all the world and through all time she has been his subject. In paradise she was not his subject, but was free from him—a sovereign over herself. And hence in the organic relation of the family she was the head and ruled; and such is manifestly the relation of the sexes in the lower orders of animals."

BEE KEEPING FOR PROFIT, A NEW SYSTEM OF BEE MANAGEMENT. By Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton, West Gorham, Maine. Price $1.

This carefully prepared work upon the care and profitableness of bees should be in the hands of every woman and man engaged in horticulture or agriculture—especilly in California, a bee state. No one can realize satisfactory commercial results from the culture of bees without a thoro knowledge of their habits and necessities.

Mrs. Cotton says, "Without egotism I claim a thorough knowledge of the habits of bees. Consequently I claim a thorough knowlege of the requisites of a hive, and fixtutes pertaning to it, as well as a knowledge required to make beekeeping successful and profitable; and this has been acquired in the school of *experience* and *practice*.

My stock of Italians cannot be surpassed for beauty, industry, and mildness of disposition. These bees go seven miles or more, in all directions, to gather honey. They can be kept in Controlable Hives with good profit by every family that has a spot of land on which to set a hive.

Persons just commencing to keep bees will find it greatly to their interest to begin with Pure Italian in Controlable Hive.

Price of a full swarm, hive and book $20, guaranteed to arrive safely at any express office. Time for shipment early spring."

SILK AND THE SILK WORM. Third edition. Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, author and publisher, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 25 cents.

As this exhaustive treatise upon Silk Cultuse was noticed in the HERALD a few months ago, we shall let the little girl herself, who is not 16 yet, do the talking. If there were more such little girls in the country there would be fewer Magdalen Assylums and brothels.

In a private note, Miss Rossiter seys, "I have, what is claimed to be, the largest private silk collection in the United States. I have cocoons raised in twenty-one states from eggs distributed by me during the last two years, and from instruction obtained in my little book. Last week I was presented by the Nonstuc Silk Co., Mass., with a valuable collection, showing the process of manufactnre, from the cocoon to the finished goods. Miss Fanny C Lexotto, daughter of the U. S. Consul, is also sending me a valuable addition to my collection, from Paris. A lady from Bishop Creek, Cal., has sent me a large box of beautiful specimens, ores Indian relics &c

I have for sale, at my exibition rooms, silk flowers, embroidery, knitting and spool silk, and Japanese goods."

Send for the "little book." An ounce of practical knowledge is worth pounds of theory.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR: A Record of Quiet Work in Unquiet Places. By Hellen Campbell. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, N. Y. For sale at Bancroft's. Price 90 cents.

Mrs. Campbell's book reads like fiction in it's startling portrayal of character and events among the most vicious classes in New York City. Insufficient clothing, badly cooked food and wretched homes, she argues, ar the chief cause of intemperance and crime among the miserably poor of our large cities.

New York has one model tenement house, thoroly lighted and ventilated, and others are sure to follow. It is wiser to build sanitary dwellings for the poor than prisons, penitentiaries and pest-houses. Every Reformer should read this valuable work.

FREETHINKER'S ASSOCIATION AND FREETHOUGHT DIRECTORY FOR THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. H. L. Green, Salamanca, N. Y., Editor and publisher. Price 25 cents.

The first number of this fifty-page pamphlet is before us. A Freethinker is one who takes nothing second-hand. He, or she, deals in first-class articles, and rejects all worn out mental trumpery. Beecher, Savage, Hale, Miln, Ames, Frothingham, and scores of others, among Devines, are fearless outspoken Freethinkers. Mesdames Howe, Livermore, Lockwood, Cheney, Neyman, Gage, Stanton, Tillotson. Anthony, Slenker and Krekel are among the brilliant galaxy of women Freethinkers in the United States. The time has come in the world's history when a mind in fetters is looked upon as the most abject slaver extant. "Universal Mental *Liberty*" is the watchward of the hour. Every phaze of sociology is going to have a respectful hearing and logical investigation.

The Freethought Directory is a need of the hour, and worth many times the small sum charged for it. It not only contains the names and residences of hundreds of the most distinguished men and women in America, but much valuable reading matter. Send for the January issue. It is published every two months.

THE SOCIOLOGIST. A MONTHLY JOURNAL devoted to the increase of knowledge of the Natural Laws that control Human Happiness. Edited and Published by A Chavannes & Co., Knoxville, Tenn. Price 50 cents.

We welcome this social science periodical and bespeak for it a cordial reception among the thinkers of the Nation. Mill and Spencer have been the exponents of sociology in Europe. It is defined as that branch of philosophy which treats of human society—the science of life or social science. It is like Mathematics or physics or Chemistry an exact science, simple in definition, but very complex in results.

We (singular) are a farmer's daughter and give our right-hand of fellowship to the farmer philosopher, who helms the Sociologist, his good wife, and twelve year old son that superintends the printing department.

The January number of Dr. Holbrook's *Herald of Health*, 13 Laight-st, N. Y. is most excellent. It keeps abreast of the times, in scientific research and practical information.

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FIVE RULES FOR NEW SPELLING.

1. Omit a in words like hed, helth, brest, plesure, etc.
2. Omit silent e in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.
3. Write f for ph in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.
4. Omit one of the donble consonants in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.
5. Change ed final into t in words like fixt, capt, chopt, prest, etc. Also, tho and thru.

The Five Rules, as given above, were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Association in 1878. The English Spelling Reform Association adopt the same rules, thus making a common basis of action

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGE.

A Russian priest, Father Alexander Dilligentsky, is now in New York, on his way back to St. Petersburg. "I was sent to our church at San Francisco," he said to a reporter, "and instead of going west through Europe and over the Atlantic, I went east, by way of Odessa and Nagasaki, to San Francisco. I came from that city by way of the isthmus. Now, after two years' service at San Francisco, I am going home, and thus completing my journey around the world."

"What has struck you most during your trip?"

"The lead that English speaking people have everywhere. English has become the international language. With my limited knowledge of English during my trip I have been far better off than any of my occasional German or French friends. English has a glorious future. It is bound to become the universal language of science, trade and industry. There have been three great epochs in which all the educated men talked Greek, Latin and French, respectively. Now we are entering the epoch of English. The Greek world was too limlted in both area and age. The Latin world was larger than the Greek, but its field—politics—was too narrow. The French epoch was diplomatic. Now the English, or rather Anglo American, epoch will embrace the whole world. The English-speaking nations lead the world in the higher politics and in indutsry and trade, and they are unsurpassed by any nation in scientific, religious or philosophical thought. Our German friends object to English on the gronnd that it is in their opinion not an original language, being rather a mixture of German and Latin. In my opinion this is rather an advantage, for English is not quite a foreign tongue to Germans and nations of Latin origin, and so much more easily can be adopted by any of them."

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, California.

Books for review can be sent either to Boncroft's or Roman's publishing houses, San Francisco, or to the office of the HERALD direct.

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Oakland, Cal.,
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Large advertisements, special rates.

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We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

TO-DAY.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Rise! for, the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
While others have buckl'd their armor
And forth to the fight have gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each one has some part to play
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-Day!

Rise! from your dreams of the Future,
Of winning some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as To-Day!

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-Day!

Rise! for the day is passing;
The sound that you scarsely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle;
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weopens,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past!

Correspondence.

BOSTON, Dec. 30, 1882.

MRS J. W. STOW:

Dear Sister—I am delighted to hear from you and receive your photos. Enclosed please find money order for $8, far a "Happy New Years" to help forward your grand work.

Ever faithfully yours.

MRS. E.

NEW YORK Dec. 21-82.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:

You may be assured that if wishes could legally substitute as many thousands, as the enclosed bill indicates in numbers, the draft would be on the way to aid you in your Herculean labors. But as you do not despise "small favors," please accept the V.

Wishing you a Happy New Year! and when all your years are numbered may their memories, like pleasant dreams, waft you near the heavenly shores, is the prayer of

Yours always.

MRS. R. L BEATTY.

STOCKTON, CAL, JAN. 9-83.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

Enclosed find my subscription to the HERALD for this year. It improves every month. I wish every woman would take it and read it. The most of my friends who read mine think it ahead of the times. These ladies hardly dare read it and would not subscribe for it, under any circumstances, for fear of being called "strong minded" and made fun of. They are satisfied with their lives and I think such weak minded women are better of where they are: they could not stand alone anywhere; they want a man to lean on. A *man!*—a walking demijohn, at best.. Yes, that is what many women have to lean upon, at the present day, and yet they will not do one thing to better their condition, for fear of being called strong minded.

Truly vours,

Ann L. Rahl.

SMITHVILLE FLATTS, Jan. 4th 283.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW;

For that attraction which takes place at an insensible distance compels me thus to address you.

My sister, Mary E. Tillotson, of Vineland, has sent me two of your papers, and I have devoured them with a good relish. They just suit my independent organization and I bid you *Good Speed!* and enclose a two-year subscriptien.

I have always advocated that a woman's dress should terminate at the top of a high boot. That would be just like yours.

How beautiful a plain, nicely fitted Polonaise, made of rich material, or a gored Gabrielle, coming down from the waist perfectly plain and terminating at the top of a lady's tall boot is. It would be well if mothers couled always keep their daughters dressed just as they are in their school-dress, then they would always look natural to their parents—and every body else. During the past year I have seen several ladies in fashionable walking suits that were nearly as short as the one we advocate. This is encouraging, and so is the fact, that dress reformers have established the privilage for every woman to dress as best pleases herself.

Hoping that our cause will prosper better in the future than it has in the past, and that your life may long be spared, I remain

Your true friend,

MABELL W. TARBELL.

LOEDON DEC. 7 1882

MRS. J. W. STOW:

Dear Madam,—Dr. Garrett Anderson has requested me to give you the desired information respecting our Tri, cycle Club. I am most happy to give you all the information in my power, for I am anxious that women, generally, should take advantage of this excellent exercise knowing, from personal experience, how beneficial it is.

Our Club, "The South London Tricycle Club," was formed six months ago. We have sixty members. gentlemen and ladies. It was organized expressly for the benefit of lady-riders who would feel nervous about riding alone, for fear of exciting personal criticism, but who gladly avail themselves of the opportunity in the company of others.

We ride every Saturday (weather permitting), meeting at headquarters at 3-50 P. M., and every Wednesday evening, in summer, from March to October. Our destination is agreed upon and printed notices sent to each member, so that those who are unable to join us at starting may do so afterwards. In winter, however, owing to unsettled weather, and sometimes bad state of the roads, they are impromptu.

It is difficult to say which is the best tricycle for ladies use—I certainly give the prefererence to those that have the steering wheel in front, especially if there are any hills to be ridden down, as they ar usually provided with a more powerful brake than rear-steerers; also, because the rider is well placed over the pedals. giving a vertical action, more resembling that of walking. In ordering a tricycle state that it is for ladies use, in order that it may be provided with a dress-guard, to prevent the skirt being caught in the driving-chain. State if it is for a light weight, so that it may not be too heavily built. For two riders a "Sociable" is very pleasant. My sister and I ride one of the "Salvo" pattern, it is strongly built and has given us great satisfaction.

Some ladies prefer a seat, but the majority of those who ride much prefer a saddle, which being smaller than a seat allows one to sit perfectly erect—but not astride.

The dress I have found most convenient is an ordinary walking skirt, with jacket body, of a dark woolen material, two yards around the bottom; beneath this skirt a pair of trousers shaped to the figure, but loose around the ankle and finished at the bottom with a kilt of the same material as the dress; this, if the dress is blown up, or displaced by the movement of the knees, has the appearance of another or-

(See fifth page)

DRESS REFORM.

DIGITATED HOSE.

BY CELEA B. WHITEHEAD.

For the Herald.

A paragraph, headed as above has, been going the rounds of the papers, and so far as I have seen almost every one who reads it, dismisses it with a smile as if the idea of a seperate covering for each toe was too absurd to be entertained.

While there may be to a certain extent the element of absurdity in this idea, it would be dificult to invent a more absurdly preposterous method of treating the feet than that at present in vogue. Its whole tendency is towards deformity. To prove this we have only to consider the foot of a child unspoiled by shoe or stocking, and from this consideration to an examination of the stocking and shoe worn by our girls and women, and by some men. The contrast is very striking. The child's foot will be found almost square across the end of the toes; the little toe being nearly as long as the big toe; the foot presenting its greatest width at the toes, with the big toe standing quite apart from the others.

So far human beings seem unable to effect a change in the Creator's plan for feet that shall extend to posterity. Pinch and point their feet as they may, here come the sweet little babies with their toes spread defiantly out, as if peaked-toed shoe had never been made. Doubtless the little innocent's vital powers are not so great as they would have been, had the feet never been subjected to deforming, annoying and often destressing pressure of ill-made shoes, and this will manifest itself elsewhere, be beside the feet.

I used to reject the idea of total depravity, but as I watch the total perversity of people, towards physical nature, I am almost driven back to the old orthodox idea regarding the moral nature. What on earth—or any other place—makes women act as though nothing should be left as it is made? Some parts of their bodies they increase and some parts they decrease, as if it were impossible for Nature to make a perfect model.

But I digress: When I began I ment to touch nothing but the feet, and to urge the necessity of partially digilated hose; and for this reason, as before stated, the big toe stands away from the others when in its natural position, and is also a continuation of a straight line with the foot, instead of forming an angle at the great joint. I have experimented a good deal with shoes, and at last found something really satisfactory at Rahler's, Broadway, N. Y. But carrying investigation further: I find it impossible to get a stocking that will allow the big toe to remain in its natural position.

I wish the readers of the *Herald* would notice this by standing the bare foot on the foor, and then doing the same with the foot in a stocking. Perhaps a few who have exceptionfy narrow feet may find that their toes remain straight, but I think the great majority will see that their toes are crouded together very closely. Therefore I would urge that stockings be made much broader at the toe or else "digitated" far enough to give a seperate covering for the big toe, which from its natural tendency to stand apart from the orhers demonstrates the need of it.

It puzzles me to find in all the statuary I have ever seen the little toes of women very much shorter than the the others. Why artists, who persistly refuse to allow fashion to deceive them into beleivng that a small waist is beautiful, should copy this deformity I cannot tell. That it is a deformity, and almost universal, I must beleive, from the appearance of the feet of children that have never worn shoes. When the tender foot of a child is put into a compressing shoe the little toe having less power of resistance, than the others, and being in the most exposed position, is dwarfed and never attains its full size.

These questions may seem trifling to some people, but considering the monstrous departures fron nature that prevail among us, we, who beleive in physical culture as necessary for the best progress of the race, feel that too much emphasis cannot be put upon these subjects. A principle is involved the principle of obedience to Nature, in so far as we understand her behests, is of mighty import. Nature is a powerful friend; let us have her on our side if we would enjoy long life, health and prosperity.

Bloomfield, N. J.

I do not accept Mrs. Whitehead's conclusions in regard to "square toes." The natural, well-formed foot of an adult is much like the hand, the second toe being longer than the big toe and the others sloping away like the fingers.

Will someone who is authority upon toes of barefoot peoples tell the readers of the HERALD how they terminate? The poor, tortured, deformed, long-suffering foot, in its entirety, is a very intreresting subject to me, and I am glad that Mrs. Whitehead has taken it in hand, and handles it so ably.

MRS. STOW.

HOUSEHOLD FURNISING.

Boston Traveller.

It is little wonder that the topic of "Modern Extravagance" suggests itself as an eminently practicable motive for a lecture in these days of luxury. To people who are not the inheritors of a vast fortune life resolves itself into a system of bondage to earn the magnificence that a certain standard of living entails, and one is led to question seriously if the game can be worth the candle. Two extremes meet in this irrepressible struggle for the household luxury, for the magnificence of material things too often implies intellectual povery. To those who, from the standpoint of unlimited wealth, can give carte blanche orders to the upholsterer, the decorator, the possession of beautiful things does not imply a sacrifice of time and thought to that end alone. But for the great middle class of people this is impossible. Yet their demands are similar, and when the woman of wealth orders her elaborately embroidered portieres and window draperies, her exquisitely dacorated napery, or hand-painted satin upholstery, the woman who has not wealth at command substitutes her time, her energy, her thought. The mornings that would otherwise go towards intellectual refreshment are stitched into wonderful devices of outline embroidery, or are consumed in painting the dinner set, or working elaborate devices on napery, pillow covers or towels. The current rage for decoration is impoverishing the intellectual life of women. In material beauty we ignore the higher possibilities, and life is set to the dead level of manual decoration. This fact involves a problem of social science to-day. Beauty is desirable, beauty in the household is essential, but we fail to discriminate in what constitutes its attractions. "I pray you, excellent wife," wrote Emerson, "do not set a supper at too great a cost, nor decorate a chamber for the guest, for these he can get at any village inn," but give him of household joy and welcome and peace, things he could not buy, ran the admonition. The rites of hospitality are made burdensome by this over-adornment of detail in the household. The remedy is not to come from a less esthetic taste, but from a deeper and finer perception of that which constitutes true beauty in decoration.

dinary skirt. A hat fitting the head closely, made of the same material as the dress, looks well. Nothing tight should be worn about the body, and flannel or merino underclothing is preferable to linen.

In riding let the seat or saddle be adjusted exactly to suit the hight of the rider, as nothing looks more awkward than the rider to be placed too low. The legs when the pedals are at their lowest point should be quite straight. Work with the front part of the foot, letting the ankle move, thus avoiding too much motion at the knees.

Hoping to hear of your progress and success, in the introduction of the Tricycle in your city, I am, Madam,

Respectfully yours.

JESSIE CHOICE.

There are tricycle manufacturies in Hartford, Boston, 189 Broadway, N. Y., and Washington, D. C. The Folding Tricycle will go thru an ordinary doorway. The top of the wheels of a ladie's vehicle do not come up to the waist-line. [Ed.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijon of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts. is made.

Agents Wanted.

Correspondence is solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

STIRPICULTURE.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

For the Herald.

One of the first duties of mothers, as well as of fathers, is to take care of themselves! To seek for health, good temper and good morals; for wisdom, culture and refinement. The woman who can *be* the most and *do* the most is the most worthy to fill the holy position of mother.

Every woman who lifts herself up a little higher, and points out the way for a sister woman to rise above her dependent condition, is doing a grand work for humanity Remember that no one is too *old* to learn. Cicero at eighty feared that he should not live long enough to master Greek. No matter if you are an aged grangmother, sitting almost helpless in your arm-chair, you have a duty still to perform. You have an influence for good or for ill upon the little ones that surround you. If you use incorrect language or mispronounce words the children will acquire the same careless habit; if you smoke or take snuff they will not have that strong aversion to the disgusting health-destroying practice that they would have were you to use your influence and example against the vice. Every woman, old or young, should guard her tongue and conduct in all possible ways, not only for her own sake, but because of her example before the young and inexperienced. If bad habits are catching, good ones are a thousand times more so, for the reson that all Nature tends towards perfection. To be truthful, honest, pure and good is first nature; to be the reverse is an *effort* and is born of untoward circumstances. Modesty and Purity are the natural inheritance of humanity.

The good mother always strives to bring up her boys and girls to be pure and clean; but alas! so very often, innocently and ignorantly, bequeaths them an heritage of lust and uncontrolable passion. Taught by her surroundings that marriage gives full licence to unbridled indulgence in sexual privilages (?), she cultivates in all possible ways her amitive nature, and night after night, year in and year out, even during the periods of gestation and lactation, she ullows, and enjoys the marital embrace, till her child is impregnated and permeated all thru with sexual passion and unholy desires. True, many a prospective mother, like the lower order of animals, abhors the creative act during pregnancy; but she loves her husband and respects the dread command, or fears him and dares not refuse what all *law*, both sacred and profane, terms "man's rights."

I have often recomended the *Alpha* as a journal which advocates Purity. Tne folloing is a sample of its chaste teachings, and I hope every woman who desires to be a good mother and happy wife will take this paper which is doing so much for womankind.—

"The *sexual expenditure should be restricted to the production of offspring.* It is not at all desirable that the sexes should live apart upon this higher or true plane of life. The positive and negitive, or male and female sex-element is desirable and beneficial when interchanged in accordance with the laws of this higher development of the race. When man's will-power, directed by reason, shall have overcome the desire for sexual waste, he will discouver that there is an element in himself, and woman, higher and holier than he ever dreamed of; an element of love by and through which the sexual elements will be reciprocally interchanged, and they will experience a satisfied gratfication compared with which all other sexual indulgences will sink into insignificance. Then will men understand why God slew Onan, for verily he polluted only the earth and himself, but my brothers, who yet remain on the low, animal plane, pollute with your waste the holy temple of motherhood and debauch yourselves as much as he."

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

A QUESTION.

Editor of The Alphy: Continence in man, chastity in woman, cannot be deemed virtuous and a solemn religious duty, unless under law of Nature, or God, as the words are properly used—the sexual act is to be used only for procreation, as well among human beings as the animal race below them. Till man came, Nature gave her children water to drink; water only. And so far as shown, she had no drunkards to lament, none to punish in all har household. Till woman came, it cannot be shown that there were ever violations of female chastity or virtue; nor "*a den of prostitution*" or of "*ill fame*," among all the myried habitations of the animal creation. Nor in all that mysterious period probably can it be shown that there were "female weaknesses," nor female "diseases." Drunkenness or intemperance, with all its horrors, came with man. Similar woes, or infinitely worse, have fallen on the human race, to which the brute creation is as much a stranger as it is to drunkenness or intemperance—woes apparently connected, inseparably connected with the sexual functions and relations. And whenever I hear or read of sexual commerce prescribed as a remidy for disease of any kind, in man or woman, my respect for the medical profession and my hope for the millennium sink clear down to zero together. Because this question always arises: can such a remedy be applicable only to sexual abuses or diseases, resulting, directly or remotely, from such abuses? And if so, it seems to me, only continence and chastity can cure the cause. And what does not do that must only make matters worse. Surely lust, in the two manifestations of intemperance and lewdness, must be held responsible for nineteenths of all moral ills, self-inflicted or self-induced by the human race. And, it also seems to me, that the time cannot be far distant when, if doctors ever prescribe such remidy as is suggested above for woman's ailments, they will never publish it abroad in newspapers whatever cure may appear to have been wrought.—P. Pillsbury.

Concord, N. H.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

BY MARTHA J. YOUNGLOVE.

Truth Seeker.

While in our country the stress has been too much on the mental, in other countries the industries are taught with text-books, which eminently qualify them to become useful citizens.

France took the lead, in which an organized training was given girls.

Madam Lemonnier commenced her school on a humble plan, and it now has four brauches from the main one, teaching yearly six hundred to seven hundred pupils. They recieve a good general education, having classes in wood-engraving, painting on porcelain, and ivory fans and blinds; a commercial course fitting them to be clerks and book-keepers, drawing and industrial design, needle-work and dress-making, and the manufacture of jewelry, etc. France was not content to let Paris enjoy the monopoly in this respect and we find other technical schools at Vitry-sur-Seine, Nantes, Lyons, St. Etienne, and another for printing at Puteaux, near Paris.

The Women's Industrial Union at Vienna enjoys the cordial sympathy of the emperor and empress, the imperial household, and many illustrious men and women. It has eleven schools, which teach the commercial course, drawing, dress-naking, lace-making, stenography, etc.

In Prague there are two industrial schools for girls. These schools receive grants from the state. There are several good schools in Munich, Caul, Stuttgard, Biberach, Hamburg, Hanover, and many other towns.

Those at Darmstadt were under the special patronage of her royal highness Princess Alice. Another good phase that is peculiar to these institutions, they take the trouble to procure good situations for their pupils that have passed a successful examination.

The success of the Lette Verein schools at Berlin has been the means of establishing many other similar institutions in other parts of Germany.

In Italy, Milan has been preeminent in these efforts. Turin also has a good industrial school for girls, which finds situations for its pupils all over Piedmont. Benighted Rome is in advance of the United States, for her one industrial school teaches more varieties in the industrial line than any one we have in our country. Flower and glove making are also taught in a large goverment school in Naples, and a school of design has been opened in Florence.

Belgium possesses excellent industrial schools, also two or three professional schools for girls. There are housekeeping establishments founded by Prince Chimay, which are peculiar to Belgium. There are now thirteen of these schools, which have achieved great success.

Industrial schools of a very high order are also found in Sweden. Denmark has a national school of this kind. If we turn our attention to Athens we there discover a school where labor is taught to perfection; then, pursuing our course, we shall be sure to meet with another at Corfu.

Russian Finland is graced with a like institution; then again we are still more interested in the one founded at Kelsingfores, for it is there we see boys also learning how to work (scientifically) before they hav learned to form bad habits. In this school, besides teaching many useful arts and industries, sculpture is included in the program of studies.

All over the continent of Europe will be found these schools that are founded for practical purposes. Their tendency at a glance would show the great penefits derived from them. They are mostly sustained by their municipalities, some national and some private institutions.

If in our country the national goverment should incorporate laws for the adoption of these schools of industry in the statutes for boys as well as for girls, it would be a great step toward reform in our land. Tramps, beggars, criminals, and drunkards, would be less,and it would help to pave the wsy to a purer and better civilization than we can ever experience without such advantages.

It is better to pay taxes for a higher order of teaching than to pay such a high tariff on crime.

Reno, Nev.

Washington, Jan. 24th.—When the Senate was called to order yesterday Butler of South Carolina, was the only Senator present. The Vice-President said: "The Senator from South Carolina will come to order." After prayer Butler moved a call of the Senate.—[X. Science of government.

The followihg is the text of

THE WIDOW'S BILL.

To the Hon., etc.,

Praying that the law of Inheritance be so amended tha the children and community property shall belong to the survivor, regardless of sex, without legal interference.

Have Fewer and Better Children.

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

PROFITS OF GRAPE CULTURE.

Says the St. Helena *Star*. January 6th: Much has been said about the profits of grapegrowing, and some are inclined to doubt that they are sufficient to justify the very high values that lands have attained here. The best argument we can present to such is the following list of crop values from lands in the vicinity of Pine station the present year, as furnished us by our wideawake and intelligent correspondent at that place:

Charles Wheeler—30 acres, 285 tons, worth $9,125, or over $300 an acre. He picked from several Zinfandel vines two vineyard boxes, or about ninety pounds each, leaving a heavy second crop on the vine. He often filled three boxes from two vines of Zinfandel varities. The yield taken to the cellar was 18 tons to the acre, and Mr. Wheeler says that at least three tons per acre were left on account of frost, making a total yield of 21 tons per acre. This vineyard has been heretofore spoken of, and has been visited by several.

R. M. Wheeler—12 acres of 2 year old vines, 47 tons, worth $1,645.

H. M. Pond—5 acres 2 year old vines, 15 tons, worth $480. There are 10 acres in the tract, but only about half of it was set last year.

I. J. Newkirk—30 acres 2 year old vines, 105 tons worth $3,000—all that the land cost two years ago.

F. W. Loeber—28 tons from 2,700 vines, some of them youug. Over 10 tons per acre. Worth $868.

W. A. Fieldpicked from 3 year old vines 40 pounds to the vine, or 3 vineyard boxes full from 6 vines, the same being the vines noted some time since: also at about the rate of 12 tons per acre for old vines.

N. Sawyer—from eight acres two, three and five-year-old vines, 45 tons, worth $1,600.

Martin Furtenfeld—harvested 134 tons, worth $4,155, from 24 to 26 acres.

J. G. Norton—harvested over 100 tons, worth $4,000.

J. W. Williams—harvested from 15 acres, 100 tons, valued at $3,200. About a quarter of these are young vines, two and three years old.

Captain William Peterson harvested from 35 acres 210 tons, worth $6,000 The captain says he might have picked about 15 tons more, but he thinks he got enough.

Ten power looms, a warping mill, a beaming mill and a quiller, purchased by A. F. Sauffrignon for his silk factory on his recent visit East, are now being placed in position. The new looms are expected to turn out 100 yards per day of a superior quality of silk—*San Jose Mercury.*

Dr Richardson thus commends the tricycle. "I am of the opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. Young and middle aged ladies can learn to ride the tricycle with the greatest facility, and they become excellently skillful. One young lady, who is very dear to me, can beat me both in pace and in distance, and in a tour we have made to-day of several miles on a beautiful country road, we have enjoyed ourselves as much as when we ride out together on horseback, while we have had a better exercise. I shall rejoice to see the time when this exercise shall be as popular among girls and women as tennis and the dance, for the more fully the physical life of our womankind is developed, the better for men as well as women. A ride should be followed by a brisk bath in tepid water, ending with a cool douche; and by a change of clothes.

Woman's Social Science Asociations should be organized in every townin the nation. Let us co.operate.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

This is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estate has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express*.

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee*.

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript*.

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe*.

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out*." It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller*.

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *carelessness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium*.

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passionate eloquence.—*New York Tribune*.

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News*.

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times*.

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a spunky and spicy new amazonian, is a business journal, and champions temperance and justice and education on business principles. It is pure gold from San Francisco.—*Boyce's "Saturday Anvil," Washington, D. C.*

It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Rowena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M. D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco.

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Betts.*

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HORACE SEAVER. Editor.
JOSIAH P. MENDUM, Publisher.
ERNEST MENDUM & JOHN A. O'MALLEY,
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LIBERAL WIVES.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

Where find them asks H. and scores of men, young and old. Elmina answers, make them by making free women. Correct—but instead of informing how to make them, implies that privilege is the sole requisite, while rights now open to them mock their manacled members, as does the bright target of liberty, the convict's chains. Yet, good Elmina, as sample of hundreds of liberal writers, mothers of daughters can trifle with the fashion nuisance and muddle the minds of its victims, by silence on the sorry cause, and saying "give women the balot, responsibility, feelings that all they are depends on what they freely do—let them mix with the worlds workers, win name, fame, money and pecome self-sustaining, self-owning. The truth is they are too weak to wield their reason, are crushed with unjust responsibilities, can't win self-respect, or own the use of their own organs.

Observe them, with pinched vitals and trameled limbs, panting at their toils and promanades—performing the flounce floating with the lost organs a locomoting being should suffer to be laden. How much human outline do they show—is a unison of the wasp's and worm's preferable? Alas stinging and slimy are the slave's of retaliation! High aspiration and endeavor are stultified by the condition. With ribs compresed to half the natural circumference, the stomach, heat, liver, lungs, splean, are bound tightly together, crowding on the thorax and abdomen; inverting the diaphragm, and prolapsing all the lower viscera.

This unfits for great work either motor or mental; hence independence is out of reach. Efforts to achiev in openings recently made have caused many to faint and fall; while dress reformers have surprising power to accomplish against extreme odds of all kinds. The one evil of deforming, impending costume, is ample to disqualify for any perfect use. It dwarfs genius in girls, reverses qualities in mothers that would have begotten moral heros. Now, weary vassals of avarice curse homes with suffering babes, one fifth of which survive to increase intemperance of all sorts, dishonor and crime of all grades. Tho' the press and the best authors occasionly allude to dire results of the fashion craze, their usual silence is astonishing, in view of the universal misery it produces and entails. When men nobly advise and sustain a change I think our partialy liberal women, writers will risk being wholy frank, becom the examples they owe the world, and teach that free nature and true motives evolv at the physical basis of humanity. But now Elmina continues, "let women stand side by side with men in all walks of life, and they will become broad, wise, cultured &c." Mockrey of helplesnes again! Under present encumbrance, saping all functions, forbiding free use of all, they are not half their normal selves. Absurd is the talk of side by side equality with men whose easy dress is adapted to their forms, favorable to exercise, frugal of force. Women waste more energy in carrying their clothes without labor, than man in usual toil. Add labor to the perplexity and exhaustion of clothes that bind and are ever in the way, and the difference is inexpresible. Yet, I am anxious for equal laws, hoping they will incite resolves for needed changes and nobler purposes. Stil, I see the agitation and condemnation by men of the costume disability will best encourage its abolition, and produce the liberal woman whom H, and others look for in vain. Unequal and hasty mating are usualy unfortunate. Peo ple may avoid bereavment and regret by learning the physical rapport of attraction can be broken, and reason assume control. Cupid is ruled out of scientific times. Mateles men cannot better serve themselves than start the brave departure of a Body fredom crusade. As mind and morals depend on bodily states, I will give further facts. Spine and muscels braced in corsets are largely paralyzed. Give them their natal use of holding the body erect, allowing inner organs all the room nature gave, then curtail skirtage til legs ar as free as arms, and strength, bloom and beauty will appear, with a charming tendency to liberalism. Liberals ought to clearly see how they would furnish resorts and facilitate progress by uniting Leagne work with women's amancipation, directing first efforts to physical bonds. This would electrify all women with courage to act—it would be Heredity, Temperance, Ethics, Equality and Liberty combined, and move good motive to action as nothing ever has.

Vineland, N. J.

BREAD

A PRIZE ESSAY

read at the *Annual Conference of the* C. W. S. S. A. September 6th, 1882 by Mrs. J. H. SMYTH.

(Concluded.)

FRENCH BREAD.

As a rule, French bread is always sweet and good. This is largely due to the manner and form of baking. They never make a thick loaf; no matter what the size or shape, it is always thin, and more than two-thirds crust. They bake their bread until it is thoroughly cooked. The loaves are so thin the heat strikes through immediately, when placed in the oven, thus stoppIng all fermentation, while in the case of large loaves fermentation goes on after the bread has been in the oven for some time, and thus much of its sweetness is lost. By baking so long and having so much crust there is a peculiar sweetness given which can be obtain'd in no other way.

GRAHAM BREAD.

Dissolve one-half of a cake of compressed yeast, in one quart of warm water, and thicken it with wheat meal or Graham flour to a pretty stiff batter, let stand until light or over night, then add half a cup of white fine crushed sugar and a teaspoonful of salt; mix well with the hands adding enough Graham flour to make it of the right consistency, but not stiff enough to mould; put it into a well oiled pan and let it rise to double its former bulk, and bake an hour and a half taking care that it does not scorch, by covering it with brown paper, if necessary. We are quite sure that no person after using this kind of bread for any length of time would have any desire to fall back upon white bread. An eminent physician says: "Oatmeal and cornmeal, and wheatmeal and ryemeal, each and all, will help to keep your bones and nerves and brain in good order, provided you get the whole goodness of the grain. If the miller has taken off all the outside envelopes of the grain, and has left you nothing but the starch of its interior, then are your bones, teeth and nerves are just so much defrauded.

RYE BREAD.

Make a sponge of one quart of warm water in which has been dissolved one-half of a cake of compressed yeast, or a tea-cup of homebrewed, thickened with rye meal; put it in a warm place to rise over night; in the morning scald one pint of corn meal, and when cool add half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and rye meal to mix to the proper consistency, let rise again, mould into loaves lay in a deep pan, let it rise to double its former bulk, and bake well, at least an hour and a half.

Good bread can never be made, however perfect the materials without vigorous kneading or working. Half an hour's kneading is not too much time for a large baking, and twenty minutes for a small one. Bread that has been raised three times is considered better than any other, we are speaking now of white bread. It is of a firm even texture and has no holes or cracks. We claim that every girl or woman who aspires to the dignity and honor of a housemother should understand the *art* of making bread. A house-wife should be *ashamed* to place poor bread before the family. Accidents will sometimes happen, but they should be of rare occurance. People are made sickly and ill-tempered by having all the nerves of the stomach rasped with sour or heavy bread. To make or to be able ty teach others to make any kind of bread in its perfection is no mean study. Let not any young lady consider her education is finished until she can make a perfect loaf of the "staff of life."

NEW DUTIES FOR WOMAN,

Madam Neyman.

Few authorities, new duties, new joys have come to woman. She has discovered her latent power. The despair which had benumed her spirit is changed into hopefulness and usefulness. She is no more alone; noble women have appeared to help and sustain her in her upward struggle. The abused wife, the lonely widow, the aspiring daughter, the gifted maiden, they all have been assisted, encouraged by the movement. Unjust laws have been stricken from the statute books, colleges have been opened, business opportunities increased, women doctors prolonged the life of our daughters, women lawyers see that justice is done to their sex, and in a thousand ways has the sympathy and love of woman for woman borne its golden harvest. And if our women will only make use of those privileges which are already attained, others will come in time. The right use of existing privileges is the stepping-stone to higher ones. Our women doctors did not ask: shall we have patients when we have finished our studies? they studied, graduated, and the patients came. Our lady lawyers are not sure of clients, put they went to work and asked for admission as soon as they were equipped for their work. And these women who like to enter the field of politics must do the same. They must make a study of it.

Political information is the essential basis of all intelligent politial action, and if woman has attained that knowledge, our legislative halls will open their doors bv force of the puplic will.

Women must show that politics is not a scramble for office, but requires intelligence and sound preparation.

They must study political economy and political history. Let women take up the civil service reform, the reform of a municipal goverment, and other problems which await solution, and if they can treat these questions logically and thoroughly the franchise is near at hand.

I make no apology for meddling with politics. I am an American citizen, a native of New York, and I never sold my birthright. When great moral crises arise, I will not hesitate to speak as loudly as I can for the truth. I add these last words for the benefit of those who suppose clergemen are either women or children.—[Rev. Howard Crosby.

Dear Friends and Patrons: Do not be alarmed if you find ONE or TWO typographical errors in the HERALD. When we become perfect typos and proof readers they will all be weeded out. We (individually) shall spell after the rulings of the Five Rules, as soon as we master them.

Capersauce.

IN HIS OWN COIN.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding it wasn't he put his sample-box in the rack and braced himself for solid enjoyment.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unlinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?"

"Ye-yes, miss," stammered the drummer.

"Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl, "much nicer than when it is cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?"

"Oh, yes; thanks!" murmured the drummer.

"Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please'" he muttered. "I—I'm doing well enough."

"Can't I buy you some pea-nuts, or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy. Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle so I can."

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me!" gasped the wretched drummer, "I—I don't think you really mean it!"

"You look so tired," she pleaded. "Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down, and I'll tell you stories."

"No—no, thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable, thank you?" and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

"Your scarf-pin is coming out." Let me fix it. There!" and she arranged it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and hauling his grip-sack he made a dive for the door, knee-deep in the grins showered around him by his fellow passengers.

"Strange?" murmured the girl to lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he's ready to do with me, and big and strong as he is he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men and beside that there isn't any smoking car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing."

But she settled back contentedly all the same; and at a convention of drummers held in the smoker that morning it was unanimously resolved that her seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.—*Neb. Liberator.*

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 3. San Francisco, California, March. 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

Newspaper. published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco, Cal. TERMS—$1

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editer.

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OFFICES where copies ar for sale and subscriptions receved—304 Stockton St, San Francisco; Hardy's, Oakland; 10 Spruce St, New York; Woman's Educational & Indusirial Union, 157 Tremont St, Boston; Womans Ind'l Ass'n, 291 16th St, Denver, Col. A. K. Boygue, Stockton, Cal.; Shelton, & Co., Olympia, W. T.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.
PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—Gertie S. Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

S. S. S.

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BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left brest with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.
Officers badges, $1, members 50 cts., post-paid.

W. N. S. S. L.

At a special session of the California Woman's Social Science Association, Thursday. Sep. 1882, there was organized a "Woman's National Social Science League," with Mrs J. W. Stow President and Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, Secretary.

The time has come when women, working for the salvation of the body and the industrial education of their own sex, *must* have a united and definite plan of action, and a fearless outspoken *National* organ to *emphasize* that action, and this plan is Woman's National Social Science League, and the permanently established National Organ, WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY. California (a woman,s name) is destined to be *woman's state*. Here her out-door kingdom will be established, in a propitious clime of perpetual summer.

An Annual Congress will be held in one of the large cities of the Union each year, and every third year, will be held a Grand Trienial Conclave—the first in San Francisco, Sep. 1883, when it is hoped that every state will be represented by a delegate.

It cannot be too often repeated that the Woman's National Social Science League is organized for the purpose of creating a real bond of united effort among women, to free woman from legal and self-imposed slavery, and to emancipate her physically and industrially from the time honored "curse."

Mrs Stow willy occupy the presidential chair and choose her own cabinet of officers, up to Sep. 1886. She does this because woman's social science has taken firm root in her brain, and because she has but *one single occupation* the development of *Woman's* social science—which differs from *Man's* social science in many ways.

Annual membership $1 life membership $25. Send the amount to the office of the HERALD, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, and the certificate will be forwarded immediately.

Charter for auxiliary Leagues $5.

The Goddess of Liberty (stamp on the seal) holding in one hand our glorious banner and in the other a laurel wreath, ready to crown every Sister, is emblematic of Woman's perfect emancipation.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE for the handsomest dress for a woman, which clears the ground twelve inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The PRIZE EXHIBITION will be held during the session of the first

GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE

of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco, the first week in September, 1883.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

WORK BUT *EIGHT* HOURS A DAY.

Stop short off right where you are, and dont work but eight hours a day. Let the dishes go unwashed, the pies unmade and uneaten (pies made by tired women have caused more pain and premature deaths, than all the wars made by cruel men), and stockings undarned, the hogs unfed; leave the buttons loose and the cream unchurned, and sit right down and rock the cradle, and if there is none to rock, go out and swing on the gate, and expand your lungs by "gymnastic breathing." The change from house-drudgery will rest you. Read the HERALD and as many other wideawake papers, published by *women*, as you can lay your hands on, and if husbands object, say, "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and happiness the second. Eat raw food, drink cold water and sleep in the barn, until we are rested, it will do you good," and make them do it. It was never ordained that we should work but eight hours a day,

Eight hours a day, eight hours a day,
Eight hours for labor, eight hours for play.

PROBATE LAW is made a leading feature in this issue of the HERALD, and no subject is of more vital importance to every state, community and household than this. If a modicum of the injustice to widows and the outrage to motherhood, perpetrated by this court, was understood by the masses, it would not exist a day longer. If widowers and motherless children were thrust into this court there would be an equality of justice in its mode of proceedure, but now there is not.

An evening paper says that Luther Luthers, of Oakland, is dead, and that his widow, Laura Luthers, has applied to the probate court for letters of administration upon the community property, and guardianship of her six minor (community) children. There would have been no application and no item had Laura died instead of Luther. He would have been recognized as the legal owner, absolutely, of *all* the community property, and the legal guardian, absolutely, of his six minor (community) children. Why this invidious distinction?

This is the season of high seats for Hon. men and low seats for praying, petitioning suplicating women. At the capital of the nation, and nearly all the state capitals, legislatures are sitting in judgement upon the woman question, and California is not behind in the spectacular drama. Our lady lawyers and many leading women of the Suffrage army, are at Sacramento demanding, pleading, persuading the hungry Democrats to give women the right of citizenship. But what can our champions expect of a legislature whose members play poker all nignt and in the morning use each others Hon. persons for powder and ball targets? The curtain will fall in a few days and what *woman* will have cause to say "Well done! Democratic Legislature."

The editor of the HERALD went to Sacramento to get the Widow's Bill and an appropriation bill introduced early in the session, but after a weeks investigation of the situation, she put the widow's bill into the hands of an influential and interested voter, and returned to the Bay. She has been before the judiciary committee of Congress, with such able champions of woman's rights as Belva A. Lockwood and Caroline H. Dall; before the judiciary of the Massichusetts legislature with such fearles advocates of justice as Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Mrs. Fenno Tudor, and she has been granted "hearings" before various other state judiciaries, wherein she prayed that the law might be so amended that it would protect the home when, at the death of the husband and father, it became "a house of mourning," but the law remains intact today. If half the injustice of this law was understood, it would make suffrage converts of every intelligent woman in the land.

"THAT DREADFUL BOOK."—At a suffrage convention, in a certain city, a lady from another state, after reading over the names of the speakers said to the leading spirit of the convention, "Is n't Mrs. Stow, of San Francisco, in town? I dont find her name on the programme." "No, we did not invite her because she has written that *dreadful book*." A specimen chapter of "that dreadful book" will be found on the third page. Be sure and read it. If Mrs. Stow had possessed a copy of such a dreadful book before she sailed for Eurape in '74 she would have money now to do life's great work without begging for it—and so often begging in vain.

If this dreadful book does no more it will set women people to thinking whether it is not a religious duty to find out just what the law can do, should the husband and father be snapped up by Death, in an unguarded moment.

PLEASE ACCEPT THANKS for the sympathy and encouragement expressed in the Febauary number of the *Sanitarian*, edited by a sister woman. Quincy, Ill., is fortunate in possessing such a woman and such a journal of reform.

Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* also pays its respects to the HERALD in a generous notice. There is a pen-and-ink battle going on in that Journal, with the Doctor arrayed on one side and all the able staff of the *Alpha* on the other. The former advocates anti-continence and the later, to a woman, advocate pure continence in wedlock and out of wedlock.

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY said, at the eleventh annual convention of the O. S. W. S. A., recently held in Portland, that she had lectured on 296 different occasions, since her last report a year ago—mostly in Oregon. Is it any marvel that the Web-foot state overtops all other individual states in its growth in public sentiment favoring the enfranchisement of women? No other state in the Union can boast of one such unpaid tireless worker. *She* does not content herself with appearing before legislative committees, in the latest phase of fashion, once in *two* years—and nothing else. Her tally-stick numbers speaches for nearly every week day during the year. This counts faster than legislative work. She can number her converts by tens of thousands, and they dont backslide, and when the victors crown is placed upon her brow every noble woman (and man too) in the Nation will shout "Glory!"

On the 4th page is a touching and pathetic letter from a farmer's wife, and we receive many such letters. To say that we deeply sympathize with our sisters in bonds, is but a faint expression of our feelings. The advice we give is: Come out of the old slavish rut, *obedience*, and put shoulder to the wheel of Progress—which will change all this master and subject business. This is woman's work.

TRY, friends, do *try* to get subscribers for the *Herald*. If you realized how earnestly the helsman is working to build a Co-operative Industrial Home, for the benefit of destitute girls and women, where they will be taught the priceless lesson of self-help, you would not rest contented until you had, personally, canvassed the city or town in which you reside for subscribers. People become interested when they are interviewed. This paper is the official organ of the National Woman's Social Science League. Try and organize auxiliary leagues Let us clasp hands as true workers. Try, *do* try!

Please renew your subscription, immediately.

SCISSORS.

Our world of woman's work is wide,
And bounded not by narrow walls or selfish pride;
But reaching far as reach the calls of human need;
This is our world, and Faith its light, and Love its creed.

New York City pays $7, 000,000 a year for its religion and $22,000,000 for its drinks.

Mrs. Augusta Hemenway, of Boston, has given $5,000 to the Permanent Fund of the Woman's Educarional and Industrial Union of that city.

The whisky drank in the United States costs more than all the government expenses and all the revenue that runs the public schools.

When men nominate libertines for Congress, and expect them to be elected by the illegal use of money, it is time for women to enter politics.

Under a new law three women are to be appointed in Ohio, in conjunction with two men, as a board of visitors for charity and correctiou institutions.

The woman who invented the sub-marine telescope received but $10,000, for that which brings Europe within speaking distance.

Miss Anthony, on her sixty-third birthday, which occured just befor she sailed for England, was the recipient of many substantial testimonials of esteem from her numerous friends and admirers. Among the gifts were a $110 set of point-lace, an elegant black silk dsess, from Chency Brothers, and a $100 check from a rich New Yorker.

The American Peace Society, of Boston, has come into full possession sf $40,000, recently bequeathed to it. Peace is better and more profitable than war.

Mrs. Lorreta Brownlow, of East Paw Paw, Ill., has patented a simple and convenient machine for chrushing and straining fruit in making jellies.

Anna Gsndter, twenty-four years of age, is a successful switch-tender at a station on the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Women have always been successful switch-tenders.

Miss Lilly Clay, with a troup of seventy young ladies, is amnsing London audiences at the Opera Comique with an Adamless Eden, in which no male being is allowed to appear.

Letter postage will be but two cents in July, and what will be the rate of charge for monthly newspapers then, in cities with postal delivery?

A lady whose winter home is in Washington and, who is said to possess social distinction, employs her summers, at her home in Central New York, in preserving fruit. Her sales are said to reach over $20, 000 a year.

Twenty-five per cent of the industrial population of Boston are women—but they cant vote with the ragpickers and rumies of that city.

A man may have as many mistresses, on the sly, as he pleases, but if a woman dares to receive the innocent attentions of an honorable admirer society forthwith begins to paint and parade her as a scarlet she-devil—the man all right, the woman all wrong.

The Woman's National Industrial League has declared war against Congressmen who interfere with the appointment of female clerks in the departments. Charming "friends" of influential libertines will no longar be able to unseat virtuous women.

The police court of Rutland, Vt., has sentenced a woman to forty years imprisonment for violating the excise laws. Did a man ever suffer a like punishment for the same offense?

Put every man on earth into petticoats, and keep them on him, and God's sunshine would go back on the world's dial, till the blackness of darkness would completely cover its face.—[Dr Jackson.

Jennie Turner is the first woman Notary Public in New York. She was appointed by Gov. Cornell.

Three women are making more money this season on the American stage than any ten men. Patti trills out $120,000 in thirty concerts, Nilsson $100, 000 in fifty, and Langtry has already cleared over $80,000, since she faced the footlights and braved the newspaper Billingsgate, this side the Atlantic.

Portland, Me., has a matron at the police station, to have charge of women who may be arrested, and a lady physician for poor women and children. Chicago, New York, and several other cities, where wo take an interest in their own sex, have police matrons.

Children's Corner.

THE REAL TROUBLE.

Cross little Patty sat under a tree,
As fretful as ever a child could be.
"Keep still!" to a singing bird she said;
"You are out of tune, and you hurt my head."
"Do stop! she cried to a dancing brook.
A lamb and a pussy cat came to look
At cross little Patty beneath the tree,
As fretful as ever a child could be.

The pussy cat wondered to see her pout,
And the frisky lambkin skipped about;
But the brook tripped on over stones and moss,
And never found out that Patty was cross.
The bird in the tree too sang away,
And these were the words she meant to say:
"You poor little girl, why can't you see
That there's nothing at all the matter with me?
Mend your manners my dearie soon,
Or you'll find the whole world out of tune."

Somehow the wind in the leafy tree,
And the rippling water so wild and free,
The bird on the bough and the snow-white lamb.
And the gentle pussy so mild and calm,
Made Patty ashamed of her naughty mood:
She shook herself well and said, "I'll be good:"
And presto! the Patty beneath the tree
Was just as sweet as a child could be.
—*Harper's Young People.*

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE RELL.

All was still by the time the hour-hand of the old gabled-faced clock on the wall had reached the solitary Arabic figure nine, on its never ending journeyings from I to 12 from 12 to 1. Not a sound was heard save the sharp click of the swaying pendulum and the steady rasping of Bill's breath as it struggled in and out of his huge chest, like the escape valve of an enjine.

They were aroused from their slumbers, at day brake, by a kiss from old Sol. He had taken advantage of the unchinked spaces in the ponderous wall and slipped thru with a sly laugh to welcome the new comers with a warm caress. Thousands of wild birds were chanting their joyous matins as they hopped from branch to branch, or, circling down snapped up the "early worm" as an apetizer for breakfast.

Etta opened her eyes wide with a "Where is I?" just as Terry was turning out of the hammock, and who cut in with; "In the land of Nod Saffron-top, where do you suppose?"

Now, if there was any *one* thing which vexed our chubby heroine more than another, it was to be teased about the color of her hair and eyes. Therefore, when her brother made the ungallent response, she doubled up her little fat hand and shaking it defiantly at him said—

"Hold 'ou tongue an' lemme be, 'ou naughty, bad bop, pagin Etta, sant he ma?"

She always appealed to her mother when she suffered in that direction, but it too often proved "loves labor lost" for, like many another fond and indulgent mother, Mrs. Breeze found it very difficult to see and reprove the errors of her handsome favorite, her only son, who was so careful and thotful in his devotion to her, seeming to devine her every wish, so that all she said on this particular occasion was,

"Never mind, lovie, brother did n't mean to offend you. Hear the pretty birds calling to you to come outdoors. They are impatient to make my little girlies' acquaintance, and show her their soft nests filled with shiny eggs or downy young ones."

Mr. Breeze, who had taken some dry sticks, tinder and flint (matches were an unknown luxury in the western wilds in those days), was just stepping down to the place where the fire-kettle was standing on the smooth ground, to light a fire, when he started back in horror and amazement, exclaiming—

"Heaven defend us! There has been a visitor in here during the night. Here are bear's tracks."

It had been raining during the night and as there was no roof over that part of the house where the kettle stood, it had softened the ground so that every impression of his half human foot was distinctly seen. He evidently came for his breakfast and had succeeded in getting it, too, for there was a joint of venison missing, that had hung on the wall the night before. He had had it all his own way while the tired household slept, and, therefore, in all probibility, would return.

The children were quickly dressed and all ready for sight-seeing. As they ran out into the fresh and fragrant morning air and looked up at the grand old trees, whose tops, to their wondering eyes, seemed to be a mile high, they shouted in merry glee at every new discouvery. The birds came hopping towards them and were so tame that they would almost eat out of their hands, never having been worried, robbed and killed by bad boys and worse men.

How glad the sun seemed to be in having an opportunity to descend the leafy well and frolic to his heart's content in the ancient stronghold of shadows and gloom.

„O pitty quirrel! see 'im 'un, Milly, see! cried Etta, clapping her hands and giving chase to a beautiful chipmonk, which ran up the smooth bark of a beech tree, carefully keeping on the sunny side, of it to better exhibit his striped back, which glistened like satin in the rosy light. He frisked along a projecting branch and sat bolt upright with his plumy tail toss jauntily over his shoulder, laughing and winking his merry eyes as he looked down at Etta's upturned, disapointed face and said—

"You're a nice little big thing, but you aint a chipmonk nor you aint a squirrel. The squirrel family are relations of mine, cousins, I think my mother said, and she ought to know, being somewhat older than I am."

But here Etta interrupted him by saying, "I is 'our tozen, I is! aint I Tay?',

"Well, we wont discuss that point now" broke in Mr. Monk, quite ignoring a decision from a third party, "*we* shall make excellent friends, no doubt, and can settle the point of consanguinity, afterwards. After this pompos speach he stroked his beard complacently for a moment, eying Etta critically, then he continued –

"This community is a large one, but it is principly composed of plebeians: Still there are a few old families, besides the Monks, left, and blood will tell you know?" Here he sat up grander than ever and gave an amiable tweak to his mustache.

Terry, who had been in search of a straight alder for a fishing rod, came up just then and hearing the last remarks, laughed outright, as he said,

"What a conceited dandy it is to be sure. Why the Aborigines, Chinese and Opossoms are among the oldest families extant. At this point Etta broke in with a peremptory—

"Top Tay, he onts to peak he self." With a low bow to Etta and a polite little "hem" to clear his throat, he picked up the end of his discourse where it had been so uncermoniously broken of by Terry, in this manner—

"I am most happy to welcome you to our country-seat. It is large enuf for all of us and, I am quite certain, after we have compared geneologies, and measured purses, we shall get along very well together," and he marched up and down the branch, beneath his expanded brush, swelling with pride, as haughty as a republican arristocrat.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Terry, "you 're a trump, a trump old fellow, and shall stand sponsor at my wedding, I'm engaged to Miss Fox, you know." and with a whoop, hop, skip and bound he disapeared behind the blanket-door, having smelled breakfast.

"Miss Fox, Miss Fox," repeated the pompos Monk with ill concealed vexation; "fond of geese, v e r y! that accounts for the match. That boy's a goose and will come to grief with the foxes—see if he dont."

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY GERTIE S. SMYTH.

Breathing Gymnastics.—The importance of breathing deeply and plentifully of pure fresh air, as an essential of good health is now quite generally admitted. The art of breathing, until somewhat recently, has been very much overlooked. Properly trained singers and elocutionists are taught to attend carefully to their breathing. During vigorous muscular exercise, the breathing is naturally active, but when a person is at rest or engaged in some passive exercise, and the mind is absorbed in thought, the breathing becomes diminished and the action of the lungs is consequently slow and feeble. As a remedy for this it would be well to take from five to ten minutes several times daily for the practice of deep breathing either in open air or a thoroughly ventilated room. To do this properly stand perfectly erect with the arms at the sides; place the tip of the tongue against the top of the upper teeth with the lips slightly apart; then draw in the breath slowly and tranquilly through nostrils, not the mouth, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, gradually emptying them as completely as possible at every expiration. This mode of breathing has a direct effect in supplying the largest amount of oxygen to the blood and thoroughly consuming the Carbon. It has also the very important effect of expanding the chest and thus contributing to the vigor of the system. In short breathing a large portion of the air cells of the lungs remain almost if not entirely closed, the upper portion of the lungs being engaged in receiveing and discharging a small amount of air.

A well-known elocutionist says,—"To persons whose habits are studious and sedentary, and especially to females, the vigorous exercise of the organs of respiration and of voice, is in every point of view, an invaluable discipline.

[No *corseted* woman can peform the above gymnastic-breathing exercise without danger of sudden death from hemorage. She would certainly burst a bloodvessel. Ed.

Setting Hens.—As March is considerd by many the most desirable month of the year to set hens, I will give my method, to which I am indebted to Mr. Miles of Los Angelos and Mr. Wright, the English authority upon poultry. Take a wooden box open at the bottom and in front with the exception of a strip of board three or four inches high to contain the straw, scrape a slight hollow in the earth which must not be so concave that the eggs will all slip down to the bottom, but just enough to keep them from rolling outward; now put in short straw that is soft and pliable so that it will not scatch the little chicks when they arrive. Fill the corners of the box with straw to keep the eggs in place. Before putting in the eggs dust the nest thoroughly with carbolic to keep out vermin; also the hen especially under the wings, repeat this operation a few days before she commences to hatch. My experience has been that nine eggs are better than a greater number to put to a hen, especially if the eggs are choice ones It is not always convenient to place the nest upon the ground, if not try the following: At the bottom of the nesting-box place some damp earth made into concave form; this dampness is beneficial as it supplies the moisture the eggs loose during the process of incumbation. Keep the eggs clean; if any get broken wash the balance in warm water, "daubed" eggs will not hatch. During the latter half of the hatching period the eggs should be sprinkled with tepid water every other day when the hen is off and during warm weather every day if the nest is not on the ground; this is necessary to insure success. It is well to seclude setters from other hens, and where it is not too light, they will remain more quietly upon the nest in a dark corner. Feed them with whole grain, soft food digests too rapidly. Give them plenty of fresh water every day, and a dust box, and as a general thing they will do well.

The first meal for the little chicks should be given on the nest, and should consist of equal parts of hard boiled *yolk* only of egg stale bread crumbs, the latter slightly moistened with cream or rich milk. Wright says that oatmeal is the *best* food for young chicks; after the first meal of egg and bread crumbs, no food is equal to it if coarsely ground and just moistened so as to remain crumbly. I use the coarse avena just moistened with milk. For the first three or four days the yolk of an egg boiled hard should be chopped up small and given to each dozen chicks; and when this is discontinued, a little cooked meat chopped fine should be given once a day till about three weeks old, a piece as large as a walnut is sufficient for a dozen chicks. For the first week I feed them every two hours. To feed often giving just enough fresh food to be entirely eaten each time is the one great secret of getting fine birds; it is astonishing how fast they grow. After the first week oatmeal can be changed for a cheaper food. Green food is more necessary to chicks than adult fowls. Grass, cabbage or lettuce leaves cut fine must be given them once each day. Warm milk given them to drink is excellent, and I mix in a pint of warm milk a teaspoonful of the Douglas Mixture, which is made as follows.—Sulphate of iron one pound; Sulpharic acid, one ounce; water one gallon; mix and dissolve. This is a good constant tonic, I give it to all my hens in their drtnking water once a day in the above proportion. Mr. Miles says in reference to the feeding of onions to poultry.—As a preventive and a remidy for many of the diseases of which domestic fowls are liable, when living under wrong conditions, too much can hardly be said in favor of onions for fowls. They should be chopped up fine and given all they will eat up clean. Young chicks are fond of them if chopped fine. For a chicken troubled with gapes, onions are the best possible feed.

I mix the onions with about the same quantity of scalded meal and feed it to young chicks every other day. In all feed have it dry, that is use barely enough water or milk to moisten it, so that it crumbles easily.

Many think this involves a great amount of work and personal supervission and so it does, and unless one is willing to attend to the business themselves, they had better not attempt raising chickens, very few servants can be trusted, and the most of them are very ignorant about such things. I also give all chickens in this soft food a small amount of the Imperial Egg Food, and when the weather is cold mix it with their morning meal daily. Every other day is usually often enough, however.

G. S. S.

The London *Christian World* says; "Temperance principles are becoming decidedly fashionable. At Brighton and other resorts non-alcoholic drinks, attractive looking and very refreshing, are, it is said, being substituted at lawn tennis and garden parties for the usual champagne or claret cup. Abstainers are often found to be in the majority at these parties. In many households, also, gentlemen's servants are now supplied with five o'clock tea, instead of beer; and the benefit of the arrangement is already seen."

Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 19-83.

Dear Mrs. Stow:

Sister of the brave heart,

I bid you God speed! in your work of plucking scales from off the thousands blinded eyes, and which in time will prove the day-spring of reform to slaves of fashion, habit, and ignorance. Only a few out of the millions of women who have been, or are upon our Earth ever knew that they had any right to themselves, to their services or to their life even. But thank God, our century like all the centuries of the past is not without brave women who have risen above the low sense of one sided justice always in favor of the stronger and have crowded their way to the front and defy the relics of barbarism still smiching the skirts of our civilization, public relicism and public abuse. They demand a broader field for woman's activities, acquirements, and enjoyments. Cannot man yet see that so long as woman is handcuffed and manicled he must co-habit with slaves and breed mental and moral cripples and intellectnal paupers? Is this any credit to man! Will he never outgrow this cowardice, will he never cease to fear that if woman has an equal chance with him on the battle field of life that he will wholly loose sight of her and at once be overtaken by some devastating avalanche or ice period or something that will wash him o ffthe face of the green Earth. This must be indeed a most uncomfortable state of feelings and I can only account for it by saying that this chringing cowardice on the part of men in every case where women is concerned is the only evidence I have ever been able to find throughout my research for any truth in the story of Adam's Fall. But this universal cowardice whenever woman's equality is advocated puts Darwin to the test. For whenever there is a woman brave enough to pave her way to the front and claim her equal rights with man he flattens and crawls like a snake on his belly back into the garden of Eden and says "she thou gavest me did give unto me and I ate, I did every mean thing that I could possibly think of because there was a woman to blame." Oh! for a manliness brave enough to be willing to take equal chances on life's battle ground with woman removing as far as possible all impediments from her path, and then rejoice to see her wear the laurals if she can win them as a just reward for her efforts, and thus stamp progress on age. There can be nothing gained by holding woman in slavery. It not only degrades woman, but all of woman born.

Woman must have the ballot not only, but her services must have a money value as wife as well as in any other capacity in earning a living that cannot be willed away from her by husbands, or cut short if she ceases to be the dead man's widow. Woman must be educated so as to understand her own value in the world, and learn that the world could not exist one moment without her, and for that very reason she has a God given right to all the privileges and blessings that make her life happy and desirable. And that she has a right not only,but it becomes her imperitive duty to legislate against and prohibate all habits in men that tend to degenerate the race, and blight the prospects of the future generations.

And you my sister, are one of the brave women raised up to help fight this battle of reform. We all know that every advanced step is the signal for battle to be gained inch by inch by defiently holding every iota of ground gained by the light of intelligence beating back the darkness of ignorance and superstition. And this must be done by those who are willing to give their best effort or their lives even if need be for the good, and advancement of the human family. In your Herald of Industry you advance and advocate many great and noble ideas which must and will reach those of advanced thought and return you a response sooner or later, and reward your brave struggle against wrongs. You, and I, sometimes express our convictions in a rough manner, but this is because the age demands it to shock and awaken thought, not because you, and I, have not keener sensibilities, more refined sense of the beautiful, of the the just, of the right, not at all, but because we are awake to the outrage on woman as mother, and all who come after her.

When we look on the bright side of life we must confess that ours is a beautiful world filled with knowledge, with plenty, with richest blessings of every kind waiting for us to learn how to use these things wisely and in strict obediance to the law of kindness toward every living creature. And toward this high aim, I shake hands with you, and bid you God-speed.

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SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

CHAPTER IV.

Instar Omnium.

Thomas Jones died intestate, in the city and county of San Francisco, leaving community property valued at $14,137, and Mary Jones, his widow, being of lawful age and sound and disposing mind, prayed to be allowed the managenent and control of this estate, which belonged to herself and her three minor children. After the usual forms of posting, binding and swearing, which consumed several weeks, the prayer was granted, when she had given bonds to the State of California for the sum of $10,700.

She paid three men (why not have women? They know the value of skillets and skewers better than men.) appraisers $30 for looking into her closers and cubbords.

Passing the prayers for braed, the roof over her head, etc., we arrive, by red-tape circumlocution, at the "7th" where she prays the Court to appoint some person to represent the minor heirs of the late Thomas Jones, who had no legally appointed guardian. *No legally appointed guardian!* Did not the forming hand of the Almighty appoint Mary Jones their legal guardian before a higher tribunal than man has dared to create for the shackling of one-half of God's great human family? *O motherhood! where is thy crown of glory?*

Prayer eight was a supplication to be permitted to close the affairs of the estate of said deceased. After the incidents and delays of six forms, it was "ordered, adjudged and decreed, that the said Mary Jones, administratrix as afordsaid, having brought the said administration to a close, her letters of administration be vacated."

Altho honorably discharged from her position of trust, Mary Jones was still a beggar at this confiscation court of injustice. And for what, pray, was the ninth prayer? Freedom put sackcloth upon thy loins, and ashes upon thy head, and bow thy face in the dust while I name it. A mother in the free Republic of the United States of America is forced, by law, to pray to man, a strange man, to be permitted to have the guardianship of her own flesh; for the legal right to protect and care for her own babes, the fruit of her womb, blood of her blood, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh; that which germinated beneath her heart, and whose growth and development, each day and hour, a portion of her own life was given to perfect. For this she had passed thru the modern tragedy of childbed and "bit back the pain when a man-child was born;" for this she had sat out the stars, in sickness, when no eye but her God's was upon her; for this she would have given her life as a ransom, if need be; for this she would have toiled her back broke and the sinews cracked.

And *this* was the *ninth* prayer!

Only once after this was Mary Jones brot to her knees by an earthly judge and that was to be allowed to sell some land belongeng to her children, to pay their schooling. This was the tenth and last-named petition in this sickning record of *prayers* addressed to a mundane potentate. The serf-like degradation of the free born daughters of America, to-day, is well illustrated in this one widow's probate experience.

Ten times did she pray, during the one year, eight months and twenty days (the actual time it took to settle the estate and pay the two debts owed by her husband), and each time the prayer was granted, because there nothing to hinder. It cost her $2,000 in gold, as nearly as I could estimate, Bellknap's "Probare Law" from which these facts were gleaned, did not cronicle all the proceedings. She was sworn fifteen times, bound four different timee, with four different men, for the added sum of $19,200, which was $5,063 more than the valuation of the entire estate. It passed thru eighty-five different forms, with fifty-one additional oaths, six appraisers, one judge, fifteen lawyers and notaries, three clerks and deputy clerks, and forty-seven other men: Auctioneers, witnesses, referees, reporters, posters, two uncler, two guardians, two newspapers, and the last named actual and legally appointed guardian. Mary Jones. The fact that Thomas Jones was dead was stated one hundred and fifty-nine times.

What necessity was there for probating Mary Jones? She was an honest woman. as all her acts in this nefarious proceeding prove—willing and anxious to pay all her debts. Nst a large all, $2,000 and the expenses of her husband's last sickness and burial, $450, was all she owed. For these three debts, which would have been paid in three weeks time without the cost of a dollar or the loss of an hour's time if mary Jones hap been a free woman instead of a slave, hustled about by coat-tail courts, until she lost $2,000 and nearly two years valuable time, besides wear and tear of gowns and good feelings.

Talk of the "sacred retirement and sanctity of home." Put these beautiful precepts into practice with widows. Precept is not worth a straw without the example.

Mary Jones was harassed and tormented, in her "sacred home" and out of it, for twenty months and twenty-eight days: Pestered by lawyers' delays,, exasperated by probate clerks (who are not over civil to widows), harried by appaisers, distracted by reporters. set on edge by the condescending urbanity of the judge, and more or less ruffled by the hundred and one other men who had their itching fingers in her individual pie.

There is no more call for such a court for women than for men. It puts, in all its acts, the brand of dishonesty upon the brow of every widow. A widower is not probated. He is trusted with the entire estate which was accumulated in wedlock. The law does not lay violent hands upon his substance, and the bodies of himself and motherless children, as soon as his wife ceases to breath. His time and money are not filched from him by any court of (in)justice. He is left in undisturbed possession of what years of toil have brot to him and his.

Who will claim that that the outrage perpetrated upon Mary Jones, under the cover of law, was not open add shameless robbery of valuable time and hard earned money? or deny that it was a criminal act which should put all men called legislators to the blush.

What would Thomas Jones have said to those minions of the law, called appraisers and guardians, if Mary Jones had just been covered with the ashes of earth, instead of himself?

Standing beneath his roof-tree, with a rifle charged to the lips, he would have exclaimed, "Cross my threshold at your peril! You are trespassers, and the first one that braves my warning is a *dead* man! If I dont pay my two debts, then let loose your legal blood-hounds, but not before!" And, if Thomas Jones had put his threat into execution, it would have been in defence of his paternal rights and financial life—and no one would have blamed him.

Dear Friends and Patrons: Do not be alarmed if you find ONE or TWO typographical errors in the HERALD. When we become perfect typos and proof readers they will all be weeded out. We (individually) shall spell after the rulings of the Five Rules, as soon as we master them.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD.

FIVE RULES FOR NEW SPELLING.

1. Omit a in words like hed, helth, brest, plesure, etc.
2. Omit silent e in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.
3. Write f for ph in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.
4. Omit one of the double consonants in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.
5. Change ed final into t in words like fixt, capt, chopt, prest, etc. Also, tho and thru.

The Five Rules, as given above, were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Association in 1878. The English Spelling Reform Association adopt the same rules, thus making a common basis of action

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The lands in the States, and reserved in the Territories, for educational purposes by Acts of Congress, from 1785 to June 30, 1880, where, for public or common schools, every 16th section of public land in the States admitted prior to 1848 and every 16th and 36th section of such land in States and Territories since organized—is estimated at 67,893,919 acres; for seminaries or universities, the value of two townships, or 46,080 acres in each State or Territory containing public land, and in some instances a greater quantity, for the support of seminaries or schools of a higher grade, estimated at 1,165,520 acres.

The Grant to all the States for agricultural and mechanical colleges by Act of July 2, 1862, and its supplements of 30,000 acres, for each Representative and Sanator in Congress to which the State was entitled, of land "in place" where the State contained a sufficient quantity of public land subject to sale at ordinary private entry, at the rate of $1,25 per acre, and of scrip representing an equal number of acres, where the State did not contain such lands, the scrip to be sold by the State and located by its assignees on any such land in other States and Territories, subject to certain restrictions. Land in place, 1,770,000 acres; land in scrip, 7,830,000 acres; total 9, 600.000 acres. In all, 78,659,439 acres for educational purposes, under the above heads, up to June 1880.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, California.

Books for review can be sent either to Boncroft's or Roman's publishing houses, San Francisco, or to the office of the HERALD direct.

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San Francisco, Cal.,
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We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN.

Not costly dress nor queenly air;
Not jewelled hands, complection fair;
Not graceful form nor lofty tread;
Not paint, nor curls, nor splendid head;
Not pearly teeth, nor sparkling eyes;
Not voice that nightingale outvies;
Not breath as sweet as eglantine;
Not gaudy gems nor fabric fine;
Not all the stores of Fashion's mart;
Not yet the blandishments of art;
Not one, nor all of these combined,
Can make one woman, true, refined.

'Tis not the casket that we prize,
But that which in the casket lies.
These outward charms that please th' sight
Are naught unless the heart be right.
She, to fulfill her destined end,
Must with her beauty goodness blend.
Must make it her incessant care
To deck herself with jewels rare,
Of priceless gems must be possessed,
In robes of richest beauty dressed.
Yet these must clothe the inward mind,
In purity the most refined

She who doth all these goods combine
Can man's rough nature well refine
Hath all she needs in this frail life,
To fit for mother, sister, wife.
He who possesses such a friend
Should cherish well till death doth end.
Woman in fine the mate should be,
To sail with man o'er life's rough sea,
And when the stormy cruse is o'er,
Attend him to fair Canaan's shore.

Correspondence.

VINELAND, N, J., Jan. 27-83.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:

As you solicit correspondence upon Dress Reform, I add my mite of information.

In '77 I, for the first time, saw trousers and a short dress worn by a noble lady in Williamsburgh, Mass. Her dress was The American Costume. Although a wife, and had been a mother, I had never seen a well day in my life, and had never before realized what a slave I was to petticoats. I did not admire the costume, exactly, but I did admire the ease and comfort which the lady exhibited in moving about. Continued ill health was the cause of her having adopted the dress, and she has been greatly benefited by wearing it. The same season I met three ladies at Lake Pleasant Camp who wore pants, similar to those worn by men, and dresses which came below the knees. I pronounced the suit the neatest, and most becoming, that I ever saw worn by women, and my husband concured. I at once adopted the costume, and have worn it ever since. This may account for my being alive today, while my two sisters, who refused to wear it, fill consumptives' graves.

In closing I will say to all women: Free thy feet, my dear sisters, give thy limbs the liberty that Nature designed them to have; free thy brain from the vexations care and trouble of flounces, frills, furbelows and feathers.

With an earnest wish that the reforms advocated in the *Herald* may meet with a universal acceptance, I remain

Sincerely yours.

Jennie A. Doane.

IOWA, Jan. 11-83.

MRS J. W. STOW.

Dear Madam,—I have received a copy of the *Herald*, and am very much pleased with its fearless utterances upon the all-pervading evils of the whole social fabric—their name is legion. I will enclose 50 cts. for the H. of I. for 6 months, and do so want your books, Probate Confiscation and Probate Chaff, but do not feel able to buy them now—unless you would give me the opportunity to sell some of them, and thus make enough to pay for mine. I am one among the thousands of wives, that has worked to the utmost limit of my strength for 30 years, letting the proceeds go into the general fund—husband-fund—and today, at 47, I cannot command $1 to buy any luxury (literature is a luxury) without its costing such a sense of humiliation and degradation as tends to crush out every aspiration for liberty and knowledge—but in the good time coming things will be changed, I hope.

Long may such agitation as yours live and thrive, striking effective blows at the cruel bonds that hold women in such abject surveillance to customs, law and every other influence brought to bear on them, to stamp out their individuality, and a better expression of that within them.

Go on in the grand work you have begun! I wish I could render you assistance in some way. How I would like to visit your S. S. S. home, and work with you, and would if I could do enough to pay my way while there.

Yours ever in reform,

MRS. ———.

See 8th page, 3d column. For the names of ten new subscribers to the HERALD, and $7 you have the books. For twenty names and $10 you have the books. When *The Woman's Journal* was started I sent its editor a $50 check and twenty-five names. It would have been *easier* (I had plenty of money then) to have taken that sum from my own pocket, if it would have been half the value to the paper that the names were. *I* didn't "wish" and "hope" for its success without putting a co-operative motor back of them. Please do this for the HERALD, friends, and you will accomplish lasting results. I am in receipt of many letters like the above; some of them read, "I can do nothing, because I am only a poor weak woman." Where there is a will there is a way, is an old trite saying. She who would be free, herself must strike the blow.

[Ed.

BISHOP CREEK, JAN. 3d E. M. 282.

MRS. J. W. STOW:

Dear Friend of Woman: Accept my thanks for two numbers of *Herald of Industry* the first that I was aware of such a Woman's paper being published in San Francisco. I see in the perusal of them that you have suffered and fought for the freedom and equality of woman socially and before the law, and have well nigh attained the victory almost single handed. Some ten years ago, filled with a desire for greater liberty of my sex, both as regards mind and body, I went from my mountain home to San Francisco, hired Charter Oak Hall, and gave a course of lectures; but I hardly made a ripple on the sea of Reform, where I found so many antagonizing women that bore me down more than onward. On returning home I gave a few lectures; and in one, on Social Wrongs, speaking of rapers, I said:

"For such fiends I would have a law of circumcision enacted that should be far more effective than the law of Moses. This ruled me from the platform here, and was the means of defeating my husband that year for the office of Sheriff for which he was a candidate. Since then I have been invited to lecture a few times in adjoining towns: but the socal questions was always tabooed. For some years, I have not spoken or written for the public, but I have done some effective picket duty, and I'm still at my Post, nor can I be dislodged from my intrenchments. I wish to be enolled as a servant during the war, and to help carry the Banner of Freedom to the front, and if I fall, will die with it firmly grasped in my hand, and to face the foe, with' the expression of a dead standard bearer of the Revolution, which seemed to say: DAM YOU! look at the *stars and stripes*.

Yours truly, I. HUTCHINSON.

Women's Work International.

Vineland, N. J, U. S. A.

To the women of the English Rational Dress Society I send kindly greetings and would fain extend incentives to firm, fearless action. Gladly have I read of your effort to obtain relief from serious fashionable encumbrance. Although the cut accompanying your description of costume in *Woman's Herald of Industry* shows no sign of improvement, I trust continued endeavor will realize the aim. Learning that you invite suggestions or descriptions of feasible styles, I proffer results of my observation during forty years of experiment.

Before dress reform was heard of I adopted an easy, wholesome style, unlike fashion, and found I could save my life with all the happiness of its functions, and also be a gainer in rational attentions. Remarks ment to disparage were from irrational sources, and, unheeded by me, were likely to be by others. When the reform started its adoption gave futher relief, and my first method of disregarding what sought to abuse has held good to the present. In using and advocating the dress I have studied its ethics and the nature of its opposition, and now affirm that all welfare and good motives favor and demand it. A style that leaves the viscera unconstricted and the locomotive organs unimpeded, must be generally used ere health and prosperity prevail. Call for relief without noticeable change, is like a prisoner's call for liberty that leaves him his cell and chains. New York papers well reply, "the problem can't be solved."

People whose esteem is valuable know this and justify strong change—know that fashion is heartless impudence; its animus crafty speculation; and that it is pursued by guile mentally and morally debasing. And this vice taints defrauder and dupe, augmenting the spiritual wreck that must follow the physical ravages on women which thoroughly disease both sexes. Neither mercy nor reason can find inducement to leave humanity a prey to its perpetuity, and women have any extent of apology and argument for abondoning it, and taking the natural use of their powers in costume that saves vigor and serves exercise. The beauty of a departure will seldom be acknowledged till its use modifies perverted taste; but a rational system will prove as much more beautiful than vicious fashion, as Nature's cherished product is fairer than monstrosity. Solicitude should mainly see that *it is rational*. Robe the limbs in convenient dauls, shorten skirts ten or more inches, as each wearer can bear, and light trimmings, loose bodies and fixtures to harmonize are rarely suggested. To let the dress show our object, and that we mean sufficient change to accomplish it, is merit and consistency; and courage commensurate with this should be assiduously cultured. In this country, among the well informed, the sentiment is ripe for practice; but, as in London, courage waits. Mutual regards may foster it.

Most faithfully,

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19-83.

MRS. J. W. STOW;

Dear Friend: Your paper with its true ring has fallen into my hands and it makes ones heart glad to read it. Suffrage and Dress Reform have been my pet theories for years. I believe the last to be the *underlying reform of all reforms*, and until we, as reformers, wear a dress that shall express economy, utility and health, we shall do little for ourselves or the world at large. I wear the Princess made of double material *perfectly plain*, over the Union Underwear. These garments are heavy enough for warmth in the coldest weather, with the adidtion of an ulster. Cashmere and gauze underwear answer my purpose in summer. If my dress is of heavy goods the tailor makes it for me, as nicely as he makes my husband's clothes, and it varies in length according to the weight. So long as I must wear *any* skirt (which I do not believe in) I do not fret myself about a few inches at the bottom, if the skirt swings several inches clear from the floor and exactly even all around, for I will not eat and breath the dust a skirt raises whenever it touches the floor, nor feed and stifle my children with it.

I know no reason in modesty or health why women should not wear pantaloons. For my own part, the dress I should be the happiest and healthiest in is the present style worn by men—a little modified. I would not clothe the chest thinner than any other part of the body, and I would not be nor allow my hired help to be, a slave to the ironing-board, for the sake of an "immaculate shirt-front." I believe that the way men have dressed their chests for years, is the sole and primal cause of our national disease, consumption, so I shouldn't follow that folly, but the dress-skirt of woman is the badge of her dependence, the cause of seven-tenths of all the ills flesh is heir to. A woman with a corseted waist and hanging skirts cannot breath enough, even when she has no local disease, to bear a healthy child, be it male or female, so our boys and girls are born shorn of part of their mental, moral and physical strength. A woman who systematically shuts off half her breathing powers, stops the circulation in her legs, displaces all her internal organs, should hardly call our Chinese sisters "stupid." But this question is so enormous, so far reaching, in its effects upon society, that volumes ought to be written upon it, and I am thankful that you are moved to help make a literature that will at last awaken women to the fact, that to be *beautiful* they must not be deformed; that to be healthy every action of the body must be free, and every organ untrammeled. To be able to compete with men in the world of Industry, women must have a dress adapted to their needs, as men do; to have time for study and thought, they must have a very large share of the time which is now worse than wasted upon the entirely useless part of dress.

Ever yours for the cause,

S. Alice Vibbert.

LOEDON, Jan. 13th, 1883.

MRS. J. W. STOW:

Dear Madam:—I thank you for copies of your Journal, forwarded to me. It is the first I have seen devoted exclusively to the interests of women. I do not think it has its parallel in England; nor, have we, that I know of, any noteworthy Scientific Association for women, only; personally, also, I should I fear disagree with you, as to their desirability. I think there has been, and still is, too little scientific intercourse between men and women; perhaps the fact of my always having been encouraged by my father and his friends to study, converse, and argue with them has induced me to think as I do—that men and women can do more by working together than apart, and to believe in their mutually aiding each other, the society of women tending to refine men, from whom, in return, they learn to be less narrow-minded, more consistent and energetic.

I am very pleased to give you the further information you require, respecting Tricycling, and shall always be glad to assist you in this matter.

As to speed: This, of course, as you will readily understand, varies considerably with the individual. At the risk of appearing egotistical, perhaps I had better quote from my own experience, for of other ladies riding, except in our Club, I know but little. I have ridden with my father (by no means a strong or powerfully built man), on a double tricycle, 11 miles an hour, and by myself 10,—but the average speed, for comfort, would be about 7—not more. I have frequently kept pace, easily, with a horse, and have several times tried and succeeded in leading, even. A lady and her husband rode 130 miles within 24 hours, and my sister and myself, in a pleasant summer day's ramble, rode 70 miles within 14 hours. We started early in the morning, with a basket strapped behind, and rested during the heat of the day. This is our favorite way of spending a holiday.

As to its power of going up hill: Again, this varies with the individual, and is really more a matter of knack than power, as I have personally proved. I am considered by no means a strongly built or robust person, am short, and, even for my hight, slight, but I have succeeded in riding hills, that, comparitively strong *men* have failed in doing. With practice and perseverance hills that appear at first unrideable may be ridden with comparitive ease, after a time. A man, who is an expert rider of both the bicycle and tricycle cannot ride the latter as rapidly as the former. This is readily accounted for from the fact that the tricycle makes 3 tracks, while the bicycle makes but one. I have, however, in my rides often been accompanied by friends on bicycles and have found no difficult in keeping up with them at the pace they usually ride at.

Wishing you every success in your undertakings I am, Madam,

Respectfully yours. JESSIE CHOICE.

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The Sanitarian.

This is an alive worker for woman, and man too, because they

"Live and move together,
Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free,
For she that out of Lethe scales with man,
The shining steeps of Nature, shares with man
His days, his nights, moves with him to one goal.
If she be small slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?

Mrs. J. W. Stow, the editor, has arranged a line of work, which only a clear head and a stout heart could have undertaken. The *Herald* for this coming year makes a specialty of three subjects: Dress Reform, Race Culture and the Industrial Education of women.

We hope that good housekeeping, good cooking, good health-care, will receive their share of attention, as doubtless they will, in this movement. There is certainly great need of just such work as the *Hereld* is doing, and no word which can be said in its encouragement should be left unsaid, no help that can be given withheld.

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The Dietz Patent Dust-Pan.
Invented and patented July 12th, 1881, by Emma L. and Mary A. Dietz of Oakland, Cal. supplies a long felt need, and is conceded by all who have used it to be the best invention ever introduced by which carpets may be thoroughly swept without injury, or the annoyance of dust rising. Being simple in construction, it cannot get out of order. It is well made and with care will last for years. Price within reach of all, ranging from $1,00 to $1,50 according to size and quality. Samples will be forwarded on application, with price, to trade. Territory will be sold and the Right to manufacture on Royalty given. This is just the work for earnest women to engage in. Orders addressed to Miss E. L. and M. A. Dietz, Oakland, Cala. will receive prompt attention.
Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts. is made.
Agents Wanted.

Correspondence is solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

HARRIET M. EMERSON.

One evening in 1877 while dining with a friend in Boston, and discussing the beauties of the Probate Court System, she said, "I have a friend who has been passing thru this probate crucible for the last seven years, and is no nearer the crucial test of *relict*-metal than when she was thrust into the seathing cauldron. the vaxation and expense of this legal inquisition, added to her great grief caused by the death of her only daughter, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, is killing her by inches. Will you call upon her? I think she will be pleased to make your acquaintance."

"Certainly!" I replied, "Let us go now, this very moment." We were soon sitting in her lovely home, having been made cordially welcome by herself and venerable mother, who resides with her. My friend said, "Mrs. Stow is in the toils of the Probate court, as well as yourself, Mrs. Emerson.,, She rose from her chair and coming quickly to my side, said,

"Are you the California Mrs. Stow who has written a book called Probate Confiscation?" "I am the person," I replied.

"What good providence has brot you here?" she continued. "Have you one of the books with you? I have sent to San Francisco twice, and searched in every book store in Boston for them, but could not find one." "The reason you could not find them is because they are only sold by subscription, but here is one," taking it from my satchel and handing it to her.

"Have you any more with you?" she asked, as she eargerly looked at the open satchel. "I will pay you for three, now, and shall take several other copies, soon, for friends." I laughingly replied, "You had better test the quality of your merchandise by reading what is within the handsome cover, before you invest to any greater extent." Her answer was—

"I judge by the reviews, a column and a half in the Boston Transcript, and fine notices in our other daily and weekly papers, that the book is worth many times the sum charged for it; then again, anyone who is brave enough to strike a blow at this inquisition court has my warmest gratitude and earnest co-operation."

I said, "The book gives my probate history, up to date, shall I not have yours *viva voce?*" She hesitated a moment and then said, "It is only a chosen few who are admitted to the inner temple of my heart's great affliction, but you have suffered in the same way which makes us kindred, in sorrow, therefore your request shall be granted." And the following is the history, in brief, as nearly as I can recall it.

At the time of her marrige with Mr. Emerson he was a widower with two infant daughters, and they had but one child, a daughter, born to them. In buisness he ranked as the 4th largest piano manufacturer in the U. S. Having every confidence in the integrity of his commercial partner, Upham, he made him sole executor of his last will and testament, without bonds, and guardian of his children. Mr. Emerson, altho a kind husband and father, carefully kept all business matters from the knowelekge of his wife, —the same as most husbands do.

Mrs. Emerson was obliged to purchase their own family mansion, and pay several thousand dollars more for it (because she wanted it, and was a widow), than any one else would have paid, in order to actually own it. In probate practice tender memories which cluster around the home have a money value. Her income from the factory steadily declined, until Upham failed for $800,000 and, with his family, went travelling thru Europe on the strength of it, until the factory burned to the ground. During all these years Mrs. Emerson was "appearing in court." Probate loves the sight of widow's weeds, orphan's tears and the odor of its own gridiron.

One of Mr. Emerson's daughters died in childhood and the other, who married a German and lived abroad, died soon after her father's death, leaving two children. To add to Mrs. Emerson's afflictions, her only child fell into a rapid decline, and passed away, as the flowers do, in the beautiful morning of her sweet and lovely life. Only those who have suffered in like manner can ever fathom the depth of that stricken, widow-mother's grief, when she laid her folded blossom away beneath the daises. Only her sublime faith in a glorious reunion, in worlds beyond the stars, could ever have staid reason upon its throne, in this last crushing blow.

Before the grass was green above her darling's head, probate law, armed with executive authority, entered her "house of mourning" and demanded, "What do you charge for your daughters board during her last illness?"

"I charge for my daughter's board!" she cried, "O God! who am I? what am I, a fiend or a mother? Charge for the sustenance of my own flesh, my precious, precious child!"

"Calm yourself madam," said the science-of-government man, "you've got to give a strict account of all you have expended for her since her father died, and the cost of her funeral."

When the posthumous bill was brot into court, the attorney for the estate read over the various items with running comments like the following—

"A phaeton and pony, $350, yer Honor (rather steep); one pair of button boots nine dollars, *nine*, dollars! yer Honor," &c., &c., as tho a millionaire's daughter, who never had known an ungratified wish, should be restricted in the expenditure of her own ample fortune, during the few days she had to enjoy it. Her mother inherited one-third of this property and her half-sister's children, in Germany, two-thirds. Mother and step-grandchildren upon the same plain of succession. Will such things be when the political shackles drop from the manacled forms of the "Daughters of the Free?" No, ten thousand times, no!

This lovely Christian lady, whose kind heart and generous hand are open to every good work, is still upon the probate rack of suspense. Thirteen years of weary waiting, and hoping against hope, and yet this court is called a just court. I deny it! for it is often turned into an infamous robbers den, where defenseless widows and fatherless children are stripped of their substance and turned into the cold, barren pastures of the world naked.—Mrs. Stow.

DRESS REFORM.

Women's Waists.

Ninteenth Century.

Women, especially those of the upper classes, who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, loose after middle age (sometimes earlier) a considerable amount of their height, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse—sinking down—mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of stays, and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded.

Every girl who wears corsets that press upon these muscles, and restrict the free development of the fibers that form them, relieving them of their natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed, incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dumpy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among a large percentag of fashionable women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent, and but too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the piece of pipe that does duty for a human body picture to himself the wasted form and seamed skin.

Most women from long custom of wearing corsets, are really, unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of twenty, intended by nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her stays are not tight, being exactly the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches in hight and two in shoulder breadth. Her stays are not too tight, because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of heart and lung space. The dainty waist of the poets is precisely that flexible slimness that is destroyed by stays. The form resulting from them is not slim, but a piece of pipe, and as inflexible. But while trying to make clear the outrage upon practical good sense and sense of beauty, it is necessary to understand and admit the whole state of the case. A reason, if not a necessity, for some sort of corset, may be found when the form is very redundant. This, however, cannot be with the young and slight; but all that necessity could demand, and that practical good sense and fitness would concede, could be found in a strong, elastic kind of jersey, sufficiently strong, and even stiff, under the bust to support it, and sufficiently elastic at the sides and back to injure no organs and impede no functions. Even in the case of the young and slight, an elastic band under the false ribs would not be injurious, but perhaps the contrary, serving as a constant hint to keep the chest and shoulders back; but every stiff, unyielding machine, crushing the ribs and destroying the fiber of muscle, is fatal to health, to freedom of movement and beauty. It is scarcely too much to say that the wearing of such things amounts to stupidity in those who do not know the consequences (for over and over again warning has been given), and to wickedness in those who do.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

WHO ARE THE "TAX-PAYERS?"

"Taxation without representation is tyranny."—[Revolutionary Watchword.

"All just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed."—[Declaration of Independence.

"The radical basis of goverment is 'the equal rights' of all its citizens."—[Horace Greeley.

"Idiots, lunitics, persons under guardianship, felons, and persons convicted of bribery (unless pardoned or otherwise restored to civil rights) and women shall not be entitled to vote."—[Constitutional Law. Woman's Journal.

No two maxims in the English language are perhaps more used or played upon than the two at the head of this article, and perhaps no two are less understood by one-half of the citizens in the United States.

I am a woman,—a widow. I do not own one dollar's worth of taxable property, yet I find myself paying indirect taxes from Monday morning till Saturday night. Bread is supposed to be the "staff of life." I buy a loaf of bread. Every acre of land owned by an individual is taxed; every horse it taxed; every plough is taxed; every mode of bringing the wheat of which my bread is made is taxed; every bakery is taxed; and without particularizing further, let me say that I find myself compelled to pay for this loaf double what I should if it were not thus "burdened" (Webster's Unabriged) by the Government.

So to every woman come taxes on every necessity, comfort, convenience, or luxury of life. The poorest washwoman cannot buy a quart of milk, a yard of cotton cloth, a wash-tub, a pound of soap, a drawing of tea, but she pays an indirect tax to the Government. This evening I needed a "lucifer match" for my bedroom. The box cost me two cents. Attached to it was a Government one-cent stamp,—one-half its value. Last month I bought a box of matches for ten cents. On it was pasted a three-cent stamp, a fraction less than one-third of its whole value. Do not women pay taxes?

No wonder statistics proclaim a surplus revenue! "Do not men pay the same?" is asked. Surely; and thus our indirect taxes fall, ostensibly, equally upon all. Now, let us inquire who reaps the benefit of this tax. All persons in a measure. But how many women in Cumberland County, New Jersey, are office-holders? Not one. Men fill all the Government offices, all the county offices, all the township offices, all the State offices; they make all the State laws, all the township regulations, all the borough enactments.

Our lady school-teachers receive their salaries direct from this Government tax. But not one of them receives the same wages she would if she were a man. Is it because she does not work well? Is it because she does not use so much whisky and tobacco, or need the time of constables and sheriffs, so much jail accommodations, so much jurors, and judges supervision? Evidently she does not need so much of this indirect, and consequently ever re-curring, burden, yet she has to pay for it all the same.

Women eat, women wear clothes, women use the comforts of life. They rent houses, horses, carriages. They buy books. They travel on rail. roads. And everywhere they pay indirect taxes. Yet "taxation without representation is tyrany," and "all just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed." But no woman is allowed to vote; and some men are not ashamed of it!

Frances D. Gage.
Vineland, N. J.

TEMPERANCE.

It is estimated there are 600,000 drunkards in the United States.

About 22,000 gallons of *alcohol* are yearly consumed at the sacramental tables of Great Britain.

The young ladies of Topeka, Kansas, have organized Red Ribbon clubs, which pledge themselves to reject all attention from young men who use intoxicating beverages.

One evidence that the desire for intoxicating drinks is decreasing in England, is the acquisition of a herd of cows by one of the great railway companies in order to supply fresh milk to the travellers on their lines.

A woman in the South of England has opend a shop where she sells milk at half price, and the place is thronged with men, women and children most accustomed to patronising beershops.

The Syracuse *Standard* in a recent editorial says: "The three states, Iowa, Maine, and Kansas, in which there is the least illiteracy, are the three states that have constitutionally banished the whiskey traffic. One thing at least is certain, the states that have most whiskey have the fewest spelling books."

Green B. Reum the great apostle of rum and commissioner of Internal Revenue, has been defeated in Illinois for U. S. Senator. He can probably be of more service to the whisky ring where he is, in giving up seizures of smuggled liquors and preventing the law being enforced against whisky frauds.

Two little girls at Brookston, walking with Mrs. Wells, went out in the gutter when they passed a saloon. "What do you do that for?" asked Mrs. W. "I never walk under a saloon awning." said the child. "But suppose its muddy." "Well then I have my rubbers on and go out in the street." Do you see what kind of temperance men and women the next generation will be if we educate the children?—

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows how, under the sounding title of *"justice,"* the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but *"speaks right out."* It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

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Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter lawlessness prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

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After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

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The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

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We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie P. Krekel, Mirror of Progress.*

Have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Duniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Betts.*

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AN INFAMOUS SYSTEM.
The Employment of Women in Washington Clerkships a mistake.

The Democratic Standard.

Oh, dear! What shall I do?" What shall I do?" she sobbed, almost falling at my feet.

I tried to calm her, and led her aside to a friendly doorway. I knew her for an honest girl these two years, and the only dependence of a widowed and foolish mother, who had recently been lain away in her grave. The father had died in office, and was buried at the expence of his fellow clerks. The widow got in by selling her honor to her late husband's friend who represents a populous district in Congress. She retired to advance her daughter then just budding into womanhood. From that hour this same member of Congress has dogged the daughter, and has saught by gradual advances to effect her ruin. The mother died. The daughter anticipated her salary to pay funeral expences. To-day she was discharged from office. Young, handsome, educated, penniless, homeless, friendless—pursued by a reckless libertine of wealth and high political position. Think of it mothers!

"I am discharged," she said, "What shall I do?"

Now I'm a married man, and I'll tell you what I did. I looked around rather nervously, for fear some passing friend would observe and overhear the supplications of this unhappy creature. You see I am just as big a fool as the rest of the world. Then I asked her if she had any friends of influence.

"Only one," she said. and I could see her wince as she said it. But he—" she stopped and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Well and he?"

Then she told me, how that same "friend" had followed her. There was no question in her mind as to his motives. She knew he could provide for her, but she dared not go to him. She had asked him to have her retained and received his ultimatum. From her story of his relations with her chief of bureau I made up my mind that this Congressional scoundrel had purposely permitted her discharge, beliving she must inevitable fall into his hands. Now I am no saint, but it made my blood boil to see this scheme against a helpless girl. I would that I could print his name in glaring headlines in every newspaper in the country; but nobody would believe it. You would not dare suggest an infamy of such a man. The sequel of this story is to come.

Few readers will appreciate the situation of these departmental women suddenly deprived of place. In other walks of life one drops out here and there and is not noticed. A shop girl discharged goes to another shop. Here are several hundred women thrown out at once without warning. There is no other shop to go to. Most of them are from distant states, are widows and orphans, and heads of families. Some of them have long been in office, one place or another, and have lived frugal lives and are well to do. The great majority of them are living from hand to mouth, either of necessity or choice. As a rule they are honest, intelligent, and virtuous. It is a terrible thing to one of these unfortunate dependents to lose her place. There nearly 400 of them marked for dismissal Monday in the Census Bureau alone.

While the reader is taking in thi article there will be some 300 of these 400 clustering around the doorways of the Census Bureau, crying about the halls and sobbing over their empty desks—theirs no longer—and besieging and beseeching Congressmen all over the city for their influence. There will be many poor girls in straitened circumstances, who have been honest and virtuous all their lives, who will, probably for the first time, clamly contemplate the contigency of sahme—who will even make voluntary overtures to those whom they believe all-powerful to aid them. There will be many who will boldly face the world in renewed fight for bread, who would die before they would ever think of snch a thing. And there will be a flock of male harpies crowding about the more desperate women of this throng to catch them in the hour of desperation and bear them away to a life of gilded sin. It is almost too sickening to contemplate. But it is a sight which Washington often witnesses; so often that we have grown calloused and hard of heart. While a clerk in the Treasury, several years ago, I saw many of these wholesale discharges. At one time there were 600 women driven out of the Treasury in one day. It was a frantic mob. Women fainted in the halls and tore their hair, and cursed their superiors and wept in the streets about the building, as if the gigantic columns would pity them andre store them to their places. From all I have seen it is clear to me that the employment of women in the goverment offices is a great mistake. It is not only prejudicial to the service, but harmful to the women themselves. It provides the means to members of Congress of keeping their mistresses at Goverment expence. It demoralizes both male and female employés. It is a standing disgrace to manhood and womanhood. It is a satire on our civilization.

It will not do to say that these conditions are not necessary. It is enough to know that they are true. I can think of no worse fate for a young, handsome, inteligent woman than to be sent to this place and put into a Goverment office. Where women who have comfortable incomes come here it is not much matter, put those who come from abroad come to face too many ups and downs and temptations for ordainary human beings to resist. A detective who has been here for twenty years says the history of wrecked lives of those men and women, especially the latter, who have started out with a Goverment office would shock even a policeman. He told me he knew of a dozen cases, and that there are plenty of them, where women are living shameful lives, whose respectable parents in the States believed they were in the goverment employ. A number of such cases have become public. Among the most notorious of these is the case of Nellie Burrell, the mistress for several years of Capt. Howgate. Her parents were given to understand she was in office here all these years, and have gone down to the grave in happy ignorance of an only daughter's shame but for the Howgate exposure. Her parents were almost crazed with grief, and used every means in their power to reclaim her, but it was too late. My friend, the detective, declared that he had acted in a dozen such cases as a medium for the suspicious relatives and friends of such women. They had all started out alike in a Goverment office, got usob to big salaries, easy work and good living, and when discharged, as they all are sooner or later, could not leave the fascinating atmosphere of Washington. I have been appealed to very often in my fifteen years at the National Capitol to aid in securing places for women; but since I have seen how it works, I have invariably answered that the applicant had better do anything that was honest before coming here alone. I want to repeat that here. And I want to extend the same remonstrance and advice to every young man. Of course they wont take it. I don't expect that; but I feel some satisfaction of conscience in warning people against danger of any kind, even if they break their necks the next minute.

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MOTHER'S CALL TO HER SON.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

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For earth's best and dearest, the son of my heart:
A hope that he'll come the soul's promise hath given,
Tho' mountains and deserts and oceans us part.

With step all alert I half fly to the door,
Bell summoned, some human immortal to meet;
Perchance it is he, love repeats evermore,
Yet ever returns with dull, leiurely feet.

His absence becomes the one source of unrest,
For somehow a mystery, that mocker of mind,
Has followed events, as in romance unblest
With a clue to its close mortal genius may find.

When alone I exclaim, as if distance were naught,
My darling, how long shall void air-lines remain?
Weird words of fell fate, if they wafted thy thought,
Would at least, set a soul in this silence insane.

Just a card with its line of remembrance from thee,
Brief note of main facts, bearing gladness or tears,
Would be treasure and token all sacred to me;
And chase the fixed cloud from the sky of my years.

Come now, dear, or kindly communicate when,
Thou'rt the Ray of my life in more senses than one;
Let presence assure of needs, wishes, and then
Sweet justice can solace our lost loves, my son.

Vineland, N. J. Jan-83.

$80,000,000.—The whiskey ring is represented in Washington by a large lobby trying to secure an extention of time for two years in which to pay the tax on whiskey. There are 90,000,000 gallons in government bonded warehouses, the tax upon which would be $80,000,000. The distillers have four years, of stock on haud, have had one long extention and now seek another in order to have the tax entirely repealed and thus cheat the government out of that $80,000,000. The representatives and Senators in Congress who vote with that corrupt lobby should be carefully noted by their constituents.—*Advocate.*

The W. C. T. U. of Ohio has entered upon a vigorous campaign for Constitutional prohibition. Already a fund of $20,000 has been placed at the disposal of the organization by wealthy men of the State as the "sinews of war." The clergy support the W. C. T. U. in no uncertain measure and with the well known ability of the leaders, Mrs. Woodbridge, State President, Miss Doty, Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Prather and others whose names are "household words" in the Crusade State, the battle promises to be a strong one.

The malaria of the dram-shops has so poisoned our entire social and political atmosphere that even men who in purer air would be strong, brave and honorable, are now morally weak and unmanly. We see evidences of this in the general corruption from which the republic is now suffering and it is all from the operation of the law of contagion, whereby one rotten apple will corrupt a whole barrel of sound ones. Moral disease follows the same law as obtains in the physical sphere, and this demoralization, like a physical disease, will grow worse and worse as this crisis approaches.

The followihg is the text of
THE WIDOW'S BILL.

To the Hon., etc.,
Praying that the law of Inheritance be so amended that the children and community property shall belong to the survivor, regardless of sex, without legal interference.

Several Departments, and Business Notices, have been unavoidably crouded out of this issue of the HERALD.

Capersauce.

IN HIS OWN COIN.

DOCTOR PILL AND DR. SKIP.

One day the famous Doctor Pill
Was called to see old Mrs. Hill,
An ancient dame who lived alone,
Except a maid to do her work—
A thing which she was apt to shirk—
And thus to him she made her moan:

"I'm out of sorts; I cannot eat—
A weight seems tied upon my feet,
And hammers pounding on my head.
If I go to s eep, my dreams are bad;
My spirits droop, my heart is sad,
And I almost wish that I was dead!"

"Dearest Madam," said Doctor Pill.
"You must not think of being ill.
Just take this powder for two days,
Skip three, and then for two days more—
Keep on exactly as before.
Your spirits it will surely raise."

When next the Doctor called, the dame
Was smilling though a little lame.
"I skip now every day," she said,
"And feel quite light and young again,
I seldom have an ache or pain,
And never think about my head."

—*Ella Rodman Chrach, in Our Continent.*

"An Act for the Protection of Wives and Widows."

Which has been before seven State Legislatures and the 46th Congress.

To the Honorable Senate and Assembly:—

The petition of the undersigned citizens of the State of California, respectfully request that the laws be so amended that wives and widows will stand equal with husband and widowers in regard to children and property, without legal interference.

IN SUPPORT OF THE

BILL!

ENTITLED,

PETITION

STOW

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If the books are not desired *The Woman's Journal* ($2,50) or the *New Northwest* ($3) will be sent for one year, insteap, as premiums. For $7 and ten names the same premiums are offered for the year 1883. A copy of either one of the papers mentioned, will be sent with the Herald for THREE DOLLARS for one year.

Why people should take the Herald of Industry. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 4. San Francisco, California, April, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

Newspaper, published the first day o every Month in San Frandisco, Cal. TERMS—$1

MRS. J. W. STOW, Editor.

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OFFICES where copies ar for sale and subscriptions receved—304 Stockton St, San Francisco; Hardy's, Oakland; 10 Spruce St, New York; Woman's Educational & Indusirial Union, 157 Tremont St, Boston; Womans Ind'l Ass'n, 291 16th St, Denver, Col. A. K. Boygne, Stockton, Cal.; Shelton, & Co., Olympia, W. T.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.
PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—Gertie S. Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
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S. S. S.

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Officers badges, $1, members 50 cts., post-paid.

W. N. S. S. L.

At a special session of the California Woman's Social Science Association, Thursday. Sep. 1882, there was organized a "Woman's National Social Science League," with Mrs J. W. Stow President and Mrs. J. H. Smyth, of Oakland, Secretary.

The time has come when women, working for the salvation of the body and the industrial education of their own sex, *must* have a united and definite plan of action, and a fearless outspoken *National* organ to *emphasize* that action, and this plan is Woman's National Social Science League, and the permanently established National Organ, WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY. California (a woman,s name) is destined to be *woman's state*. Here her out-door kingdom will be established, in a propitious clime of perpetual summer.

An Annual Congress will be held in one of the large cities of the Union each year, and every third year, will be held a Grand Triennial Conclave—the first in San Francisco, Sep. 1883, when it is hoped that every state will be represented by a delegate.

It cannot be too often repeated that the Woman's National Social Science League is organized for the purpose of creating a real bond of united effort among women, to free woman from legal and self-imposed slavery, and to emancipate her physically and industrially from the time honored "curse."

Mrs Stow willy occupy the presidential chair and choose her own cabinet of officers, up to Sep. 1886. She does this because woman's social science has taken firm root in her brain, and because she has but *one single occupation* the development of *Woman's* social science—which differs from *Man's* social science in many ways.

Annual membership $1 life membership $25. Send the amount to the office of the HERALD, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, and the certificate will be forwarded immediately.

Charter for auxilinry Leagues $5.

The Goddess of Liberty (stamp on the seal) holding in one hand our glorious banner and in the other a laurel wreath, ready to crown every Sister, is emblematic of Woman's perfect emancipation.

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THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE for the handsomest dress for a woman, which clears the ground twelve inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The PRIZE EXHIBITION will be held during the session of the first
GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE
of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco, the first week in September, 1883.
All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

CASTRATION.

Our London letter calls castration for the suppression of crime "Social Qockery," which the riper justice(!) of an older civilization does not countenance, says the HERALD is not read because it deals with repugnant social questions. The *Alpha* and *New Northwest* advocate castration as a just punishment for rape. The HERALD OF INDUSTRY goes further: It would have the surgeons knife destroy the possibility of a young crop of drunkards, wherever and whenever a man became an incurable sot; it would have all persons, men and women, tainted with insanity deprived of the power of reproducing their kind; it would have every person guilty of incest, every felon, idiot and wife-beater castrated; it would cut short half the horrors of Miss Cobb's *Kicking Districts*, in England, with the surgeons knife. It takes all the good blood in the world to support the bad blood of the world.

Some of the wisest and most humane physicians in the United States are firm believers in and advocates of castration as the one radical cure for the crime of rape, incest, and the perpetuation of pauperism.

The scientific control of the reproductive function in the human is the mightiest question before the world of social scientists today. They cannot shirk it if they would. They *dare* not shirk it if they could. The lamp of reason has been lighted and its flame fills the high arch of the heaven of Progress.

The Moral Educational Society of Washington D. C. had a bill before Congress in 1880, asking that emasculation should be the penalty for rape. The Jan. *Alpha*, does not say what has became of the bill, or why it was not before Congress in '81, '82 and '83. Surely a bill of such momentous import should not lapse for the lack of interest in its originators. However, it is sure to be a statute law, in this country, before the end of a decade, "ballot for women," or no ballot.

The plagues of modern life have become so flagrant and festering, that we have got to create a "Heroic Moral Age" that shall be as exacting as the "Heroic Physical Age," of the ancients. The finger of scorn must be as potent as the sword in purging the world of inherited insanity, deformity, disease and lasciviousness.

When we read of raped innocents and tortured victims that have gone down to death thru the man-made-law "SECESSITY" all our Bengal blood boils as it dashes thru our veins. Talk of "mutual protection" after reading the following.—

A man with an abnormal development of the creative organs said to his physician, "Doctor, I have called to be castrated. I have no peace of my life because the insatiable desire for intercommunion is never absent from my mind." "Human castration is illegal," replied the doctor, "marry a strong healthy woman." Two years from that date the man called and made the same request, saying, "The strong healthy woman I married is dead, and our baby is dead." "Get another wife then, women are cheap, they can be had for the asking," was the consoling response. This man has slain three wives, but the fourth still lives—and suffers. These women were legally murdered in the most horrible and revolting manner. But the lives of "cheap women" are of no value when balanced in the scales of man-made-justice against the divinest (prostituted) function of the world's rulers.

A young man in Vermont who had been carefully reared and educated, waited upon his medical adviser and said to him, "Ever since I arrived at puberty I have suffered the tortures of the damned with lustful desires, and I can indure it no longer, will you perform a surgical operation that will enable me to live a clean, pure life?" "No," was the answer, "it is against the law. Get married." "No," was the reply, I will outrage no woman with my depraved and ungovernable appetite. If you refuse I will perform the operation myself," and in a few days he was found in a dying condition, from loss of blood, having carried out his threat, by which means the world was poorer by one noble man less, and his widow-mother was poor, indeed, at the death of her only son.

Read the "Borderland of Insanity," elsewhere in this issue, and see how the medical profession has encouraged the breeding of bad blood, lunatics and paupers. It is claimed by that profession that enforced impotency is detrimental to a man's physical and mental well-being; that it makes him vicious and depraved. How so? the most vicious and unmanagable four-legged animal is tamed and made docile by castration, and some of the very best and smartest men that have ever lived have been impotent all their lives from sickness or accident in childhood.

Our idea of "social qockery" is this; To fill our houses with ravishers, murderers, lunatics, vagabonds, drunkards, paupers and human-scbrub-stock, generally, while we fill our stables, sties, stalls, kennels, and sheep-folds with the choicest of thoroughbreds.

This subject is germinal to the growth of all purity of life among the masses, to all reform, and women and men interested in it are requested to send short *articles* (not letters, unless they cover no more than two pages of note paper) for publication. Moral Educational Societies and Institutes of Heredity are urged to make this subject a special text during sessions.

"JUSTICE" TO CHILDREN.—Is it just when a child asks an honest question to tell it a *lie*? When it raises its wondering eyes to its mother's face and says, "Mamma, where did this dear little pink baby come from?" Is she a Christian, truthful, honest, moral mother who replies "The storks brot it," or, "The Doctor fetched it in a bag," or, "Small folks mustn't ask questions." Truth is as enobling as prevarication is debasing. Such stuff was told us when a child, but we never believed it, for we knew, as every farmer's child knows, that the doctor did not bring the colts, calves, lambs and pigs in a bag. To the pure, children are pure, all things are pure.

The first lesson taut a child should be the beautiful story of the creation; why God made two kinds, male and female, of animals. Everything should be explained by the mother in such simple and chaste language that in after years, every thot associated with the creative function would bear the impress of that first lesson. We speak of the pollen of plants, the spawn of fish, the eggs of all animals without a blush, and when the generative function of man is no longer *prostituted* we shall speak of conception and castration, without a blush, and so instruct our children taat their minds will be pure instead of polluted.

Again have the purely masculine legislatures of the land turned a deaf ear to the plea of the "protected." When women put off petticoats and corsets and ask for the ballot, they will get it.

Owing to the illness of the Editor, Literary Notes and several Departments are left out of this issue of the HERALD.

Patronize the Sunny Cove Baths, Alameda. Misses Dietz, proprietors.

Please renew your subscription, immediately.

SCISSORS.

For time at last makes all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient watch and vigil long
Of one who treasures up a wrong.

Miss Willard will arrive in California on the first.

If only one woman in the world appreciates the power of the ballot, she should have it.

A diffused monarchy of the male sex is not what the war of the revolution was fought to establish and maintain.

The New Jersey Senate has passed the bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes or tobacco in any form to minors, under a penalty of $20 for each offense.

A girl employed as a spinner in a Lowell mill has taken the first prize offered by the Boston Musical Society for the best criticism of vocal and instrumental music.

An English engineering firm, employing 1,200 men, has all the copying of its drafts and plans done by women, who do the work much better than when it was done by men.

Four hundred girls have left Galway for Boston, under a year's engagement to work for the New Hampshire cottonmill owners, who pay their expenses out. Why this importation? Do Boston girls prefer a life of shame to a life of honorable labor?

The Gov. of California has vetoed the bill appropriating $25,000 to purchase the trails and improve Yosemite Valley. The Golden State would be more benefited by having a liberal Stow than a conservative Stone for its chief magistrate.

The Misses Smith, of the Lancashire and Cheshire Telephonic Exchange, are the first ladies that have gained cirtificates in the City and Guilds of London Technological examinations.

Madame Vallenbergh, daughter of the Swedish Minister to the Porte, has swum with the stream from Therapia to Yenikoi, and is now in training for a swim across the Bosphorus.

If neither Congress nor New York will purchase the land adjacent to Niagara Falls, for a park, and thus save the further desecration of that beautiful resort, the women of America should come to the rescue and save that, as they saved Mount Vernon, "to be a sacred possession for us through all time."

The Czar of Russia has just signed a most stringent decree regulating the liquor traffic in his domains. There is to be only one saloon in a village, and two or three contiguous villages are to have but one for their combined inhabitants.

"Independent Press!" We are the tools and vassals of monopolists behind the scenes, jumping jacks. They pull the strings and we dance. Our time, our talants, our lives, our possibilities, are the property of other men. We are intellectual *prostitutes*.—
[New York Editor.

Respectable women were never idlers. The wise woman of the proverbs clothed her household and bought her vineyard with the work of her hands. The wise woman of today does the same thing, altho the distaff has gone out of fashion.

Character is capital in all departments of life. "Have you any one you can recommend?" How often is this question put in factories, schools, colleges? Then the lad or the man who has nothing but his character, gets his chance. He was seen to take pains to do all he undertook, and do it well—to be ambitious of excellence; and he is put in the place that wants such a man. Character, too, is like money at interest; it grows while you are sleeping, little by little, slowly at first, perhaps, but surely, and a day comes when you find your investment profitable.

The two greatest masters of fiction that the world ever produced were women—George Sand and George Eliot. And it is an undeniable fact the most popular and best paid story writers of the day are women. In the dramatic world, a woman—Sarah Benhardt, stands above all others. In the world of song women carry off most of the honors, and certainly most of the money. Even in the world of art woman is rapidly coming to the front as master of the brush. Is there any excuse for a bright go ahead girl to stand in the background a mere nothing? Let her seek her mission and fill it at any cost.

Children's Corner.

THE LAND OF NODDY.

Put away the bauble and the bib,
Smooth out the pillows in the crib,
Softly on the down
Lay the baby's crown.
Warm around its feet
Tuck the little sheet—
Snug as a pea in a pod,
With a yawn and a gap,
And a dreamy little nap
We will go, we will go
To the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
To the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

There in the Shadow-maker's tent,
After the twilight's soft decent,
We'll lie down to dreams
Of milk in flowing streams;
And the Shadow-makers baby
Will lie down with us, may be,
On the soft ,mossy pillow of the sod.
In a drowse and a doze,
All asleep from head to toes,
We will lie, we will lie
In the Landy andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
In the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

Then when the morning breaks,
Then when the lark awakes,
We will leave the drowsy dreams,
And the rippling, starry streams;
We will leave the little tent,
And the wonders in it pent,
To return to our native sod.
With a whoop and a skip,
And a jump and a flip,
We will come, we will come
From the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy.
From the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

St. Nicholas.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Here the conversation was brot to an abrupt close by Mrs. Breeze calling from the window that breakfast was ready. Etta tarried long enough, however, to invite her new friend to join her in the morning repast, but he very ungraciously declined, simply observing that "*he* prefered the *raw* material."

At breakfast a council of war was held to devise the quickest way to barricade the enemy. Mr. Bear had got a taste of meat, if not blood, and having found game so easy to capture, he would be very sure to repeat the call. Therefore, as the supply of venison would be somewhat limited until the household could be satisfactorily arranged, and not being willing to require him to compromise with anything less dainty, his fate was sealed—and he was henceforth doomed to be left out in the cold. After due consultation, "choosing, selecting and rejecting," from the various plans proposed, they at last arrived at the sensible conclusion, that to stop up his familiar door-way was the thing most urgently demanded.

Bill harnessed the horses and started for some felled trees. Having made fast to one of goodly dimensions, with all the top still on, he soon had it in place along side of the house, where it would serve the double purpose of excluding bears and "Jack Frost" at the same time,

Mr. Breeze measured off the right length, and began to chop off the top, while Bill went for another. Terry, who insisted that his foot was quite cured by the camphor application, was most anxious to lend a helping hand, quoting the old proverb that "many hands make light work." His request being complied with, he was soon trimming off the twigs and small branches with a "bran-new" hatchet, the parting gift of his grandfather.

Milly was as busy as a bee indoors helping her mother unpack and assort the things; but Etta found no pleasure in peering into mysterious packages and quaint bundles; in unearthing sauce-pans, bake-pans and frying-pans, from out the harrowing depths of plethoric boxes; therefore, after having been requested several times to keep out of "great folk's" way, she wisely turned her back on the whole confused proceedings, wondering what a "great folk" was, and if her *little* sister really was one of them as she assumed to be. She hunted Puss who was taking her morinng nap, stretched on the broad window-sill, in the sun. Miss Puss roused and purred at the touch of her young mistress' soft hand, and pricked up her sharp ears—that were gaily decorated with tiny knots of blue ribbon—at what Etta promised her if she would "ony tum out an' see de pitty 'quir'l!" Puss was caught by the tempting bait whatever it was, for in a few minutes, Milly exclaimed as she looked through the open door, from an avalanche of bundles—

"Do see Etta, ma! She'll get all tanned up without her sunbonnet!"

Well, it won't matter much if she does get as brown as a nut, here in this wilderness. There is no one but the birds and squirrels to please," replied her mother, "and I guess they won't be over particular." Then she unwrapped an old fashioned family bible, that contained the record of the living and the dead for many generations past, and laying it lovingly beside her, glanced out at her youngest born, who was sitting on a log, swaying her short body back and forth "tying to pease Dolly, see had dot a tantum on." Puss was sharpening her claws, and coquetting with the chipmonk at the same time. After they were sufficiently edged to satisfy her catship, and she had polished her face with her paw, she jumped up beside Etta, on the log, and looked so innocent and altogether lovely that Mr. Monk could keep silent no longer, but said in the most insinuating manner—

"What a pretty bird you are! Are you a robbin or a cat-bird?" His calling her a *bird* rather startled Puss, so much so that she took a hasty glance over her shoulder to see if the wings of any of the airy songsters which she had devoured from time to time, had cropped out on her back while she slept, thereby causing the mistake in her species. But seeing nothing of the sort, she turned again to hear any further remarks, thinking all the time, what a nice dinner he would make. She waited in vain, however, for the aristocratic monk had settled back on his dignity, until his question should be properly answered. But Puss was in no haste, and remembering that the world was not made in a day, she assumed a picturesque attitude with the white tip of her tail wound around her feet. After a little time she looked up in his face and said very demurely—

"You are mistaken my dear sir; I don't wear feathers, I ain't a bird, I'm only a *cat*. My lineal name is Miss Grimalkin, by which cognomen you will please to address me hereafter and I hope for a *better* acquaintance!"

With the last remark she rose to her feet, twitched her tail and dropped a profound courtesy.

"Thank you Miss Grimalkin? I'm speachless with admiration," replied Mr. Monk laying his fore-paw on his heart and bowing so low that he nearly tumbled off his perch. Puss regretted that he had not toppled off, as she licked her chops, for she would have given him a warm reception.

Long before the sun had reached a point where he could look strait down the forest shaft upon the house and its active surreundings, Etta had crept up to the roots of the tree and fallen a sleep, with one dimpled hand supporting her cheek and the other tightly grasping Dolly, while Puss and Monk kept watch of her and each other. Here she was found, when a search was made for her at dinner-time, and she was sharply reproved for sleeping on the ground. After dinner Terry could not be found and Milly was frantic with grief and fear, remembering the visit of Bruin the night before. But it was soon discovered that Bill, also, was missing and his *gun*, too, which he always kept near him during the day as well as at night.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY OERTIE S. SMYTH.

Live and learn is a homely old maxim and one worth remembering. A few days ago I was in my garden at work among the roses, and my woman-of-all-work happening to pass by called my attention to some very vigorous suckers springing up from the roots of a choice rose bush. Do you let those grow? she asked; sometimes, I answered, as they make a stronger bush than the parent stock. She said she had been told to break them off as soon as they appeared. A few days after I asked a rose-grower about it, and he said that they should always be nipped off, as they grew so rapidly they robbed the main stock of nearly all the sap, and suckers never made good standards. Now is a good time to look after them before they get so long as to endanger the life of the bush by being removed.

G. S. S.

DEEP BREATHING.

BY SOPHIA MARQUISE A. CICCOLINI.

There is no easier, healthier, and more quieting movement for the human body to make than that required for deep breathing. I have taught it to children ten years old, and to persons seventy or eighty of age, to sick and well, to those afflicted with heart or lung disease; even to those in the last stages of consumption—and all have invariably expressed delight and satisfaction at this simple and salutary exercise, which when rightly learned can be practiced ten, twenty, or fifty times, without injuring or fatiguing the chest. The invalid confined to chair or bed, as well as in a person of good health, can breathe deep hundreds of times a day, thereby greatly invigorating is entire body.

To learn deep breathing be as passive as possible; that is, assume a position in which all the voluntary motor muscles are inactive. Lie flat on the back, perfectly horizontal, without even an elevation of the head. Shut the mouth and draw the air in through the channel provided by Nature—the nose. As a result of bad habits, most persons will raise the upper ribs, yet this expansion will yield to a movement of the lower ribs, and this again will gradually cease by continued practice, as will also every distention of the ribs. It is necessary to add that deep abdominal breathing produces an effect entirely diffierent from that of rib breathing; that in the deepest possible breathing the chest is lengthend downward, without a sideward expansion of the ribs; that in strong exhalation, and in changing to, or holding it in the chest, it (chest)is enlarged, thereby artificially increasing the size of the thorax, but without the deleterious consequences ascribed by Dr. Newmann to rib-breathing.

Men and children have no trouble in learning deep breathing, which is soon mastered by women, if they have not sinned grievously against the laws of their being. Such women, however married or single, as are victims to false training and senseless custom, will require more time and effort to restore their respiratory function to its normal condition.

The height of the art of breathing – which is also conducive to the best physical health—may be attained by holding the air a long time by pressing it from the lower to the middle and to the upper part of the breast, and vice versa; by practicing until the lungs are strengthened and a pointed or high breath is as easy as costal and abdominal breathing, and untill ten as well as twenty complete respirations may be taken per minute without the slightest fatigue to the chest. Invalids, especially consumptives, should not attempt this perfection in the art of breathing. To derive benefit from it, they should be content with gentle flowing in and out of the air, alternating with short retention of breath. By no means join deep breathing with other bodily movements. Dr. Neuman says that "the motor muscles are antagonistic to those of inhalation and exhalation. When we, as in walking, contract the abdominal muscles for the locomotion of the whole body, we should not strive to force them into the relaxation necessry for deep breathing. I advise the pupil of singing to always breathe through the nose; and during the hour devoted exclusively to practice, to take a sitting or even a backward reclining position. This is the secret employed by Italian masters to develope deep breathing in their pupils and it is certainly most effectual, for in this position the various muscles which can impede respiration, are passive.

In confirmation of what has been said in regard to the influence of deep breathing upon combating and curing consumption, I refer to the works of Dr. Neumann, Haller, and to the writings of other scientists. I should like to close this treatise by adding the entire book of Dr. Fr. Biking, entitled, Respiratory Gymnastics for the Cure of Various Diseases, especially Consumption. From 1872 Dr, Biking has told us that respiratory Gymnastics are the only effectual remedy for pulmonary affections, and especially that terrible, most frequent and devastating one—consumption. Dr. Niemeyer of Leipzig; Dr. Stein of Frankfort and Dr. Dornblath of Rostock repeated the same conviction several years afterward; but, in spite of all, breathing exercises remain unknown, save by name, to this day; they have been introduced in no school, are taught by scarcely anyone, are practiced by few, and as centuries ago, are praised sky-high in theory; while in practice they are withheld from men on earth.

My earnest and unceasing prayer is, that out of pity for the many invalids, out of love to all humanity; yes, out of love for the beautiful and salutary art of song, every person may learn and practice deep breathing. -*Herald of Health.*

Just here I will give a little of my own experience in deep breathing, which I commenced in connexion with the study of elocution nearly a year ago. I have been entirely free from colds since that excepting once, and that was taken through extreme carelessness, and did not last long. I have one pupil, who has been taking lessons about four months, who told me a few days ago that she had not had a touch of a cold all winter, and that her lungs had expanded two inches from the time she commenced her breathing exercises, which I give in connexion with elocution. She said that she had always been subject to colds during the winter months and had been in the habit of wearing chest protectors, but had not worn one this winter, yet she had been entirely free from colds.

I practice my first exercise before getting up in the morning, with windows open both at the top and bottom, so that the air is pure and fresh.

G. S. S.

The followihg is the text of

THE WIDOW'S BILL.

To the Hon., etc.,

Praying that the law of Inheritance be so amended that the children and community property shall belong to the survivor, regardless of sex, without legal interference.

Mrs. E. A. Jewett, of Georgetown, Mass., who is 90 years old, has lost none of her taste for the sports of her childhood. She coasts down hill on a double runner, and says, "I like it as well as I ever did." That's the way to grow old, "gracefully."

HARD-WORKING MOTHERS AND IDLE DAUGHTERS.

Every one blames the lady-daughter and pities the drudge-mother. The daughter sits in the parlor, in nice clothes and elegantly arrayed hair, dawdling over a novel or chatting with friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen or fretting her soul in the vain attempt to reduce the pile of "mending," and at the same time looking after a tumbling baby. The mother's face is worn and thin. Baby has pulled her hair askew. She still wears the same old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in the morning when the baby woke her up from a weary sleep. She is tired! She is always tired. She is tired on Saturday, she is tired on Sunday; she is tired in the morning, and tired in the evening; goes to bed tired and gets up tired. It is hard not to get angry with the daughter, we confess. She can look on her exhausted mother's face, and know how much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth her hand to help her. Nay, she is going out to tea this evening, and will come to her mother-er to have a dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too-generous heart that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength. In all the world there is not an uglier sight than this—no, not one. It is but natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard such a girl called by indignant acquaintances. She is to be pitied rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging, her mother said to her self: She shall not be the drudge I was. She shall not be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. She shall have a good time while she is young, for there's no knowing what her lot will be afterward," And so her mother made her young life a long banquet of delights. Rough places were made smooth for her, all difficulties were removed from her path. The lesson taught her every hour for years was that it was no great matter what other people suffered if only her mother's daughter had a good time. She learned that lesson thoroughly, and frightful selfishness was developed in her. Her eyes may fall upon these lines. If so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up. They will merely say, "See what a shocking and shameful return she makes of her mother's indulgent and generous care."—[X.

But listen, every man who is a drunkard is killing one who is very important to himself—namely, himself. I have seen drunkards reclaimed. I bless God for it; but I have very seldom seen a drunkard able to shake off the injury which he has done himself. See how his hand trembles, how his eyes blink, how his understanding has been fearfully darkened, how his time has been lost, how his youth has gone by, how his old age will, perhaps, never come for he has cut short his life; and what is that but to kill? And there is a way to kill a man that lets him still live, only it is a mere existence. Have you not killed the man when you have put out the light of reason; when you have taken from him every attribute that makes him better than a beast; when he cannot stand, and when he reels to and fro and staggers; when his very tongue refuses to do its office, and he rather stammers and blubbers than speaks. When you look at a drunkard you might almost say: "Is that a man? Can that be a man?" No, not a man as God made him. That is a man as the devil and drink has made him. He has killed the true man within him and he has brought himself down to that.—[Spurgeon.

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THE THIRD SEX.

In Egypt eunuchs are spoken of as the third sex. They speak in crescendos, and that at the sound of a base note. Colonel Charley Long, formerly of the Egyptian army, and now American Consul, told me all about them, and introduced me to one, the head eunuch of Gheriff Pasha. He was a big, broad-shouldered, tall, well-made chap, black as night. It was almost startling to hear this fellow speak. Every time he opened his mouth it was a new surprise. One expected a diapason flow, but heard instead high pipings, not unmusical, it is true, but pitched even higher than a woman's organ. Nevertheless, his modulations were strikingly tuneful, and his manner had a charm of interest apart from all the curiosity such a one as he creates. I am told that Cheriff Pasha's eunuch is the only eunuch in Egypt except the one owned by the Khedive that speaks any French, or, indeed, any tongue except the Arabic. Weak of mind and body, they soon die, and they never learn much. The eunuchs are, for the most part, Arabians. They are all very black, all slaves, are highly honored, not sneered at as you might think, are well treated, and are worth, at the least figure, for the poorest, $500. From that they range to $5000. These figures do not represent their market value. Indeed, they have none, for they are not on sale. For many years the trade in eunuchs has been confined to the transactions between the first owner and the first purchaser, for every harem has its eunuch, and he is as trusty as a dog, and twice as serviceable. Their initiation into the third sex begins at the age of 7 to 12. Ninety per cent of them die, and no wonder, for they are brutally treated in the first instance, and then restricted to chance to aid them to recovery. When they have been imprisoned they are carefully examined, and then the operation follows. Immediately afterward they are buried neck deep in the mud of the Nile, where they stay till they get well or die. They usually die. Those who get well stay in these mud graves for a month some times. They are then brought to market. Not an open one, you know, and not where you can buy them outright, but where they are taken from one pasha to another; then, if not sold, to beys, and, finally, to the offendi or private gentlemen. They are always bought. The supply and demand never equal each other. When the eunuch enters the palace of the master or owner his duties are those of a servant to the harem, and they fill those offices in all particulars. There is a lineal promotion for them. So far as I can learn there is no such thing as the mother of the maids, as told about in charming meter in "Don Juan". All the offices, from those of chambermaid to the stewardship of the palace, are conducted by the third sex. They are the master's executive, the guardian of their owner's honor, the protector of the purse, the manager of his domestic affairs, and the confidante of all his troubles.—[X.

GIRL GYMNASTS.

The rage for physical development among young women is increasing. Classes are forming in gymnasiums where women and girls are taught, and also small clubs whice receive instruction in private houses. One of the latest phases of this mania is an insatiable desire on the part of many young ladies to learn fencing. It has become a fashionable accomplishment in Europe, which is quite enough to make girls here ambitions to acquire it. Last year there were only a few classes, and they were small. This year there will be scores of young women poking swords at each other.

One of the best known gymnasiums in the city is within a stone's throw of the Windsor Hotel. The young ladies who go there for instruction and practice have little retiring rooms similar to bath-houses. When they emerge they have a costume consisting of basque or jacket and trousers. The agility, grace and skill they show at the various exercises is astonishing. they are quicker to learn than boys, and much more graceful at everything they undertake. At first they are made to make certain movements with their fingers, hands and arms. Then they are taught to swing dumb-bells and clubs, keeping time to music. As the average young lady does not straighten out her arms properly when in the first stage of her training, the wooden dumb-bells have little brass bells on them that jingle when the movements are made with proper force The advauced classes are required to practice on the horizontal bar. Beginners at this exercise have great difficulty in swinging their feet over, but some of the persevering ones go through a great variety of movements with the grace of an acrobat. Swinging in rings suspended on long ropes is a favorite exercise. The most popular exercise is that of mounting and vaulting over a wooden horse. They make a rush at this and spring into a wooden saddle, and, after much practice, they go over almost without touching.

When a young lady is detained at home by a rainy day, she goes up to the garret and develops her muscle. *New York Letter.*

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

PUBLIC LANDS.

	Acres.
Area of California	98,500,000.
Area of unentered government land	43,795,000,
Area suitable for lumbering, mining, and other pursuits	16,295,000
Area suitable for some agricultural prnposes	21,500,000
Area of lakes, bays, navagible rivers, and lands steep or rocky, or otherwise not productive,	6,000,000

There are public lands subject to entry as follows California:

San Louis Obispo county, 1,500,000 acres; Monterey, 600,000; San Benito, 250,000; Santa Clara, 150,000; Santa Cruz, 40,000; Napa, 40,000; Sonomo, 165,000; Lake, 150,000; Mendocino, 1,500,000; Shasta, 1,500,000; Lassan, 2,700,000. Total, 7,546,000.

Humboldt county, 1,500,000; Santa Barbara, 150,000; Ventura, 150,000; Kern, 2,000,000; San Bernardino, 5,000,000; Los Angeles, 300,000; San Diego, 2,500,000; Tulare, Fresno, Mariposa, Merced, Stanislaus, Calaveras, Tuolumne, Amador, El Dorado, Placer, Yuba, Nevada, Butte, Sierra, Plumas, and Tehama, embracing within their limits the "foot-hill region," and about 1,500,000 of valley land, 11,500,000: In the other eighteen counties there are 13,160,000.

San Diego Fruits.—At the office of the *Rural Californian* may be seen some of the finest raisins California has yet produced. They were grown on the farm of R. F. Clark of the Cajon Valley, San Diego county, and he says the vines have never been irrigated, and are now four years old. The raisins are remarkably plump, containing a great deal of meat. The "bloom" is preserved very nicely also, giving the fruit a rich and luscious appearance. Mr. Clark's profits were $85 per acre. It speaks well of El Cajon to produce such raisins without irrigation. Mr. Rice, editor of the *Rural Californian*, also has some trophies of a recent trip to San Diego county in the way of apples that were grown without irrigation, one of them that a reporter sampled, proving that they were remarkably well flavored. They were from the Kimble Brothers' ranch at National City.—[Los Angeles Times.

In Coal Creek, Fremont Co., Cal., a solid lump of coal was mined that weighed 18,000 pounds.

DE LESSEPS' CHILDREN.

De Lesseps' children are noted in Paris for their simplicty and high breeding. They are dressed—both boys and girls—precisely alike,in close-fitting under garments, and loose, sleeveless flannel frocks, which leave necks, arms and legs, from the knee to the foot, bare. Soft buskins, and a round, wide hat finishes the costume, which when the little group enters the gardens of the Tuileries, appears oddly picturesque beside the flounces and ribbons of the little Parisians. It is, no doubt, hard on these children to send them out as reformers in dress, but no one can look at the elaborate costumes which boys and girls not only are made to wear, but to which so much of their thoughts are given, without wishing that the reform were accomplished.

If the children of all ranks in America, for example, could be turned out in a uniform of loose flannel gowns, soft shoes and plain hats, what an unimagined relief it would be to the mothers, and what freedom to the youngsters! Perhaps the next generation would have less millenery knowledge, and be less willing than we are to make the chief aim in life the invention of new effects in dry-goods. But the world, we think, would be the gainer.

Women.—Whether we like it or dislike it, that movement, set on foot, is certain to become larger and larger. Both because their wants are fewer, and because they have to underbid men in order to get employment at all, they will take lower wages than men, and in many situations they will probably give more care and diligence in return. In the first instance, it will be the more stupid men who will suffer from this rivalry. When it is found that the services of a fairly efficient young woman can be had for less money than it has hitherto been the custom to pay a very inefficient young man, men will be more of drugs in the market than they even now are. As the education of women improves, the clever girls will more and more come abreast of the clever young men, and then the same process will be repeated.—[X.

FIVE RULES FOR NEW SPELLING.

1. Omit a in words like hed, helth, breat, plesure, etc.
2. Omit silent e in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.
3. Write f for ph in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.
4. Omit one of the double consonants in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.
5. Change ed final into t in words like fixt, capt, chopt, prest, etc. Also, tho and thru.

The Five Rules, as given above, were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Association in 1878. The English Spelling Reform Association adopt the same rules, thus making a common basis of action

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Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 304 Stockton St., San Francisco, California.

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We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[ED.

STONE THE WOMAN.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance
May touch her garments as she passes;
But to him put forth a willing hand
To clasp with his that led her to destruction
And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
Ways of toil, that she may no more win an
Honest meal, but ope to him all honorable
Paths that he may win distinction.
Give him fair, pressed-down measures
Of life's sweetest joys. Pass her,
Oh, maiden with pure, proud face,
If she puts out her poor, polluted palm;
But lay thy hand in his on bridal day,
And swear to cling to him
With wifely love and tender reverence;
Trust him who led a sister woman
To a fearful fate.
Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
Is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But ah! how will it be
On that strange day of final fire and flame,
When men shall stand before the one
True Judge? Shall sex make then
A difference in sin? Shall He,
The searcher of the hidden heart,
In his eternal and divine decree,
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 29-83.
EDITOR HERALD OF INDUSTRY,

Madam: A mode of punishment has been advocated in your paper, the name of which few women care to utter or to write. Entirely disapproving as I do of what you advocate, and sharing in the feeling of those who would rather turn away their thoughts entirely from such a subject, and yet from my work on the formation of the Society for the repeal of the Contagious Disease acts in England. I have been led to see the mischief which results from women holding aloof from a subject and uttering no protest against it, because it seemed too horrible to think or speak about.

We are in the world together, men and women, one sex affected by what touches the other; one afflicted by what injures the other, and for this reason the two sexes are, or should be (contrary to the received opinion,) mutual protectors of one another. I offer therefore, without shrinking, what are my reasons against the punishment of castration. I would ask you, now that the question has been put forward publicly and approved of by you, to open your colums to its free discussion, and I would earnestly ask those, both men and women, who have considered the matter to come forward and state their opinions, not allowing mock modesty to hinder them from so doing. I take mock modesty to mean the shrinking from, or avoiding doing or saying anything which it is necessary or right to say or do for the sake of sparing our own feelings. "Innocence knows no shame" in like manner, necessity and right should know no shame.

My reasons for disapproving of castration are first on account of its injustice. If I gather the meaning of the Editor rightly she approves of the operation being performed on young children. This would be punishing the innocent for the guilty visiting the sins of the parents upon the children which however it may be a law of nature or a (supposed) law of God cannot be imitated by human laws without producing the grossest injustice and confusion; it is in fact essentially anti-law. Also as far as the child is concerned it is punishing him before hand for crimes he may commit, and this also is gross injustice and productive of utter confusion in that better and higher system of laws by which we seek to govern the conduct of humanity.

There appears to be others, such as your correspondant Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead, who would have castration only as a punishment for rape. But this also is unjust, for however skilful the doctor (and could the skilful be obtained for such a purpose?) the operation may endanger health or even life,

It is a rule, at least with us in England, that punishment should not exceed its measure, that is to say it should punish as far as it is intended to punish and no further. If during punishment health or life is endangered, the punishment is lightened in order that health may be restored. But with a punishment like this, life may be lost or health endangered but there can be no mitigation of the sentence, it is irrevocable. Beyond this question of injustice, there is also the certainty of raising up a class of persons who would become brutalized by inflicting a brutal punishment on their fellows.

This touches on another side of the question. How is it that women are found to advocate a step back into barbarism? All civilized nations are more and more shrinking from inflicting any sort of personal mutilations.

The principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is no longer admitted into our code of laws. This is the principle of savage laws, but as the "wolf and tiger" die within us the savage code revolts, and shall women point the way to a return to it?

It seems to me also a great mistake for women wh are striving to gain from man a share in the power of law making, to show what a law they would make against them (men) if they had the power. The whisper of such a thing has come over here from America and has been the cause, I strongly suspect, why so many men, formerly supporters of woman's sufferage have now become its opponents. Even I, though a warm advocate for "women rights" in every direction where they have rights not yet conceded to them, would seek to withold power from them, till they showed themselves capable of wielding it wisely and soberly! The proposition of castration as a punishment I consider a proof of want of soberness of mind, and of quiet and patient thought. This is to me, not social science, but social quackery.

The conditions which produce crime and pauperism are the slow growth of ages and it will require the growth of ages to come to get rid of these condition, and their practiced effects, which are poverty and crime. No hasty remedy, although it may at first sight appear a speedy and sure one, can ever be a safe or a wise one, or do anything but produce greater evils than those which it seeks to remove.

I must appologise to you and to your readers for writing what I think on this subject in a somewhat dogmatic style, but I do so only for the purpose of opening a discussion on a very grave and serious question, which I consider should not be treated on one side only. May I remark on the communication from Mrs. Whitehead (from whom I have seen many pleasant and encouraging letters on the subject of dress reform) that women need not be considered timid ones because they are turned aside from the persual of the "*Herald of Industry*," by its advocacy of this punishment; except that every one should be timid or afraid of doing, or appearing to countenance, what is unjust or wrong, and still more should the two sexes, who, as I have said, should be mutual protectors, shrink with the almost timidity from inflicting injury or injustice one on the other,

Truly yours, E. M. KING.

P. S. The writer on the History of Prostitution in England is in error in what he says of an operation performed on some factory girls in England. Such a thing could not be done legally on the contrary it would be punishable by law. Only a short time ago "the Vigilance Association for the Defence of Peronal Rights" got a penalty of £50, awarded against a Doctor for only examining a girl (a servant) against her will. E. M. K.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

MRS J. W. STOW:

Your letter, also paper rec'd. and read with interest.

Your advocacy of Social Science as the basic principle of reform agrees exactly with my understanding of the matter, and your paper is well gotten up and very interesting.

Your proposition to make castration the penalty for misused sexuality and by so doing thereby lessen the condition of crime and panperism seems to me simply monstrous, and is no proper remedy for either. I can not see that the destruction of any organ that executes the will of perverted or badly generated minds, can be other than an interference with the chances for development of the individual, which should be the grand consideration and aim, and not their destruction. As well recommend amputating the hands for larceny, or cutting out the tongue for vulgarity and slander. These methods belong to the Dark Ages and not to the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The abolition of our marriage laws which enslaves woman, compelling her to minister to the passions of men with no legal protection for her person, thus entailing upon her offspring all the evil effects of this unholy condition, would do more than all things else combined to check the flood-gates of crime and misery in the land. With freedom and legal protection, woman would not as now, be forced to bring into the world unwelcome children, stamped with the passions of a drunken or debauched father, or with feelings of hatred for his fellows, as is the result very often of the mothers state at the moment of conception resulting from her outraged maternal instincts. Until we can give humanity opportunity for being decently born, we should pity rather than punish the results of our bad laws and defective education.

Your method is barbarous in the extreme, death itself would be preferable. People are already deformed and crippled, and half mad, and any method which farther mutilates the body or deadens the brain is to be avoided.

The protection of all in the right to the use of their bodies and minds as they elect is the legitimate function of government. That is to say, I have a right to do as I please in every possible respect so long as I do not interfere with the right of any one else to do as he pleases.

Individual sovereignty is the fundamental principle, and with this established, and the people enlightened upon the science of life improvement would be much more rapid than now. Until the era of enlightened generation is ushered in, as ameliorative measures society must be protected from the morally sick (for I claim those we class as criminals are out of balance or sick morally) as from those physically sick. When the disease is of the nature that renders their presence in society dangerous thereto they should be removed to some place apart from their fellows, as in case of small pox—and treated with a view to curing the patient not punishing him. It is as *just* to punish a man for inheriting scrofula, or rheumatism as larceny, or lasciveousness. I would transform prisons into Hospitals where with kind treatment, useful and congenial employment cultivation of the latent and undeveloped faculties by stimulating them by appeals to them in a rational scientific manner, a balance of action would be established, and the patient cured and grown into a useful and honorible member of society. Is not this a better method than that of still farther deforming by mutilating the body in the forlorn hope of saving the soul, or at least saving society. It seems so to me. But discussion on all these subjects is useful and out of it the best methods will be evolved. Wishing you and your paper success in every good word and work I am

Yours and Humanity's Friend.
JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

COLETA, ILL.

MRS. J. W. STOW:

I have received from an unknown source No.12 of the first Vol. of my paper and I like most of its contents much. Thy doctrine, however, of castration as a preventive of crime and prohibition as a preventive of intemperance are undoubtedly well meant though short sighted.

Neither can I reconcile thy anti-chinese sentiment with a true brotherhood on which co-operation so much depends. But those sentiments as to work, and the actual production by all of the things they consume or their equivalents, and especially those as to dress reform commend themselves to me in a marked degree. Have we not yet to learn that as to dress all that relates to concealment is an error?—Consider if thee can the vast amount of energy there is expended in producing the raw material of which cloth is made.

Entire states are almost wholly engaged in the production of cotton and flax. The people of other states and countries are mostly occupied in the production of silk and wool, and the energies of a large share of the world's food producers go to feed the vast army of operatives who make cloth and from it the clothes we wear. The atmosphere of a cloth mill is simply dreadful, and yet how willingly the devotees of Mrs. Grundy by their unholy love of notoriety as leaders of fashion on the one hand, and fear of not being up to it on the other, consign their sisters and little children, even, to toil therein day by day and year after year for their scanty support. The iniquity of clothes stop not here. It takes in the manufacture of cloth making machinery and the making of sewing machines and thread. The delightful family washing and mending also has to be counted in. Then consider the arrogance and pride of the rich that dress entails, and the longings and self denial of real needs that are felt by the poor from the same cause.

Every wearer of garments is surrounded by and consequently breathes into his lungs countless particles of poisonous dust that they are a reservoir and a generator of. Because we do not always and readily *see* the dirt that fills the air we breathe, we ignore the fact of its presence. It injures however, none the less. No dressed person stirs a limb but what he straightway feeds himself with the dirtiest of dirt.

Dethrone Mrs. Grundy and the way will largely be open for the worlds cloth making energy to rest, or to be turned into channels of real human good. In this I have said nothing against clothing for protection and when this element, alone, is considered, regulating our lives will be most wonderfully simplified. Do we but consider that inside our homes, such as the mechanical appliances of our time as to ventilation and tempering the air in them render possible, no clothes are needed, and that in those seasons of the year when it is necessary for us to be in the fields to cultivate and secure our food but little protection is called for.

On every principle that we apply to subjects on which there is tolerated open and free discussion, nudity as far as temperature and insect life that we may not be able to shield ourselves from, is and will be a cure for our most serious ills. Before the individuals of our race can properly fill their place in Nature and enjoy the full measure of the good that she so lavishly provides, and all to without encroaching or preying on each other, they must be disenthralled from every man-made and devil-made law.

Superstition must go. Fact must take the place of fiction, and as a preventive of bad actions, their real consequences, pure and simple, must be plainly brought out, and until we learn to do this we will go astray in many ways. Our ignorance will not shield us. Of the ills of dress in a restrictive or compressive sense physically, I need not write.

Thou art fully aroused to it, but of the ills of dress as to poisining the air we breathe and thus attacking our vitality at its very source, and as to its vast absorption of energy that, applied in wiser ways, would fill the world with enlarged and perfected homes, and further yet, lift our bodies out of the slough of lust in which they are held, and make them truly living temples of beauty and respect, I felt that perhaps thou hadst not taken full heed. Hence this letter and the remittance that it contains of one dollar for which send me the numbers as they are issued of the second volume of *Woman's Herald of Industry*.—JOSEPH ANTHONY.

Mrs. Canfield keeps books for the railroad company, at Haskells—the crossing of the Grand Trunk railroad with the New Albany & Salem where her husband, a railroad man, is stationed. She more than satisfies. They say she does more and better work in half a day than the former book-keepers did in two days.

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Agents Wanted.

Short Articles are solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

THE HYGIENE OF WALKING.

BY BERTHA VON HILLERN.

Before I left Europe I read and thought much of the young nation across the ocean, and I became convinced that it would be an inestimable benefit to the whole people if they could be led to take more exercise in the open air. When I came to America my impressions were confirmed, and I asked: How can I induce people to walk? The wealthy prefer to ride or drive—the fresh air can be taken from a luxurious carriage as well as from the foot-path, and the poor can hardly spare the time to walk.

But, the world over, one general principle holds good: people will do what gives them pleasure. If I could create a healthy excitement on the subject of walking, if I could awaken an enthusiasm about it, no matter how little it might be understood, I believed that when once it had taken a good starte, it would establish its own hold upon the people—that the great healthfulness of the exercise would be discovered. So for two years I bent all my powers of mind and body to making this exercise as attractive, as fascinating, as I possibly could; above all to ladies, who were the ones most in need of it.

I often felt that the immense crowds who gave me such warm sympathy and enthusiastic support would probably ask themselves later, when their generous excitement had reacted, what good it could do for a young girl to walk fifty miles in twelve hours, or three hundred and fifty in six days? and I knew that most of my kindest friends would hardly be able to answer that question to their own satisfaction; but I hoped that many a brisk, healthy walk would be taken on account of the awakened interest; that many ladies would walk one mile, or five, because I had walked *one hundred.* I hoped that habits might be established that would save many an aching head—I may add aching heart, for not only does a brisk walk stir the currents of the blood so that they will not clog the brain and freeze the feet, but it disperses many a morbid fog of feeling that would result in a heartache as senseless as it is painful. Our finest feelings will not bear stagnation any better than limpid water, and often when we are suffering the most dismal of low spirits, it is only because the very feelings that are given us to be happy with, have stood unstirred too long.

Go take a brisk walk, using our eyes and wits on the way, and be it in city or country we shall see enough to give a new turn to our thoughts, and find at the end, that our mental coloring has received new tone and vitality.

WALKING AWAY DISEASE.

I could not reasonably expect to be believed, should I relate the bare facts of case after case of painful suffering of body and mind that I have seen literally walked away. I have seen ladies whom I knew well enough to venture upon heroic measures with, who have been just ready to send in hot haste for a doctor, and that not with imaginary sufferings; but whose flushed or pallid faces, abnormal pulse, and other indications of real physical disorder, proved them in need of a physician or—a cure, to drag themselves out of doors when their trembling limbs would hardly support them, and begin a walk that threatened at any moment to terminate in a seat upon the curbstone. In a short time they would brighten a little, step with more vigor and elasticity, and return home after a few miles with a pulse even and strong, a fine, healthy color, and a brain in a state of eager desire for work.

I have induced ladies to go out in this way, when I have had to bring up a long array of past experiences to combat my own fears as to the result, and I have never in a single instance had one return other than cheered and benefited.

SHOES AND DRESS.

Do not attempt to walk in "French-heels;" the high, narrow heel throws the weight of the body upon muscles not intended to act as the false position forces them to act, and the result is injury to the spine and the more delicate anatomy of the body. Let those who are willing to give the experiment a fair trial, to discover if they can not add materially to their health and pleasure by a habit of walking, first provide themselves with boots broad enough to allow the foot to spread out easily; thick enough to protect the feet against cold, damp, and the roughness of the ground, with broad, low heels.

Let there be nothing tight around the waste, nothing to hinder the lungs from expanding, and the blood from circulating freely. Let the skirts be moderately short, and made so as to leave the limbs freedom of movement. In short, give the body from top to toe its freedom during the walk.

HOW TO WALK.

Do not walk rapidly at the start. Begin slowly and then gradually increase the pace until it is a little faster than an ordinary gait, then try to keep the same even step and movement.

In walking, preserve as upright a position as possible; from time to time make a new effort to grow a little taller, to straighten the back, throw out the chest, hold the head higher, till that position becomes habitual.

Never go from a warm room into cold air and start suddenly into a rapid walk, and never walk faster than can be done with closed mouth.

The breathing should be done in long, slow respirations through the nose, as regularly as possible. A habit of long regular respirations can be acquired, and it prevents the lungs being subjected to too sudden changes of temperature.

Try to acquire a habit of walking from the hips—I had almost said from the shoulder, which is really the true way.

The foot should be lifted not higher than is necessary to allow it to swing easily forward, and the knees should bend just as little as need be to permit that swing.

The effort to follow any of these rules is perhaps tiresome at first, but it will repay the trouble. At first, one should make the length of the walk a little more than enough to feel really tired, but do not walk until tired and then enter a horse-car or carriage to return home. Begin with a short distance and return; if that does not fatigue, make it longer the next time until you are tired; then gradually increase that until you reach a limit you would like for the habitual walk.

Be very careful not to get heated by walking and then allow yourself to get suddenly chilled. That is one reason why you should not get into a car or carriage after walking.

To persons having heart-disease or delicate lungs, injudicious walking might be hurtful, but with the precautions I have suggested even such will be benefited.

WHEN TO REST.

It is often the case, even to those accustomed to long walks, that after the first mile or two, comes a feeling of great fatigue; it seems almost impossible to go on without at least sitting down for a short rest, but then is precisely the time not to take a rest. Keep on then, even though every step costs an effort, for ten or fifteen minutes; then the fatigue seems to wear away. Gradually a new strength comes, and this second strength can be relied upon.

The muscles seem to be provided with energy sufficient for ordinary demands, but the walk draws upon them suddenly for an unusual effort, the the supply of muscular energy is sono exhausted and the reserve is not ready. If a rest is taken then, the muscles react and possibly remain contracted, producing a sensation of walking cramp. But if by an effort of will they are forced into continual activity, nature soon sends out her reserve force to the part making unusual demand, the current is established in that direction and will continue until her generosity is insulted by excessive demands.

SCHOOL-GIRLS' EXERCISE.

Take a school-girl who has so overstudied that her brain is in a state of morbid activity, so that, however tired, it can be forced to renewed activity; tell her she "must not study so hard," take away her books, and still her mind will continue to go over and over the mental process. But ask her to "come for a walk" make that walk interesting, so that the minds activity may be in sympathy with the physical effort. Every day make the walk a little longer; the muscles, not having been tampered, will demand a rest when it is needed; and the reserve forces of the whole body, which had been flowing all to the brain, will be turned into a new channel provided with a healthy power of resistance.

The result will be, that without saying a word against study, you will find this ambitious school-girl studying for a time and then putting her books aside, with the excuse that she is too tired to learn any more then. She has reached that healthy condition where she knows when she is tired, and has to rest.

I should be false to the spirit of my Fatherland should I in any way discourage the ambition to gain a fine education; on the contrary it is to preserve a sound and balanced brain in mature age, that I desire to prevent the reckless squandering of its force in youth. Any school-girl, who might be a little longer in getting to calculate the course of the stars, to sail theoretically a ship around the world, will have the sounder intellect, and its stores of knowledge will be more at her command at thirty years of age, because she devoted a little of her youthful time to the care of the casket which was to hold the jewels of the mind.

But there are those who are forced to do a certain amount of brain work.

Let us take for example a teacher, whose work demands more strength than she has to give; who finds herself weaker at the end of a year than at the beginning, weaker each year than in the one preceding; how is such an one to dare take from her insufficient vitality, to give to physical exercise? If at the end of a day's work she can hardly sit up, how can she get on her feet and "take a walk?"

Within certain limits, the exercise of any power—like money invested in legtimate business—not only makes return of all it draws out, but of more. In the case we have supposed of one forced to overwork, the limit is passed at which the brain and the nervous system can make good their drafts upon the general vitality, and the longer the process goes on, the more is the constitution reduced to bankruptcy. If then, during vacation, a habit of walking could be gently encouraged, until two or three miles could be done easily, then when school work began again if at the end of a tired day a walk were taken, not only would it restore to the body all the strength it required to make the walk, but more. Thus the physical exercise would create a surplus of strength, to fill the deficit caused by the overdrawing of the brain.

I have seen this theory practically tested again and again, always with happy results, and often to the delighted surprise of those who tried it not quite believing.

Youth's Companion.

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The Borderland of Insanity.

Dr. Ball, of London, was consulted by a young man who was engaged to be married, but found it impossible to visit his intended bride because it would involve a journey of some length in a railway carriage, and he could never enter one without feeling a desire to jump out as soon as the train was in motion. He was advised to accustom himself gradually to this mode of traveling by taking short journeys on the suburban lines, but he could never get beyond Auteuil; there he had to leave the carriage for fear of accident. Homicidal impulse is likewise met with. Theuviot's case is one of the oftenest quoted. For years this unpleasant person was tortured with a burning desire to kill some woman or other, but he never felt the slightest wish to take the life of a man. He battled with the impulse for years, but at length it got the better of him. One day he murdered a young girl, a perfect stranger to him, whom unfortunate chance threw in his way in the kitchen of a restaurant. Dr. Ball was also consulted by a painter of considerable talent who was a prey to these murderous impulses. He had married early in life, his family was large, and his cares and anxieties large in proportion. At about eight-and-thirty, without physical ailment of any kind or any special unfavorable turn in his affairs, his mind began to be affected. If he saw a mirror he experienced a desire to smash it; near a window he felt a temptation to jump out; he never got a bank note in his hand that he did not feel inclined to tear it to pieces. These morbid promptings presently assumed a more formidable shape; he began to be assailed with a temptation to strangle his children. His little daughter was dying of croup, and he spent night after night by her bedside nursing her with the utmost tenderness. "Yet," said he to the physician, "at the moment when I was praying, with tears in my eyes, that the child's life might be spared, I was tormented with a horrible desire to take her out of the cradle and throw her into the fire. Even now," he added, "as I speak to you, I feel a most intense desire to strangle you; but I check myself." The doctor never saw his patient again; a circumstance which he perhaps had no reason to regret, for as he was a man of powerful build he would have been an "ugly customer," had his sanguinary impulses proved beyond his control. But up to that time, as the doctor remarks, he had kept them successfully in check. He fulfilled all the duties of life in a correct and exemplary manner. No doctor certified to his being insane. Yet assuredly he was on the "borderland" of insanity.—[St. James Gazette.

The finding of two women helplessly drunk on the street one evening last week has been a prolific theme for comment since its occurrence. Well, it is bad enough, for a fact: but still, we can't exactly see why it is so very much worse for a woman to get drunk than for a man. Considering the number of men picked up helplessly drunk every day upon our streets, the wonder is there are not more women in the same condition. They surely have as much provocation and as much temptation to get drunk as the men have—and we sometimes think more; hence we are only surprised that a drunken woman is so rarely found.

We are surprised that Dr. Severance, a woman of rare good sense, should advocate doing away with marriage. Upon marriage rests the stability of our homes, and without homes the world would fall back into chaos. When the arch-fiend, Ague, which has entered into our "house of clay," is exorcised, we shall martial our "say" against the Doctor's peculiar views. Mrs. Stow.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "justice," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

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Certain valiant men of Walla Walla have instituted a fierce and vigerous war. It is a war against a "widow woman," who is said to rent rooms which are used for prostitution purposes. It is true that several wealthy, able-bodied and high-toned male citizens of Walla Walla are in the same business and are not attacked on account of it. It is also true that the offending widow woman is in financial straits and in her declining years. Therefore is she the more culpable. What rights has a poor, old, defenseless woman in common with strong men? All honor to the brave and doughty champions of morality who thus boldly assail feeble femininity! On with the dance and let the joy be unconfined, for a little old woman is to be crushed!—*Daily Events. W.T.*

TROUSERS *vs.* PETTICOATS.

A Chicago girl was arrested for wearing male attire, and was brought before the bar of justice to answer for the grave offence. She had been employed in a restaurant, and informed the judge that she cast aside feminine apparel because she could get much larger pay as a man. A fine was imposed.

Another case was in New York. A girl in men's clothes worked several months as a dry goods clerk at a good salary, and then obtained a position as confidential clerk and collector for a furniture manufacturer. A detective arrested her, and she was sentenced to six months' imprisonment on Blackwell's Island—for the offense of clothing herself in such a way as to be able to get what her work was worth.

Still another case occurred in Baltimore. A woman was apprehended for dressing in male attire, and, when brought before a justice, gave this substantial reason for her conduct: "I am a tailor. By dressing like a man, I can make $3 a day, but as a woman I could get only $1." The justice blushed and dismissed the case.—[X.

WORK OR DIE.

If the people of the South do not work, they cannot eat. I do not think it well for a man to have a man at work for him. If it is ever brought to pass that the young mothers of this day shall be as those of the days gone by, who did not consider it inconsistant with a cultured lady's position to work her full share in the household, working mornings and till after the noonday meal, then changing her garments and resorting to social enjoyment and recreation, it will be more creditable to us, instead, therefore, of sympathizing with those at the South who complain that their slaves have left them and that they are obliged to do their own work, I am very glad of it. I am very glad that they are obliged to do their own work, and compelled to work if they are not inclined o do it. I like to see a man carry his own bundles; I like to see a man trundle his own wheelbarrow; I like to see a woman tend her own garden: I like to see the economy of the house carried on by mother and daughters, as well as father and son; and it is a better state of society in which there is some work for every man's leisure, and leisure for every man's work. I am rejoiced to see that after all the suffering that has deen undergone, there is coming to be a healthier state of things— a better condition in society. The first thing that Southern society wants is work and respect for work. If you want to make a man respect work, make *him* work. And when he has wrought, and eaten bread that tastes never so sweet as when he wipes the sweat from his brow, conscious that he is dependent upon nobody, he respects work and workmen. Now, it is on this wonderful power of work for the black man and for the white man in the South that I build my hopes for the future.—[Beecher.

SONG OF LABOR.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

God said "I am tired of kings!
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.
Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants smal'
Might harry the weak and poor?
Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue
When he has wrought his best.
I will divide my goods,
Call in the wretch and the slave;
And none but toil shall have,
I will have never a noble;
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and plowmen
Shall constitute a State.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

A notable convention was recently held in Lawrence, Kan. The occasion was the presence of the woman's social science club of eastern Kansas and western Missouri, to meet with the clubs from a radius, perhaps, of 150 miles. About 200 women were present, all of them dignified, tastefully dressed, and apparently quite prepared to take care of themselves in moments of emergency or otherwise. Some of the essays were so witty and bright that men who have been popularly supposed to have all the intellect since the race existed—women being kindly allowed a sense of feeling—might have listened with profit and pleasure. Others were well written but poorly delivered.

The convention was in session two days. The first afternoon was devoted principally to reports of committees, and to the reading of essays. One upon silk culture, and another upon archæology were especially bright and interesting. There were others very worthy of mention. If one had not known the authors by reputation as being some of the "smartest women in the state," and had not believed in the capabilities of women as being equal to that of the sterner sex, it might have been suspected that these essayist had had masculine help. But after seeing with what ease and dignity Mrs. Gray of Wyandotte presided over the meetings, and hearing the racy impromptu speeches which occured from time to time, a prejudiced hearer even, must have acknowledge that these things were—with the exception of the lack of voice, which was sometimes painful—as well done as could have been desired.

Friday evening Miss S. A. Brown of this city (but formerly of Massachusetts) gave an audible, original, and extremely interesting address of welcome to the numerous guests present. It was equally well responded to by Mrs. Monroe, of Atchison, in an impromptu speech, as the one to whom the task had been assigned was not present. After that the different clubs represented themselves by giving a resumé of the work done by them. The affair throughout was one to be proud of; and ended with a delightful collation the first afternoon, and an hour's visit to the university the next morning, to enjoy the chapel exercise, and cabinets and class rooms of the institution. The women and men of of this city will be eager to welcome another such delightful occasion in the future.

TELLTALE FIGURES.

New York Herald.

Now let the men who grumble about the cost of woman's dress prepare for utter annihilation. In the report of the tariff commission is a list of the manufacturing industries of the United States, taken from the census of 1880, from which we learn that while there are more than six thousand establishments where men's clothing is made, the value of the garments annually manufactured being more than $200,000,000, there are even less than six hundred makers of women's clothing the value of their products being only a little more than thirty million dollars! It is useless for the traducer of woman to explain that the difference in cost is partially because some women, when in public view, wear scarcely anything above the waist and nothing whatever on the arms, for ladies so peculiarly economical in dress are exceptions to the general rule. It may be argued that much of men's clothing goes to parts of the west and south, where women wear only cheap calicoes, and more goes abroad to climes in which woman attires herself principally in her modesty; but will the most liberal allowance for these special differences account for the ratio being more than six to one in woman's favor? Not while women have anything to say about it, and can prove, each for herself, that they individually spend less on dress than their husbands do.

A child, beginning to read, becomes delighted with a news paper, because he reads names of things that are familiar and he will progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year will do a child more good than a quarter's schooling. Every father must consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life and is braced for emergency. Children amused with reading or studying are, of course more considerate and easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a tavern or grog shop who ought to have been reading. How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families would have given thousands to reclaim a son or a daughter who had ignorantly, thoughtlessly fallen into damnation.

Capersauce.

EVERYTHING GOES.

S. F. Evening Post.

Herbert Spencer has been hitting the American outfit some Sullivan like blows since his return to England. For illustration he says:

The native American interviewer is, to say the least, a very remarkable sort of being. One drizzly morning while enjoying a cold shower at my hotel in New York, the door of the bathroom was suddenly burst open and a nervous looking young man, armed with a pencil and a wad of paper appeared and vociferated:

"Now, then, Mr. Spencer, I have been sent to interview you! I can give you just twenty minutes. What do you think!"

"What do I think?"

"Exactly. We understand you are a Thinker from Thinkerville. Now what do you think of things in general? Look sharp, now!"

And he actually refused to leave untill I squirted the hot water at him.

In another letter to the London *Post* Herb. says: Travels in the United States must have been struck with the peculiar epidemic nature of certain slang expressions which seem to simultaneously take possession of all castes and grades of society, and to form the familiar current catch phrase in every one's mouth for the time being. During my visit to America the prevailing "gag" was the expression "Everything goes," a statement heard by me from the lips of statesmen and mechanic, lady and washerwoman, a simply inconceivable number of times throughout my stay. I attended a clambake given by the President in the grounds of the White House at Washington. While Mr Arthur was stooping over the steaming mass of roasting shellfish, engaged in probing its savory recesses with a stick, a prominent Senator crept up and delivered a sounding thwack on the Chief Magistrate's nether person with a shingle. Everybody laughed uproariously.

"Is it possible your Excutive permits such indignities?" I inquired.

"Oh! everything goes at a clambake," replied the person with the shingle, at the same time smashing my hat over my eyes with the same weapon.

"Oh! no everything *don't* go," vociferated Mr. Arthur, going off somewhat nettled. In a few moments he returned with a bladder tied to a stick, with which he chased and belabored the Senator furiously.

In a moment the entire company was divided into two factions—the "Goers" and the "No Goers," and the noise and confusion that followed were indescribable. One distinguished member of a foreign legation was thrown down and dragged around on the wet grass for some minutes by his left leg, all of which was endured with pefect good nature. As an alien, I endeavored to maintain a position of armed neutrality, but without avail. I regret to say, for a new pair of lavender trowsers, purchased especially for the occasion, were literally wrecked from stem to stern—particularly the latter.

We wonder who will be the next scientific globe trotter to drop in and have a little fun with the boys.

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If the books are not desired *The Woman's Journal* ($2,50) or the *New Northwest* ($3) will be sent for one year, insteap, as premiums. For $7 and ten names the same premiums are offered for the year 1883. A copy of either ene of the papers mentioned, will be sent with the Herald for THREE DOLLARS for one year.

Why people should take the Herald of Industry. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

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AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 5. San Francisco, California, May, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW, EDITOR.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., CELIA P. WHITLHEAD, MARY E. TILLOTSON, ELMINA D. SLENKER. SARAH KNOX-GOODRICH, occasional corrisponeent.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

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BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel our neighbor's woe,
And share his joys with a gentle glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers—is better than gold.
Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untired by the lust or cares of wealth—
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For man and morals, on nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.
Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Brin gdrowsy draughts to the downy bed.
Where luxury pillows her aching head;
The simpler opiate, labor, seems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realms of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great drama will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.
Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
That center there, are better than gold.

THE OFFICE OF THE HERALD was honored one day last week by a call from Mrs. E. P. W. Packard, the indefatigable worker for the amelioration of the condition of the insane, and reputed insane, of this land of the *free*.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE for the handsomest dress for a woman, which clears the ground twelve inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The PRIZE EXHIBITION will be held during the session of the first
GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE
of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco, the first week in September, 1883.
All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OFFERED.

The Herald of Health, for life.
WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, for life.
This prize list is now open to any and all contributors.

See the advertisement of the *New Northwest*, the able and only woman suffrage paper in Oregon, or on the Pacific slope.—*Woman's Journal*, March, 31-83.

Is this just to WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY? Has it not, from the first issue, of 10,000 copies, advocated "Woman's Suffrage" in no uncertain tones? Has not its Editor in Chief always been a staunch, outspoken and *financial* friend of the *Journal*—from its birth? The dignity of the "Cause" should insure *fairness*.

Mrs Stow was the *second* president of the California State Woman Suffrage Association, altho the "History of Woman Suffrage" forgot to mention it. History should be an impartial record. Right wrongs no one.

Will publishers of monthly and bi-monthly newspapers join with the HERALD in an earnest effort to get the following bill, which was put into the hands of Rep. Page early in the Congressional session of '82 and into the hands of Senator Miller in '83, passed? Read the Senator's letter, and act on the first rise of the curtain in '84. The present law is an outrage on justice and good sense.

A BILL.—Providing that monthly *newspapers* may be distributed by the pound, the same as weeklies, in cities with carriers.

PETER COOPER.—Every true woman will garland the name of one who has done so much for women with the immortelles of grateful remembrance.

SILK CULTURE.—The Silk Culture Association met yesterday afternoon. The Treasurer reported the cash on hand to be$440 27. Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon reported at great length concerning her efforts to effect the passage of the bill creating a Silk Culture Commission, for which an appropriation of $5,000 has been made the first year and $2,500 the second. This bill is now law.—[X.

We are doubly pleased to chronical this crowning of our efforts in Social Science. First: Because it will be a benefit to the state; Second: Because it is our transplanted child, which had birth and was cradled in the bosom of the California Woman's Social Science Association for *three* months. But when *we* proposed memorializing the Legislature, for $10,000 to improve the land which had been given *us* (individually) for silk cultureal purposes, there was a great cry went up of, "No, No! We want no petticoat pleaders at the Capital. Private citizens will give us all the money we want." But the S. S. President's plans were followed to the letter —and won.

KNIGHTS TEMPLER CONCLAVE.—It is expected that from fifty to a hundred thousand people will visit this city in August, to attend the sessions of the conclave. All the R. R's. have reduced fair, at so much per capita, for all members of Sir Knights' families excepting minor girls. The *minor girls* are taxed *full* fair while minor boys enjoy the rebate. Why? Why? Why? Oh! WHY?

SISTER ELMINA.—I know of no worse fate that I could subject a daughter of mine to, than to place her in a government office at Washington, under *existing* circumstances.—Mrs. Stow.

LICK TRUST.—The trustees of the Lick Trust have just come into posession of the money which was provided by the dead millionaire to establish in the City of San Francisco Free Public Baths. Now these gentlemen, after all these years, have to perfect their plans. Why, in the name of humanity and the great unwashed of San Francisco, were not their plans perfected years ago? If this trust had been put into women's hands and they had proved themselves so derelict in duty how men would have bewailed the lack of executive ability and the lack of interest in the welfare of the public. Now these guardians of a great trust, talk of digging a pond in the center of the city for the accommodation of the baths, so that bathers will not have to pay car fare, instead of utilizing Nature's great reservoir, the Bay. Their central pond of today will be on the outskirts tomorrow. Why do they not build the Baths at North Beach upon such a grand scale as will reflect credit upon the builders and the name of the "glorious giver?" This can be done by making half the building a paying establishment for such as prefer to *pay* for what they have. A place where refined women and children can learn how to swim, in a summer atmosphere of both air and water. New York has a dozen such establishments.

ATTENTION is called to the "Dress Reform Directory." Please send names of all short-dress reformers—not the backsliders. If Lucy Stone-Blackwill and Elizabeth Cady-Stanton had stuck to their trousers they would have voted long before this "hour of prayer"—and *humiliation*. Legislative brow-beating must be humiliating.

See Mrs. Tillotson's beautiful dress. Beautiful because of its utility. It bespeaks for its devotees health, happiness and long life.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.—Under this caption will appear in June the first article from the trenchent pen of Mary E. Tillottson, of a series upon the rise and progress of Dress Reform in the United States. Mrs. T. is a veteran reformer and her history of the Dress Crusade will be most interesting. We regret that the article was received too late for the May number of the HERALD.

MRS. J. W. STOW is going to be known by her *christian* name Marietta L. Beers-Stow, hereafter, and she will call every one by *their* own christian name, after the manner of Quakers and Lucy Stone-Blackwill, whenever she is advised of the *maiden* name of a married woman or widow. She does this in accordance with the growing belief in the good way of keeping the identity and individuality of every person. She thinks the hard Mr. and the hissing Mrs. and Miss abominable. The simple name, without the ugly handle is beautiful. Royalty shall no longer monopolize this vantage-ground of rights.

The widow of T. H. Blythe, the recently dead millionaire of S. F., has had to invoke legal protection against the Public Abministrator and police raiders, who have invaded and ransacked her "protected" home, at all hours, in search of a will, ever since the breath left her husband's body—and *this* is 19th century civilization.

How long will women jeopardize their lives by wearing yards of rediculous cloth swinging below their feet, like a babies' gown, when riding sidewise on horseback? Riding-habits and horned saddles are the climax of ninnyism. The saddle and petticoat should be irrevocably divorced.

SUNNY COVE BATHS.—No more delightful spot can be found to enjoy a dip in the health-giving waves than at Sunny Cove, Alameda. Lady proprietors well understand the needs of women and children, and all who enjoy cultured attention will find the Misses Dietz *au fait* in this particular. New bathing suits.

Saturday's specialty: *Sunny Cove Chowder.*

SCISSORS.

Keep working; 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing and waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle they only prevail,
Who daily march onward, and never say fail!

Miss Willard has arrived in San Francisco.

"*Anno Scientia*, the Era of Science—282."

Miss Pearl Lester won the fifteen-mile ladies' race at Los Angels, recently.

No subject is injured by discussion, unless founded in error or falsehood.

Mrs. M. J. Green is Director of the American Art Gallery of Chicago.

Never trust a man that habitually says mean things about women.

Miss Laura J. Hecox has been appointed lighthouse keeper at Santa Cruz, Cal.

One thousand women are studying art in the City of New york.

Ethical culture must begin with physical purification—a clean life.

Miss Alice Stone-Blackwell, of Boston, is an addition to the list of lecturers on woman suffrage.

She who would acquire fame must not show herself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of jenius.

Mrs. H. C. Downing, of San Rafael, Cal., received the first prize, $100, at the annual exibition of the U. S. Woman's Silk Culture Ass'n, for the finest cocoons.

Leading papers will not "write down" any of the foibles of New York fashionable life, or burlesque any phase of existence here.

Mrs. J. F. Bowman, widow of the gifted journalist, has received an appointment in the S. F. Mint.

In all things let a woman ask what will please the men of sense before she asks what will please the men of fashion.

Mrs. Almira Burgess owns three acres of plumb trees, in Healdsburg, which give a small family a comfortable support.

Mrs. Anna Newton, of Pontiac, Mich., is a raiser and importer of the finest grades of sheep. She is now in England purchasing stock for herself and sheep, cattle and horses for others.

Maria L. Cobb, of Niatic, Mass., has invented an oil can and cremora.

The newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Territories now reach the imposing total of 11,196. This is an increase of 585 in one year.—Rowell's Amer. Newspaper Directory.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by university men, and made by the same tailor.

At the National Archery Tournament, recently held in Chicago, 48 ladies were among the contestants, and Miss Morrison of Cottage Hill, Cincinnati, carried off the highest honors at the sixty yards range.

Mrs. J. W. Stow certainly knows how to edit a paper and make it attractive. We wish there were more like her in the editorial fraternity.—*Weekly Proof Sheet*, San Francisco.

Mrs. M. T. Thomas won, at the University of Zurich, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, "*suma cum laude*," the highest honor ever granted there.

We set type, print, do all the writing and scissoring, pay cash for ink and paper, pay postage, and, further, pay rent for our office, pay for fuel, clothing, food, and do all the cooking, washing and ironing, and are expected to furnish sample copies of the joint production *free*.—*Sunny Clime*.

The petticoat is gradually but surely getting away with the ulster. There are seven school superintendents, twenty ministers, twenty-six physicians, four lawyers and three editors of the petticoat-sex in Kansas.—*Public Press*.

Adelina Patti is little, lovely, and perfect in the mastery of her one gift! The diamonds in her hair and ears: sparkling little rivers of light around her arms, and flowing stream upon stream from throat ot waist, seem to be emanations, that belong to her, like her jetty hair. They say that amid all the luxury of her life she "trains like a prize-fighter," and so keeps her perfection of voice, figure, and face, as she nears the half-century boundry-line of life.

Children's Corner.

Father at Play.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play!

And made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale;

But we hadn't sailed into London town,
When captain and crew and vessel went down.

Down down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck,

But he broke out again with a lion's roar
And we on two legs and he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And frightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she wou'd be p'leceman now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how!

Then the lion laughed, and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, lickety, kickety, bo!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off, and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he,
Which was Charlie and which was me,

Or which was Towser, for all in a mix,
You'd think three people were surely six.

Till Towser's tail had caught in a door:
He wouldn't burrah with us any more.

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Mrs. Breeze tried to look unconcerned as she remarked that "they had evidently stolen a march and intended to surprise them, no doubt, with a joint of venison, so that Bruin would not loose his journey in case he returned that night."

The father sat in a curious armchair, that had done service in its day as a barrel, shaking with ague and fear for the safety of his son. He was not a courageous man, but depended upon his wife's stronger nerve-power in moments of doubt and danger, and his morning's labor had caused a more severe ague paroxysm than usual. At last, when the anxiety had become almost unendurable, the truants were seen emerging from the forest, by the wagon-path. Bill had the rifle on his shoulder and a spade in his hand, and Terry was walkig wearily as though suffering pain, Thus they returned from the first burial in the wilderness.

Terry hastened into the open arms of his mother, who had gone forward to meet them, and laid his tear-stained face in the dear old resting place. Etta stole wistfully up to her father and said softly, with swimming eyes.

"Towzie didn't tum fum de wuds wid Tay, did he, papie?"

"No darling, he did not! But if you will keep quiet and not cry I will tell you the reason."

„Etta won't ky papie, see teep till!" responded little three years old, folding her hands and looking very brave, as her father seated her on his knee and stroked her sunny hair. Then he explained to her all about the danger that they had passed thru on the night of their arrival, that Towz had probably saved *her* life, and that Bill could not help killing him, when he shot the wild-cat, because they were rolling over and fighting on the ground fast locked together.

"Will poo' dea' Towz neva pay hide and peep any mo' wid Milly and me?" sobbed Etta entirely forgetting her previous promise.

"No duckie! but Puss is alive and she will play with you. So don't cry and papa will get you a funny little puppy that you will like just as well as Towz."

"*No I can't eider!*" indignantly retorted Etta, scorning the idea that any other *dog* could ever take her playmates place in her heart.

Milly cried herself to sleep on the trundle-bed, and Puss, seeing that something was amiss, had cuddled up beside her and was soon revelling in dreamland among imaginary mice and fat chipmonks, that were inviting her to eat them, as they turned summersaults through the branches and plumped down under her nose. Terry's foot began to pain him, and after his mother had bathed it, he crept into the hammock and for a time forgot *his* sorrow in somnolent rest

Night overtook the solitary workman long before the underpinning was finished and with a sigh of regret he said in answer to the look of inquiry on Mrs. Breeze's face.—

"Guess I'll hev ter watch that ternal critter t'night. It kinder looks that way neow. He'll be back here sartin, an' I'll jist warm his skin with a taste of old 'charge.' Dern his pictur!" And he kept his word, for after supper he roasted some corn in the skillet, saying with a grim smile—

"It kinder chirks a feller up to champ this ere stuff when he's lunsum, or jist a wink sleepy." Then he gave the black pot a vigorous shake and stared hard at the glowing coals in the kettle.

Mrs Breeze looked across from where she was sitting, beside a small work stand, (a relic, of girlhood,) at the great awkward, towzle-headed man; so rough of exterior, but kindly and self-sacrificing, and thought of the contrast of now and thirty years ago, when he sat upon his mother's knee, a little dimpled babe. How the storms of life had beat and buffeted him since t en! Thus thinking she was seized with a *human* curiosity to know something of this hardy pioneer's history. It was a delicate subject to broach on so short an acquaintance, but her woman's tact did not desert her, as she held up the little stocking that she had finished darning, and poising it upon her finger said.—

"These little folks do make so many *gaps* that it requires a constant filling in to keep them in repair. I suppose Mr.—" here she stopped short for she only knew the man as Bill—the teamster.

"*Bill*, call me Bill!" broke in the man, "that's my *name* I used ter hev a handle to't, but that was sum time ago. When I was up ter Sagenaw I was knowed as '*Sandy* Bill,' on account of an other feller thar named *Bill*."

"Well as I was saying," continued Mrs. Breeze "children keep one busy all day from morning till bed-time, no quiet, no rest where they are."

"Wal mum, taint ivery one that's got the chance ter look arter the gaps they make, more's the pity! fur they's lots o' company, an' they make the heart lighter'n futhers. *I* orter know fur I've felt it."

"Then *you* have a *family*? I was not aware of that fact" said Mrs. Breeze, as she threaded her needle and took up another stocking to mend.

"Not neow!" broke in Bill huskily. "I dunno why I speak out, it's sunthin that I don't often talk about, leastwise not to *menfolks*. Yeou 're a 'oman an' got chicks o' yer own ter love an' ker fur, an' mebbe yeou won't ker ter hear a *lingo* frum the like o' me."

"Yes, yes!" replied the mother and Terry, who was wide awake, now, in the same breath. "Do tell us all about it."

If you think of anything that can be done to beautify or build up your town, go and do it. Keep your capital at home; patronize home industries; help your merchants to sell more so they can sell cheaper. Always get your work done in your own town if possible; subscribe and pay for your home paper, don't steal or borrow the reading of it. If you follow these suggestions and your town does not improve and build up it will not be your fault.—*Iowa, State Register.*

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

Do we live to eat, or eat to live, which?

Today we have the old and the new life before us. The old lives to eat, and the new eats to live. Science is shedding its clear ray upon the economy of life, health and longevity. We are beginning to study the marvelous mechanism of the human body; to acertain what will best nourish it, and its consummate blossom—the brain; we are growing out of the pie and pudding age and taking Nature's gifts fresh from her hands, unadulterated with greece and soda. However, we are not dogmatic, and therefore, the old style of elaborate cooking, and the new style of cooking or anti-cooking, will have an impartial hearing in this department: Also, drugging and anti-drugging.—S. G. S.

SCIENTIFIC COOKING.— "Take two pounds of the scraggy part of the neck of mutton," began Miss Parlon, reading from the book to the group of ladies gathered around the table, on which already appeared the mutton laid on a fresh board. Close attention was given to the explanation that what are called the poor parts—such as leg and neck portions—are really the best, because, being most exercised, the blood courses more freely through these, making them more nutritious and with a higher and better flavor. "Cut the meat from the bones and cut off all the fat," continued the teacher, and quickly two pupils reached forth their hands for the well-sharpened knives. The instructive talk went on while the ladies worked at the scraggy neck of mutton. "You could not get a cook to do what we are doing here," said one of the two, glancing up; "they would not take the trouble." The patient amateurs carefully severed the clean red portions from the bones, divided the different tissues, and cut those desired into smaller pieces. A general study was made of the difference between fat and gristle, of which the latter was to be retained because "nice to have little bits of it" in the broth. Equal care was observed in the preparation of vegetables brought together in this dish. A carrot was carefully cut in pieces as exactly alike as gold eagles; some turnips were treated in the same way, and an onion was cut into fine dice. All the bones were gathered into one saucepan, the meat with the vegetables and some barley into another, and cold water added to each and all to be gently simmered. According to a former pupil's expression on the idea of preventing rapid ebullition, this dish must only smile: The injunction was well remembered, and tender fingers were burned more than once in hastily lifting the lid for assurance that the Scotch broth was prorerly restrained to a "smile."

As one after another became fully engaged with her particular dish, receiving instructions on all the different points, the scene was one of curious activity. The smelts were prepared with extreme nicety by one of the pupils, washed well and drained, salted and dipped in beaten egg and bread crumbs. A slight girl worked with heroic expression on the batter for the apple pudding, which she stirred in a great bowl; her arms were strong as much practice with the violin could make them. Another with fastidious care mixed her queen fritters. Cold boiled potatoes were cut into mathematically correct cubes for one of the dishes and the Tartare sauce was concocted deliberately with eggs, oil, vinegar, mustard, sugar, peper, salt onion juice, chopped cappers and chopped cucumber pickles. Each pupil found sufficient opportunity during the performance of her own work to observe that of all the others. Meantime the subtlest of odors were ascending from the mutton pot, thence now and then moved the teacher for observation and additional precept. When the contents of the saucepan with the bones had been strained into that containing the meat and vegetables this delectable product from the scraggy neck of mutton was declared complete.

As much in earnest as the young ladies were, there was no lack of merry words. A little ripple of laughter went round when one of the married students referred to the disagreeable manners of her French cook. But the work of the morning was rapidly nearing completion. Although not quite as "shapely" as the lady wished the queen fritters were fair compensation for bending over the boiling lard until pearly ears became scarlet. At the same time the cook of the smelts dipped these, in the wire basket, into hot fat deep enough to float them, and they came out in two minutes and a half, according to the book, a handsome brown, and were placed on a sheet of brown paper to drain. The lesson lasted from 10 o'clock till long past 1, when all was finished, and the members of the class lunched on the products of their skill.

ANTISPASMODIC TINCTURE.—Take of pulverized lobelia seeds one pound, cayenne and scull cap, each a quarter of a pound, rneumatic drops one gallon, infuse for a week or more in a closely stopped vessel, shakeing it two or three times a day.

This is an invaluable preparation and is used in violent or critical cases of disease, such as locked-jaw, epilepsy, convulsions, croup, delirium tremens, fainting, hysterical attacks, apoplexy, poisoning, hydrophobia, suspended animation; it traverses the system with wonderful rapidity, snd rarely fails to restore the patient. Drowned persons have frequently been recovered by its use even under the most unfavorable circumstances.

In locked-jaw where teeth are rigidly clenched the antispasmodic tincture may be regarded as a sovereign remedy. The liquid reqiures to be poured into the mouth between the teeth and as soon as it comes in contact with the parts about the throat, the spasm will yield and the jaws open. Epileptic patients should carry a vial of this preparation about their persons and swallow a portion of this whenever they are threatened with a convulsion. I knew a young man with epilepsy who prevented many severe attacks in this way, though he rarely had any other than a momentary warning of their approach. If an individual is rendered insensible by a fall, blow, or injury of any description; the tincture may be employed with the greatest advantage, and it is much more speedy and effectual in raising the dormant energies of life than any mode of treatment, which has been devised by medical faculties.

The antispasmodic tincture is an active and powerful emetic and in case of poisoning by arsenic, laudanum, or any other substance it will evacuate the stomach in a speedy and effectual manner, many instances have occured in which it has freed the stomach of a dangerous poison when ipecacuanha, tarter emetic and sulphate of zinc have failed to produce any effect.

As an external application the tincture is employed in bathing sprains, bruises, rheumatic joints and any part of the body which is the seat of pain, it is also beneficial in erysipelas having the effect to arrest the progress of the inflammation and may be used in any stage of the complaint.—

DOSE.—This varies from ½ teaspoonful to a tablespoonful or more according to the nature of the disease. In convulsion, apoplexy and similar affections it may be administered largely, and also added to the injection, if these are employed in the quantity of a tablespoonful to each, the ordinary dose however by way of the stomach is a teaspoonful repeated frequently until relief is obtained and if the patient can swallow readily it may be administered in comosition tea or a tea of cayenne bay berry.—[Selected.

LOOK TO YOUR CHICKENS.

If you wish to have your hens attend strictly to business, give them a chance. Warm and sunny quarters, warm breakfasts of the boarding-house style, that is a mixture of potatoes, vegetables and meat with an occasionnl mess highly peppered. Clean, warm water, or warm skimmed milk in a clean vessel. Room for exercise, and make them saratch a part of the time by sowing their whole grain feed into the littering or ground floor of their quarters. We have found it a good practice to keep the floors covered three or four inches deep with chaff or cut straw, and when feeding whole grain scatter among the litter and rake in. In this way the fowl have to scratch for a living. If the floor is dry sand, which by the way is one of the best, dig the dry feed in with a steel rake. Remember that fowl clean themselves by using the dust bath and sun towel. See that they have both. If you have secured several barrels of road dust or dry loam you are all right; if you have been so shiftless that you have nothing provided you can use dry ashes, or go to some sand bank and secure a supply of dusting material. With the dust bath, whatever it may be, mix a good portion of sulphur. Before you get very far into winter look for lice. It won't pay to winter them and there is no need of doing it. If your fowl or fowl-houses are infested with lice or vermin, clean them out if it takes a week's time; you cannot afford to keep lice. They are one of the greatest of all drawbacks to egg production or thrifty poultry, only a few have hens that lay in the winter. The few that get eggs find it an easy matter, but they do it by giving the proper feed, care and attention needed. The many who do not get eggs are those who neglect the birds. There is too much neglect in this branch of farming. No other farm animal feels neglect so quick as a laying hen. A large majority of the poultry is neglected and left to rough it through. Fowl will pay for care and feed as well as cattle horses, sheep or pigs, and the labor in this department is lighter than in any other. There is no difficulty about any part of the work and anybody can do it. Treat the hens decently, give them clean and comfortcable quarters, and feed them well with a variety of food and they will lay.—X.

FRESH EGGS.—Pack in a cool place, small end down in kegs or boxes filled with finely powdered dried earth, or common road dust, or sifted coal ashes. These settle between the eggs, and keep them from the air, preventing evaporation of the white or spoiling the of yolk. The experiment was tried last summer. On taking the eggs out of the packing eight months after they were as fresh and clean looking as if just laid. On testing them for the table, they could not be told from fresh ones.

LEATHEROID CANS AND BOXES.-Leatheroid is a new article which is being made of paper. It consists of a number of thicknesses of cotton paper wound one upon another over a cylinder. The remarkable qualities of strength and adhesion it possesses are derived from a chemical bath through which the paper is drawn on its way to the cylinder. The effect of the chemical bath on the paper is said to be wonderful. Leatheroid, for the purpose it now serves, consists of about twenty thicknesses of paper; it is shaped upon or around molds, while wet, into the form it is to represent, and will hold that form perpetually when dry. When dried it is as difficult to raw-hide to cut with a knife. Cans made from this material are about one-fourth the weight of tin cans of equal size; while tin cans are liable to get bent, cans made from leatheroid are entirely free from this objection. They have the elasticity of thin steel, and no amount of kicking or handling can break them.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

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KEEP COOL.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

For the Herald.

"Keep cool" says the theologian who has knitted his brows over dry, knotty abstractions till hoping, fearing, loving, suffering, throbbing, *living* humanity has come to be in his seeming a mere thing to be drawn out or cut off or twisted around to fit some theological plan of salvation. He reminds us of the clothier who put a coat on a boy and tried in vain to button it and when the father said "the coat is too small" coolly made answer that the coat was just right but the boy was to big.

"Keep cool" says the man of business, to whom men are so many pieces on a chess board to be moved about to his advantage in the game of snapping dollars.

"Keep cool", says the woman of fashion who has property in her own right and has pinched her little heart and soul to nothing with her corsets, so that it is impossible for her to comprehend the cruel wrong done to women in harder circumstances.

"Keep cool," says the conservative, "and time will right all those barbarisms over which you are making yourself and every body around you, miserable."

"Keep cool" says the thoughtful reasoning, systematic but unfeeling philanthropist, I beg pardon for the seeming paradox, but I am sure I have seen those who do not feel the woes of humanity, but who see them and from the very logic of their minds set about a remedy in their cool way.

Yes, each and all of the classes above named and many more unnamed will tell you to keep cool when your heart is burning till your blood boils, over oppression that comes to woman through the idea that man—male man—is "the head". To each and all I make answer; I cannot and will not and do not want to keep cool. Time never righted one wrong; and those who tell us time has brought about this or that reform, fail to give credit for the work done in that time. Time gives opportunity for work and agitation; but let tongue and pen be silent and time is idle and wasted.

The reason I can not and do not want to keep cool is not simply that I have just been hearing that a man has pounded his wife to jelly.

It is not that I have been reading "Probate Confiscation" tho' that is enough to stir the most sluggish blood.

It is not simply that yesterday a Mass. woman, and a woman of more than ordinary intelligence too, looked at me incredulously when I told her that her husband could if he choose on his death-bed make some other person than herself the guardian of her (!) child.

It is not simply that Dr. Dix or Prof. Phelps or any third rate man presumes to define the sphere of woman while the veriest ignoramus among them would look with lofty contempt, and justly too, on any woman who should assume to be able to tell what men as a class must or must not do. What a vast difference it makes whether my bull has gored your ox or your bull my ox.

It is not simply for these reasons that I refuse to keep cool. There are many other causes "Why!"

I see men all around me, men made hard and selfish and egotistical, tyrannical and narrow minded, and women made stupid and weak or fretful and complaining or vixenish and intriguing by the various exhalations from the swamp of woman's subjugation; or as Prof. Phelps puts it "Man the head; woman not that but something else"—I believe he does not tell what.

I realize that our theology our system of Government and, alas! our family are based on the natural authority of one sex above the other. The man with low brutal instincts who beats his wife is on his plan carrying out his ideas of superiority just as the one higher up in the scale of manhood does it by disregarding every inspiration for individual freedom on the part of his wife and assuming to know just what kind of work, just what kind of amusement just how much money and just how spent, etc., etc., etc., ought to make her happy.

They say "Reform must begin at the hearthstone." While women with sorrowful hearts and pain racked bodies are bringing forth unwelcome children tainted with the lust and tyranny of the father and the servility and weakness of the mother, how shall any reform be born?

"Who would be free himsef must strike the blow" has been said *so* many times; and yet what else can we say to women who are so dressed that they never breathe a free breath nor walk a free step? Judge ye, my sisters, whether you are harnessed for the battle against political and financial oppression while of your own choosing you submit to fashion's shackles. But perhaps I am too hard even here. I know that in many cases the authority of some man is added to fashion's.

So I will not keep cool. I will burn and burn with a sense of the injustice done to women in a thousand ways, till perchance some other hearts not cold and dead past resurrection may feel the glow and warm into life and throb with pity over wrongs which they perhaps unconsciously inflict on those they profess to hold dear.

Bloomfield, N. J.

PERILS OF LADY RIDERS.

Every now and then a fatal accident happens to a woman by a fall from a horse, says the New York *Times*. A recent one, occurring in an English hunting field, has been particularly commented on. The horse reared, fell backward, and before the rider could free herself the animal crushed her. Of late a new prong has been added to a lady's saddle—a third horn, in fact—and quite a number of these side-saddles have been introduced into the United States. The trouble seems to be that with this extra rig the difficulties of disengagement from the saddle are very much increased. If the position is rendered rather more secure—the imparting of sudden movements to the rider being prevented by these triple horns—when it becomes necessary in exceptional cases for a woman to throw herself out of her saddle she is secured so tightly that rapid action is impossible. Accidents will happen even to men who know how to ride, when a horse falls backward, the only escape being to slide down the horse's back, a circus-like performance, which is easier to describe than to carry out. But, with a rolling horse, a woman stands but little chance. A horse slips and down he goes, struggles for an instant, turns over on one side, and then comes a broken leg for the rider. As a great foxhunter said: "Any fool can fall, but the thing is to know just how to fall," and of course, "how to fall" can never be taught in a riding school. Exceedingly long and heavy riding skirts become even more dangerous with the three-pronged side-saddles, for one of the rider's leg may be so tightly enveloped that it can hardly be moved; then, again, if the limb is freed, there are chances of entanglement in the folds of the skirt in the new prong, and a fearful dragging of the rider. No matter what are the precautions used, as long as a woman must ride in an unnatural position, there is danger, but the risk may be reduced to a minimum in this way: Never permit a woman to ride a horse that has a single vice or trick. If all the accidents happening to women who ride were studied, it would be found that 72 per cent of them arise from a faulty horse, and the rest from the heavy unyielding material of the skirt. Side saddles have the least to do with it.

UNCOOKED FOOD.

BY ISAAC B. RUMEORD.

On this my forty-ninth birthday, I will try to sum up the result of my experience in the use of the grainia diet.

My health was never good and I have had dyspepsia since my earliest recollection. That with liver complaint made life a constant struggle, and often during the past ten years I have wished that I might give up the fight. I have tried various expedients for relief. For eight years I tried to live hygienically, and to some advantage, I think. But I had to be exceedingly careful, and at every little irregularity I suffered with sick headache. I have fifty stands of bees to care for, and I found it necessary to have a stool to sit while looking over the frames, also a seat at the extractor, in order to keep up at all.

In September, 1881, I heard that a Mr. Hinde, of Los Angeles, had been living on uncooked food and wrote to him for particulars as to his seemingly absurd experiment. He replied that he was receiving much benefit therefrom. I concluded to try it for a week and began by using fresh grapes, followed by canned and dried fruit, soaked raisins, etc. with about eight ounces per day of grainia—or grain with bran and all cut fine in a steel mill, as my teeth were nearly all gone. The grainia was not palatable at first by itself, but mixed with fruit juice or made into uncooked cakes with minced raisins and other fruit, it made a pleasant food. This method of living had not been followed more than two weeks before all sign of dyspepsia was gone, and my health was improving in every direction, though there was a gradual and steady falling off in weight which continued until my weight went down from 132 to 124 pounds. Still that was no real loss, as the muscles grew more solid every day, and mental exercise increased, until, discarding the stool in the apiary, I have been able to accomplish more than double the work done before, enjoying what was formerly exhausting labor. I am out in the morning at or before break of day, feeling as gay as a lark, instead of clinging to the bed as before, until forced out by the demands of labor, and I get up in the morning feeling much better than after a night's rest on cooked food.

The year has passed as a happy day. I now eat daily from a quarter to a half pound of grainia with two or three pounds of fresh fruit—grapes, apples, etc., or the equivalent in fruit dried and pounded until mellow. I weigh 135 pounds, and my gain in personal appearance has been as marked as my improved feelings and ability to work. People take me to be thirty instead of fifty, and old friends say they never saw me look so well. I use no salt in my food and I am not thirsty once a month. Indeed I cannot say that I have really desired a drink this summer. I do not have that unsatisfied craving which the use of salt, sugar, and stimulants causes, and which probably lays the foundation for the use of tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcoholic drinks. Furthermore the abominable cook-stove is removed, and my wife is free from that toil which carries to the grave its thousands every year.—[*Laws of life.*

Bakersfield, Cal.

The essential qualities of food are united in their highest perfection only in uncooked fruits and grains as they come from the hand of Nature; and the unperverted appetite demands nothing else.—[Gustav Schlickeysen.

If *cold, raw* food is so much more wholesome for human beings, how is it that scientists recommend *warm cooked* food for cattle and fowl? Farmers say that the latter is much more nutricious and fattening than the former. Will the raw food advocates please explain? [Ed.

CONTRAST.

The bells of Lent rang up, rang down,
Through all the babel of the town;
Rang soft, rang clear, rang loud or low,
As loud or low March winds did blow.

Thro' wide-flung doors the hurrying throng
Caught hint of psalm and snatch of song—
The high-strung song of plaint and prayer,
Of cross, and passion, and despair.

One, hurrying by amid the throng,
Who caught the sweetness of the song
Above the turmoil of the street,
Turned suddenly her weary feet,

And thro' the wide-flung doors passed in
From out the week-day whirl and din—
"Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence."

In fervent tones the singers sang,
While solemnly the organ rang,
"From flesh and sense"; the words struck clear
Upon the stranger's listening ear.

"From flesh and sense"; she looked across
The sun-lit aisles, where glint and gloss
Of diamond fire and satin shone—
A princess' raiment, that had won

A prince's ransom in the past;
Across the aisles, then downward cast
Her seeking glance in bitter heed
Of raiment that scarce met the need

That Winter keen and merciless
Brought home to her with savage stress.
And they, they neither toil nor spin,
These lilies fair, appareled in

These costly robes while others strive
And mourn to find themselves alive
Beneath the burdens of the day,
That leave small time or need to pray.

"Call me away from flesh and sense,"
When flesh itself seems half drawn thence.
"For you, for you, O favored ones,
These silken stalls, these organ tones."

Her bitter thought ran, as the prayer
Floated in music on the air.
"For you, for you, this house you call
The house of God; for me the thrall"

"Of toil and toil, from day to day,
While life wastes sordidly away
In vainest hope and dull despair
Of some sweet time, when one from care"

"May pause and rest a little space,
And meet life's bright things face to face.
But faint of heart, and very low
Of hope and comfort, I but know"

"In these dark days the needs of earth.
All else seems now of little worth;
And little worth your silken prayer
Against my wail of dull despair."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. Senate, Washington, March 8-82.

Mrs. J. W. Stow,

Madame: Your letter was received too late to have the proposed amendment to the postal laws acted upon. It probably would have been impossible to get the change made anyway, but next session there will be an effort made—I think. The subject has been discussed, and all the publishers of monthly and bi-monthly papers are requesting that this amendment, as you propose, be adopted. It seems to me just and proper, and I will do what I can to aid it.

Yours truly,

Jno. F. Miller.

Dowagiac, Mich.

Dear Editor Herald:

When the Bloomer Costume first appeared I adopted it, being then in feeble health and desiring something which would allow my *living outdoors*. Soon after the short dress as worn at Glen Haven, and later on at the Dansville Water-Cure, was adopted and from that time to this I've caught out every improvement and appropriated it, and am still waiting for something better—more perfectly adapted to the needs of womankind, in all conditions of life. I am anxiously awaiting the development of the Tripple S., hoping it may prove acceptable to women, generally, and that it may not be ridiculed out of existence, as many of its predecessors have been—by men. I know not what next we shall be deprived of, but one thing is certain men are determined to restrict and restrain the advancement of women in every conceivable way.

Ever fraternally yours,

Abbie Knapp.

San Jacinto, Cal.

Mrs J. W. Stow:

Madam:

Mrs. Le Beuf has been for a number of years a reformer in the dress department, but it is only since her marriage that she has had the privilege of wearing man's pants. She has appropriated her husband's wedding trousers and wears them with the bottoms tucked inside her shoe tops, and can be seen sometimes with walking jacket and trousers, but generally she wears a short-dress over all: as otherwise it would shock the barbarians of this civilized age. She wears her hair cut short and no heels to her shoes. She says that women who are wearing Bloomer Costumes and think they have reached the hight of reform, are only as yet, half emancipated; she contends that even a simple skirt, is a drawback to real comfort in out-door walking

Yours truly,

Alexis.

West View, Ohio.

Mrs. J. W. Stow:

Dear friend and associate of my girlhood and youth! What wonders are evolved on the wheels of time; and what glorious revolutions are being made in this age of progression. Only two days since, two of your excellent papers were handed me by Mrs. Tenney; and I soon sat down to a feast of good things. Oh, how I enjoyed the persual of the contents of "*Woman's Herald of Industry*" and how I long to clasp hands with you in this work of reform. But if I can do no more I can tell you of my strong desire and earnest wish to add my mite and "wish you God-speed" and success which you *will have*. As you, perhaps remember I (unfortunately) inherated, only a weak constitution and frail physical structure, and in all these years through which I have struggled I have always found my ambition and *will* to more than equal my bodily strength. And especially in my widowhood, left as I was with three small children, I found a good strong body was one of the greatest necessities of life. In less than five years after my husband left, two of my children followed, my oldest and my youngest, my two boys, and this I felt was greatly owing to my inability to provide for them as they had need. I had one left, a daughter, who staid until the 19th of June, '80, when she too went to the "home beyond the river." She had been married about 18 months; her prospects were bright in life, but she too, like her father and brothers, was a victim of consumption. Now here I am alone, (so far as my family is concerned) in the outward form, but *I* do not sorrow as those without hope, for I, for more than twenty years, have been investigating and enjoying the beautiful philosophy of progression here and hereafter, and what a help it has proven in all these hours of sorrow.

If you will send me sample copies of the *Herald* I will do what I can in getting subscribers. I have a threefold interest, I want your books and paper to help you and to place it in the hands of all I can and thus add my wee mite.

Ever faithfully yours,

Fannie A. Combs.

San Diego, Cal.

Mrs. J. W. Stow:

Dear Madam:

For several years I have dressed hygienically, discarding all that would interfere with health or comfort save the outside garments, those I thought I should never discard, but after reading a description of your beautiful dress I ventured to make me one. My husband was surprised and delighted he requested me never to wear any other style of dress, appreciating the healthfullness and utility of it at a glance; saying it was the most servicable dress a woman could wear. I am charmed with the comfort and convenience, for I spend most of my time out of doors with the chickens and flowers and it is just the thing to fly around in. Have made several suits but the trousers bother me. The Dr. dont like them to button around the ankle, prefers them made like your's but I cannot get them to hang nicely or feel comfortable so I am in trouble.

Will you, Dear Madam, please tell me where I can get a pattern like the one you speak of in the description of your Tripple S. Costume, I feel sure it will suit me better than any I have tried.

I read your paper with great pleasure. Am with you heart and hand in all that will elevate and help to better the condition of women. Unfortunately they are their own worst enemies. The most of them fancy they have all the rights and privileges they desire until thrown upon their own resources and compelled to battle for life then they bemoan their fate and wish they could do as men do but have not the courage to try. They must be educated to think and act, for themselves, and your paper is doing a good work. I circulate it among my friends and then send it to a dear timid little woman in Ohio whose husband is one of the Lords of creation and holds her body and soul in bondage. May she receive the light and shed it upon her children if she dare not bask in it herself.

Wishing you all success in your good work and hoping you will find it convenient to give me the desired information in regard to my trousers, I remain

Truly yours,

Mrs. Dr. B. M. Gildea.

San Diego.

Savannah, Ga., Mar. 30-282

Editor Herald:

Madam: You ask me what I have to say on castration. Ever since the "*Scientific American*" proposed it, a few years ago, as a preventive against the breeding of criminals (it was at the time when the papers were full of the rapid increase of criminals. It mentioned the case of that old criminal, the great grandparent of a progeny of over a hundred criminals) and suggested that all hardened criminals who enter the penitentiaries on repeated convictions should be castrated, I became convinced of the propriety of the procedure. The application of castration in cases of rape, as you first proposed in the "*W's Herald of Ind.*" seems to me particularly appropriate; for by removing the offending organs, a repetition of the criminal act will be prevented without impairing any of the faculties for the earning of the means of subsistance. Thus society would not be burdened with the expense of supporting such criminals. Of course, you do not advise cruelty in the performance of the operation, and therefore you would have the criminal put under the influence of chloroform. I do not see that Christians or Jews can well be shocked at the proposal of castration, when there are scriptural texts that would defend it.

Yours for the promulgation of truth wherever found.

L. Knorr. M. D.

Bits of Approval:

I heartily endorse your advocacy of castration as a just punishment for the crime of rape. During the session of our last legislature Dr. Fletcher introduced a bill looking to castration of rapers, but it failed to pass. That the time is coming for the consumation of your ideas, is evident. [Ed. *Woman's Own*, Indianapolis.

To my mind yours is the best missionary work which is being done for women. Had I a thousand dollars to give to a philanthropic cause it would go to put the establishment at 304 Stockton-st out of debt.—Mrs. S. E. Smith, Seattle, W. T.

Mrs. S. has visited the establishment.[Ed.

I will take your paper on account of its advocacy of Dress Reform. I have worn pantaloons for 11 years and have no desire to wear any sort of skirt,—Cornelia Bocklin, Burlington, Ia.

I believe in castration for rapers and that all women should be competent to perform the operation, when their daughters are outraged, and the law lets the crime go unpunished. Your paper is doing much for womankind and it should be widely read. Women should qualify themselves to vote and hold office.—Mrs. M. A. Frick, Paso Robles, Cal.

Your work is a noble one, and every woman who wills can lend a helping hand. Hoping that out of the poison flowers of strife you will extract the honey of success, I remain your Co-worker in reformation. —Mrs. A. Sutton, Bodie, Cal.

It is truly astonishing what a world of suffering is caused by the abuse of the organs of reproduction. Why, the beasts of the field are more refined in their manner of life, than our own species—taken as a whole. Great Spirit of Wisdom hasten the time when light shall shine on our world and dispel the terrible curse of *Lust!* —Mrs. H. J. Severance, Glover, Vt.

I too am in favor of castrating idiots and thoroughly believe that it is the only sure cure for the crime of rape, and a just preventive where people are not fit to propagate their own kind,—Eliza H. Fales, La Salle, N. Y.

The *Herald* is truly devoted to the best interest of humanity, and it seems to me that every woman who reads it—(I wish every woman in the land *would* read it) cannot but feel encouraged and filled with new life and ambition to be independent and self-reliant, and, consequently, more energetic in demanding for herself the right of representation.—Mrs. R. A. Fraser, Canneautville, Pa.

"THAT INFAMOUS SYSTEM."

By Elmina D. Slenker.

For the Herald.

I've just finished reading the March No. of H. of L, and think it is one of the very best yet issued. It is full of pregnant thought on so many grand and glorious reforms that it is enthusing and charming in the extreme. I wish I could put a copy in the hands of every appreciative reader in the world—especially in the hands of every woman.

But I dont understand why the article on "Employment of Women in Washington Clerkships" was published without note or comment. It would seem that Mrs. Stow endorses the writer and deprecates the employment of women as clerks, the same as he does. Now while we must all lament the result of the "Infamous System" as it is now carried on, this should not lead us to condemn the bestowal of the offices upon women equally with men. We should rather demand that women have more offices—that women hold more of the controlling power—that women stand in the high places where power gives the clerks their situations; and last but not least—that all women be taught to become self-supporting the same as men are: That each woman be taught to hold herself as sacred to herself, and under no circumstances to bestow on any man sexual favors in return for financial aid. Only love, pure holy and high, should ever admit of that close and intimate sexual union which is designed by Mother Nature herself solely as a means of perpetuating the race. If ever woman is to mix and mingle with man on terms of perfect equality, to stand by his side in all the walks and avenues of life, this question of Sex-Relation must be lifted up on its true plan and *Alpha* Continence become the ultimatum.

It is not by secluding and bareming our women, it is not by taking them out of the reach of Man's lust and passion, that we shall crush out such "Infamous Systems" —but it is by educating the race, we must circulate such papers as the H. of L and interest people in their teachings, till we imbue them with the Spirit of Purity, Hygiene, Love and Equality. Teach women to support themselves and no longer beg of men, depend on men, or accept from men what is theirs by rightful inheritance.

Sisters, scatter your papers far and wide—buy all you can afford to and mail them where they will work for Woman, and working for her, work for all the race.

"The wife, and she is not one jot less than the husband, the daughter, and she is just as good as the son the mother. and she is every bit as much as the father."

Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

Man vs. Law—Man stands in perfect awe of the law—the major portion of which has been handed down from the people we fought seven years to free ourselves from. Yet their laws, so detestable to progressive man, are held sacred, and their sway must be held inviolate.

We, as people, are too apt to submit to the "law." But if the law or the Constitution stands in the way to human progress, we should drive thro' them. For man is real, and laws and Constitutions only ideal. Shall the ideal control the real, as a whole, or shall the real control the ideal? Law eminates from man, and can be no greater than its creator hence man should control law.

To say that to give woman the ballot and make her equal will destroy family unity, is to acknowledge that men are not yet willing to live with their equals, and you might as well say that men should do all the praying, confessing and repenting, and represent the family in Heaven, as well as at the polling booth. I am afraid the women would have as slim a chance in Heaven as they now do at the polls, if the men had to represent them.—Mary B. Clay.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts. is made.

Agents Wanted.

SHORT ARTICLES are solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

LANGTRY A THOROBRED.

Lilian Le Breton Langtry is one of Nature's noblewomen. She comes of thorobred stock, and, therefore, clean pure blood flows in her veins; blood which was not poisoned in childhood by unwholesome food, or allowed to stagnate under unwholesome restraint—because she was a girl in a houseful of boys. She was their peer in healthful sports in-doors and out-doors; she could follow the hounds, swim like a mermaid, row, skate, and shoot like a marksman.

"Professional Beauty" has stuck in the crop of the average American Bohemian—and why? He goes into extacies over a four-legged "professional beauty" that cannot charm by the witchery of cultured voice or polished talents. Is it a crime for a human being to be a *professional beauty*? If it is, let that sort of crime increase until the world is filled with just such criminals, we cant have too many of them, and let them wedge a relentless war of extermination against human schrubs. The world is a festering cancer of bad blood, and every asylum, for adults, is a cureless carbuncle upon the face of our boasted civilization; therefore give us many more such women of exquisite form and matchless grace as Lilian Langtry—a creature of divinest mold, patterned after the old Greek ideal of the union of delicacy and strength; a head firmly poised, a perfect oval, set upon its delicately proportioned neck and sculptured bust, such a head and figure, for example, as the Venus de Milo or de Medici, something, too, like one of Tadema's stately matrons; large, beautiful gray eyes, a very rich soft voice, a queenly carriage, and apparreled like the lillies—but unlike them, she is an indefatigable "toiler and spinner" in her artistic realm; a labor that will place her lyric talents as high upon the pedestal of fame as her lovely form, features, and expression have done.

A woman of faultless physical perfection is everywhere recognized to be the most beautiful being that was ever created, because the gift of sight is the one sense *par excellence*. Beautiful women have had a power over the masses mightier than mitre or scepter. It is this subtle power which made the great London world, busy with all its tasks and pursuits, tarry so long to pay homage to this beautiful woman of the 19th century. It is not the first time that London's head has been turned by a beautiful woman, and women: Per example, the London *Times* says:

The beautiful Gunnings, Maria and Elizabeth, who appeared at the court of George II., one at the age of eighteen and the other of nineteen and both without a shilling to their dowry. "They are declared" writes Walpole, "to be the handsomest women alive; they can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." One day they went to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the "Beauty Room," another party arrived; the housekeeper, in a state of great excitment, said to the new-comers: "This way, ladies; here are the famous beauties!" The Misses Gunning thereupon flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; they went to see the palace, and not to be shown as a sight themselves.

The youngest became the wife of James, Duke of Hamilton; he fell in love with her at a masquerade, and a fortnight later met her at an assembly in Lord Chesterfield's gorgeous new house in Mayfair. His Grace was so enamored of the lovely Elizabeth that he left the faro-table, where he had staked a thousand guineas, and "let the game slide," while he paid devoted court to his enchantress. Two nights later, at half an hour past midnight, they were married by Dr. Deith with the ring of a bed-curtain in Mayfair chapel, one of the most hasty and eccentric marriages on record. In less than three weeks Maria Gunning followed her sisters example and was wedded to Lord Coventry though not with such indecent haste, as in the other case.

The two beauties were even greater objects of popular curiosity after their marriage than before. When the Duchess of Hamilton was presented, the crowd, at the drawing-room was so great even "noble persons" clambered upon thn chairs and tables to look at her, while mobs gathered around the doors of the two goddesses to see them get into their sedan-chairs; and such crowds flocked to see the Duchess when she went to her castle that seven hundred persons sat up all night in a Yorkshire town in order to see her start in her post-chaise the next morning.

Lady Coventry was equally run after. At Worcester, a shoe-maker made 2½ guineas by showing, at a penny a head, the shoe which he was making for the Countess

No "professional male beauty" can ever rival a "female professional beauty." There have been strikingly handsome men who have turned the heads of women—not men (handsome *women* turn the heads of both men and women, old and young)—such as Ringold, Montague, Brignoli, Thorne, etc., and now we are to be treated to Terress, Langtry,s compatriot, who is said to be a matchless male beauty, *small* but handsome. "Seeing is believing."

Men are making frantic efforts to make themselves as beautiful as women—even going to such extremes as doning petticoats and pantalets. They err there. Petticoats and pantalets detract from masculine or feminine beauty. A New York exchange says:

Men are becoming very luxurious, and their dressing-rooms, sitting-rooms, wardrobes and repositories for personal belongings display tastes more costly than those of women. Underwear of the softest, richest knitted silk; dozens of South American panjamas, for night and dressing room wear, of China crepe, soft twilled Chinese silk, cashmere, flannel bound with satin and embroidered, and all in the daintiest, most delicate of tints and colors, such as ivory, pale blue, pink, buff, or violet. The panjamas consist of drawers and loose blouse jacket with sailor collar. When made in ivory they are often faced with a collar and embroidered with ivory silk in a little vine or in the corners of collars and cuffs. If the panjama is in colors it will, perhaps, be embroidered on. The daintiest of all is an all white panjama of ivory Chinese crepe or silk enriched with hand embroidery, and these are made for the wedding outfits of fashionable men, who will have a dozen in various delicate colors embroidered in white.

These elegant gentlemen have for smoking companions the gate of a country house in nickle or silver, with chain rings instead of bars to hold cigars upright, and side lights represent gate lamps, but holding candles, and post pedestals to form matchholders. These cost from $150 to $250, and are sometimes ornamented with a bird or rooster in the act of crowing. Another recently imported piece of masculine extravagance is a lamp, the lower part of which forms a tripod set upon a double hoof decorated with natural hair. There are two burners representing wax candles under tinted and decorated glass, and the cost for a lamp of this kind is about $250. Another lamp has for its standard a horseshoe, with stirrup and riding whip crossed and twisted.

Panjamas and tight trousers will never make the thin-legged, scrofulous, "gilded youth of Gotham" handsome. A handsome man possesses muscle and manliness.

The great need of the hour is thorobred human stock, and when State agricultural fairs include healthy, well-made, well-born children, beautiful women and handsome men—flesh and blood Apolos and Venuses—in their premium catalogues, we shall begin to study and practice stirpiculture, giving as much thot to the livestock of parlor and kitchen as we now do to stable and stall.—MRS. STOW.

Woman's Social Science Asociations should be organized in every town in the nation. Let us co.operate.

HAVE FEWER AND BETTER CHILDREN

FEMALE EDUCATION.

S, F. Examiner.

Between the virtue of women and the cultivated intellect of man the race continues to progress, notwithstanding many hindering causes. We must put up the bars against hobbies and fanaticism in every direction. It is only truth to say—and we should be cautious never to weaken ourselves by declaring otherwise—that a little whiskey or a little tobacco, used at intervals of eight hours each day, would neither lengthen nor shorten life. But it is safe to assert if the habits of women were as defective in the unnerving abuses of whiskey and tobacco as those of men, a few centuries would well nigh wreck the race. Women are naturally better than men. It is the descent of their virtues, through heredity, from generation to generation, despite the sins and wickedness of men, that preserves the equilibrium of excellence and thus perpetuates the health, power, intellect and character of the human species. We find continued compensation in the conserving power of woman. Everything is inherited that goes to make up the human being, from the color of the hair to the structure of the finger nails. The most encouraging fact in connection with the improvement of the race is that acquired capacities are capable of tuansmission. Education is the measure of progress. Endowments follow training and culture. How important, then, that women should receive the highest brain culture attainable! The span of life is short. It is important that people should be born with more intellect, loftier natures and a greater tendency to occupy a higher moral plateau. Education is the chief factor of evolution. We blot out half of the resources of the human race, at least, when we fail to confer upon woman facilities for the highest intellectual training. A man with a week minded mother is but half-born.

The *Examiner* has the germ of thought in an article on female education: "A man with a weakminded mother is but half-born." If that be so what would be the condition of a year old baby under a like defective mental maternity? Would it be a quarter or half-quarter born, or would it be born at all? We give it up. Our esteemed contemporary must have suffered the severest pangs of mental crossbirth when he produced this most remarkable and original idea. He must be born again.—*Evg. Post* S. F. March 6th.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny."—[Revolutionary Watchword.

"All just governents derive their powers from the consent of the governed."—[Declaration of Independence.

"The radical basis of goverment is the 'equal rights' of all its citizens."—[Horace Greeley.

"Idiots, lunatics, persons under guardianship, felons, and persons convicted of bribery (unless pardoned or otherwise restored to civil rights) and women shall not be entitled to vote."—[Constitutional Law.

Idiot is of Greek extraction, and means a person who does not take any interest in public affairs.—[*Kossuth.*

When a government, state or nation, deprives its citizens of self-government it then and thereby *ceases to be republican or democratic*; it then becomes Paternal, Patriarchal or Monarchical.

Human nature would not be changed by giving women all the privileges that men have, and there is not the least danger of unfitting women for wives and mothers by giving them the ballot.

Good will of rulers is a very week guarantee of justice. Possession of power is far safer. Disfranchisement breeds contempt, in fact invites it and contempt breeds abuse.

The temple of equal rights is going up steadily and silently amid all the commotions of the angry sea of politics and the spoils system; yet without sound of ax or hammer our temple is being built by the noble men and women of this age.—*Manistee Times.*

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the above Costume for the last 20 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Whshington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

MARIETTA L. BEBB-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S. Costume: Trousers cut just like a man's, kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S. Costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

At a recent meeting of the National Dress Association, of London, it was announced that the Society had arrived at three conclusions. First, that the tight bodice must be abolished. Second, that freedom of movement and necessary warmth cannot be secured without the adoption of some kind of divided skirt. Third, that fluctuating fashion must be crystalized into some unchanging shape of dress. Dr. B. W. Richardson, who occupies an advanced position among the sanitary writers of Great Britain, thinks that the ladies of the Society have made real advance in deciding in favor of the divided skirt. Even the color of clothing is not without effect upon health. Dr. Richardson believes that gray is the most healthful and black the most harmful color, while as to material, he insists that it should be light, loosely woven cloth as porous as possible in texture.—X.

The California Woman's Social Science Association offers a prize of $100 for the hansomest dress for a woman, which clears the ground by twelve inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The prize exhibition will be held during the session of the first grand triennial conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco the first week in September, 1883. All nations are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at headquarters, 304 Stockton street, by the 1st of August. If any of the subscribers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH will secure this prize, we will add to it a free gift of THE HERALD OF HEALTH for life, on condition they furnish us a description of it for this journal.

—*Herald of Health.*

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "justice," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand — the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance. The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple justice—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This brace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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INTERMARRIAGES OF DISEASE

London Standard.

A disease, like the individual in whom it is located, has a genealogy. It has an ancestry of "morbid conditions" all commingled, and transmitted from sufferer to sufferer, until, "by inherited dispositions, accumulating and combining in indefinite proportions," altering for good or evil according to the soil on which it grows, a new one is produced. This in a few words, stripped of its technicalities, and deprived, unfortunately, also of the wealth of illustration with which it is accompanied, is Sir James Paget's ingenious theory. Its attractions are undeniable, its plausibility great, and though the author, in addressing a professional audience, forbore deducing a moral, the lessons which it irresistably suggests are two patent to escape notice. That children inherit the courage, cowardice, prodigality, frugality, face, figure, complexion, tone of voice, and talents of the parents is, of course, a truism. It is equally certain that diseased parents bequeath their frailties to their offspring. Scrofula, cancer, consumption, epilepsy, rheumatism, gout, insanity, cretinism, albinism are among the most familiar of the diseases or defects which "run in families". A craving for alcohol is a recognized "morbus" handed down from father to son, while listlessness, sloth and impracticability are as readily transmitted as a capacity for work and a clear brain from one generation to another. A prudent person hesitates to marry a consumptive or a member of a family in which insanity has appeared, thus acknowledging the soundness of the data mentioned. Consanguinity is believed, and justly so, to intensify the risks of transmission, though only because there is a chance of near relatives, such as cousins, being tainted with the same family trouble. Yet little care is taken to avoid dangerous "intermarriages of disease" to use the pharse which Dr. Benjamin Richardson has so happily coined. If both parents have a tendency to the same malady the children can scarcely escape. But if cancer and consumption wed there is hardly a hope of the offspring escaping early death or life long misery from cancer, lupus, consumption, tuberculosis of the brain, epilepsy, diabetes, from nervous injury, or some variation or combination of all these. The intermarriage of rheumatism and consumption is productive of hydrocephalus and disease of the bony frame-work of the body, such as hip-joint disease, so common among weakly children. The State does not in modern times—as in a more heroic age—exercise a control over marriage. It is therefore all the more imperative on those who are swayed by some regard for posterity not to neglect in marriage every consideration save those of affection, wealth, position, or social fitness when their own future sorrow and that of another generation are involved in their neglect of the laws of nature.

WOMEN PROFESSORS.

An Indiana paper tells us: "A school of oratory will be opened at Bloomington University in September, to be taught by Miss Maria P. Bruce, A. B., of Vassar College." Then there is a school of oratory taught by a woman on Fourth street, Louisville, Ky., not far from the recorder's office, which shows that these women orators are invading the South. An irrepressible teacher at Hopkinsville, Ky., has employed one for several years to teach the girls elocution, and even a preacher has found it to his advantage to take lessons from her since she has been there. She is such a fine elocutionist she has been requested at different times to give public readings in the adjoining counties, which have invariably delighted her auditors, while her modesty and refinement were such as to extract praise from the most cultured in each community. If they keep on in this way a few years longer women will become our chief teachers in elocution and oratory, and there is no telling where it will end. The men have had a monopoly of public speaking for so many ages they naturally look with suspicion upon any others who may aspire to the same privilege. They say woman is not adapted to public speaking, she is out of her sphere, it unsexes her, &c., But here is the trouble about these assertions. How will it sound in future for those who have been taught by the women how to read and to speak to say to their teachers, though you have taught us how to speak, you are incompetent to become speakers yourselves. We forewarn you in time it will be difficult to make these teachers believe it. If you wish to keep women from becoming public speakers it won't do to allow them to excel as teachers of oratory as some of them are now doing. The young men must bester themselves and study to make accomplished elocutionists and orators, or the women will supplant them. This is an age when people are beginning to believe in the survival of the fittest, irrespective of sex or previous condition of servitude. Here is what a woman speaker recently said in a lecture to young men: "Get married young men, and don't wait for the millennium for the ladies to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you brutes!"—[A. B. Cabaniss.

GOOD WORK.

In New York city, Prof. Adler has an organzation he calls a "Society for Ethical Culture," which is doing good work according to the following report of it by the Christian Union:—

The practical work of the Society is threefold. It comprises an "ethical school," a "working-men's school and free kindergarten," and a "district nursing" department. The first is the Sunday school of the Society. It meets on Sunday afternoon at the Society House. The duties of life are taught in two groups, (one) those which regard self, and (two) those which regard others. The histories of the great religions of the world are reviewed, and the central idea of each is emphasized. The course is concluded for adults by a lecture upon the philosophy of religion. In teaching very young children, biography is used to illustrate the duties of life. The workingmen's school and free kindergarten was organized in the month of January, 1878, with one teachar and eight pupils. It has now two hundred and fifty pupils, ranging between the years of three and nine, a principal, and eight assistants. The children are all from poor families, and the instruction is free; clothing and food being also supplied where they are needed.

The school now has four classes, and a new class is to be added every year until the number reaches eight, when the course will be complete. The district nursing department has been in operation since the spring of 1879. The Society employs two nurses,—Mrs Benedict and Mrs Ditts,—who work under the direction of the dispensary physician at the Demilt and New York Dispensaries. The scene of their labors is in that odorous and pestilential district of Mott and Baxter streets, and along the East River. The nurse obtains from the physicians every morning a list of patients, and makes her round of visits. She labors entirely outside of the hospitals.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 304 Stockton-st., San Francisco.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
AT PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING,
Appleton St., Boston. Terms $3 a year.

HORACE SEAVER, Editor.
JOSIAH P. MENDUM, Publisher.
ERNEST MENDUM & JOHN A. O'MALLEY,
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In the course of a few years the Northern Pacific Railroad will run through an avenue of shade trees hundreds of miles in length. The extensive tree planting is being done to protect the road from storms and snow drifts. In addition to having a large gang of men at this work between Fargo and Bismark in Dakota, the officers have distributed immense quantities of seedlings and cuttings to the farmers settled on the land grant, and offered prizes for skill in forestry.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Clara S. Foltz, by indefatigable industry, has made for herself an enviable position as an able and conscientious lawyer. She practices in all the courts.

Mrs. A. O. Cook, Thulow Block, is the best artist in hair jewelry in San Francisco. She also preserves natural flowers so perfectly, that they have the appearance of fresh gathered blossoms.

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Mackay's Carpet Emporium, Market-st, is the place to find the latest designs in carpets, oil cloths, linoleum, druggets, etc.

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The S. S. S. use, and recommend them, and the 17th Industrial Exhibition of the S. F. Mechanics' Institute awarded the inventors a handsome bronz medal, and a diploma for the most beautiful, original, floral design.

Gentlemen in search of the latest style in Gents Furnishing Goods will find exactly what they want, breakfast suits, business suits, hunting suits, wedding suits and price to suit at NICOLL THE TAILOR'S, 818 Market Street, S. F.

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The Shaker Ear and Eye Balsam is very highly and deservedly recommended.

Bank at the San Francisco Savings Union, the safest place in the state.

Trumbull's, 421 Sansome-st is the best place to buy seeds and bulbs on the coast.

If De Tocqueville was right in attributing that "singular propensity and growing strength of the American people merely to the superiority of their mothers," it is time that the commonwealth availed itself more directly of the reserve forces and sources of such superiority.

I earnestly desire to see a more rational basis for the political future of our sex, which is as sure to develop as the dawn to follow the dark. I have never faltered for an hour in this wish or this assurance.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

SELF ABNEGATION.

BY FANNIE A. COMBS.

I would not ask that all my way,
Be strewn with blooming flowers,—
That life be one bright sunny day;
And no dark cloudy hours.

I would not walk in paths too high—
Above the vale so low
To ever hear, or breathe a sigh,
Or other's sorrows know.

I would not seek for glory's crown,
'Till I my burdens bear,
With patience, till the sun goes down,
Then stars of light I'd wear

For Oh; so pale would fade the flowers,
And sun-shine dry them up;
Dark clouds oft' bring refreshing showers,
And fill with joy our cup.

When to excess on sweets we feed
And sparkling vintage sup,
A better tonic we may need
And angels bring the cup.

How beautiful becomes the gold,
Through fires that rage severe;
They cast the spirit's finest mold
And form our gems most dear.

'Tis sorrow sometimes melts the heart—
Its flames consume the dross,
Though bright the polish they impart
The metal meets no loss.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

WOMAN AT WORK. Vol. VI. Brattleboro Vt. MRS. E. T. HOUGH, Editor. Price $1.

This bright-faced magazine is beautiful in its faultless typography and editorial excellence, and its pure radiance should quicken the home life of thousands, for there is no black-hole of forgetfulness within its generous pages. Everything which tends to make home "the dearest spot on earth" is remembered, and burnished with an artists touch.

THE SUNNY CLIME. Vol. V. A Journal of fact fun and frolic, published every Saturday at Terrel, Texas. Blonde and Brunnette, Editors. Terms $1 a year.

These bright girls have blazed a new path thru the quick-set wilderness of prejudice against any divergence from the old beaten track for women. But we like it, and wish the daring Sunny Climers hearty goodspeed. There is no reason why women should not edit and *own* fanny papers, and grow as rich as the *Puck* men of New York and the *Punch* men of London. Women are far wittier than men, and the masculine subjects they have to poke fun at are far more ridiculous than feminine excentrics—barring the clothes they wear. We advise every lean, dyspeptic hypochondriac to send for the S. C. and laugh and grow fat over it —as we do.

THE TRUTH SEEKER. Vol. X. A Freethought Journal founded by D. M. Bennett in New York City. Price $2.50. Samples free.

Believing there is nothing in the wide world so valuable as truth, *The Truth Seeker* is earnest and constant in searching for it, and hesitates not to fearlessly avow its convictions. It is out spoken in its condemnation of the errors of the past, and in holding up the light of the present. Since the founder's death it has been ably managed by Mrs. Bennett. We have received Mr. Bennett's "Answer to Christian Questions" Price 25c. To those interested in theological discussions this little work will be a spur in the heel of controversy.

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All radicals will accept this journal as one of the most radical of radicals. It advocates the greatest freedom,—not license,—and it would abolish all laws that interfere with that freedom. It is reshing to look upon all sides of a question thru these Argus-eyed investigators of this progressive age.

THE LIBERAL. Vol. I. Liberal, Mo. G. A. Walser, Editor. A 4p. weekly newspaper devoted to freethought. Price $1.

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The bugle blast of this aggressive Journal is never misunderstood. It preaches the startling doctrine that the rewards of this life should be commensurate with the deeds of this life.

THE WOMAN'S OWN. Vol. I. Indianapolis, Ind. G. W. Hunter, Editor. Price 50c.

No. 10 of this eight-page monthly has grown so large that it has had to have a new dress to fit it, which fits, looks and reads remarkably well. Mr. Hunter evidently intends that his patrons shall have their moneys' worth.

THE COLUMBIAN. Vol. III. St. Helens, Or. E. G. Adams, Editor. A 4p. weekly. Price $2.

St. Helens must be a wideawake little (or big town), judging from the quality of *The Columbian*, as a general newspaper. Mr. Adams evidently understands the art of pleasing his patrons, by giving them *quid pro quo* for their money.

THE WEEKLY SENTINEL. Vol. III. San Leandro, Cal. Weston P. Truesdell, Editor. Price $3.

Mr. Truesdell, son of the eminent doctor, author and lecturer, makes a bright, readable Journal, and San Leandro is fortunate in numbering such enterprising people among its citizens.

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Truth is fearless, outspoken, radical. It believes that every human being was created for happiness, instead of misery; that the producers of wealth should enjoy the products of their labor; that land should be as free as light and air. It dishes up unsavory pottage for monopolists and unflinchingly sends its gudgeon thru the vitals of Hard Cash. It heralds the lightning and thunder of the gathering tempests of two hemispheres, and smells of powder in every page.

THE CALIFORNIA PATRON. Vol. XI. San Francisco, Cal. An 8p. weekly newspaper devoted to the Farm and Grange, J. Vincent Webster, Editor. Price $1,50.

The Patron is the Official Organ of the great co-operative Brotherhood and Sisterhood (The Grange recognizes a *Womankind.*) of the Pacific slope. It is at home wherever the hand of Industry makes two blades of grass grow where but one has grown before. It studies the habits necesities and worth of everything that runs, flies or swims; of everything that buds, blossoms or bears fruit. Everywhere, from the cradle to the Matron's Chair and Slippered Corner, will be found words of wisdom, and whoever fails to take it does himself or herself great mental and financial injustice.

"MAN" *AGAIN.*

Hydra-headed "*Man.*" He (*He!* There is no more sense in calling a newspaper *he*, or *she*, than there is in calling a stick of wood, or a lampost he or she.) has had *four* sorts of heads in *his* brief existence. Some of them have been as ornate as the lace heads of ye olden-time dame. *He* claims that Man includes Woman. I deny it. The complex crown is on the wrong head. Woman includes Man.

Man is no name for a Liberal League organ. Change the objectionable *Man* to *Woman*, or better still, *Liberal League*, and you have a head that will hold water enough to put out all the fires of opposition. Let every woman cry "Shame!" and refuse to support *Man* or the League till this is done; and when you get a sensible, consistent head, decide upon a style of architecture that will be permanent. Dont have any more Jumping-Jack heads. We (singular) dont like an old friend's body topped off with a stanger's head.

From all we can learn of the L. L. (!) it is a *he* organization, officered, ruled and run by *men*—and *Man*. That's not a Liberal League in any true sense of the word, and every woman should hold aloof from it until it changes its head, hat and coat. It seems that *Man* was borrowed, a sort of "a loan of a lover," from Asa K. Butt's *Scientific Man.*

The editor of *Man* unblushingly proclaims that "*all HOGS include the female.*"

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It is a ringing monograph on dress reform.—[Inter Ocean.

Trenchant truths in a pleasant style. We commend it.—*Woman at Work*

It is thoughtful, practical, entertaining in every paragraph.—Hartford *Globe.*

The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.—Whatever the internal application of hot water may effect, girls desirous of having a good complexion would do well to apply it to their faces. They should either dip their faces into a basin of very hot water or apply the water with a sponge. At first they are like lobsters, but in a few moments this is replaced by a tint of peaches and lilies.
—*London Truth.*

Capersauce.

MOUSE AND EDITOR.

The Denver *Tribune* discourses thus: No one can tell—no one knows however a mouse got into the drawer of an editor's desk, but the mouse is always there when the drawer is closed and when the editor is eliminating some abstruse, ponderous thing from his over taxed brain. Aye, the mouse is there and at work with an incessant and everlasting nibbling, gnawing, scraping, sawing, filing, hammering, clawing, grating, pounding, squeaking, rubbing, slamming, biting, howling, moaning, rustling, hustling, bustling, chewing and scrambling till, in a moment of desperation, the editor yanks out the drawer with the vigor and celerity of a pile-driver, just in time to see something like the end of a leather shoe-string whisk over the back fence of the drawer. There is no visible exit, there is no visible entrance to the drawer when it is closed, there is not even a keyhole for the mouse to breathe through. It is as lonely as an honest man—it is as vacant as a Congressman's head. And yet the mouse comes there, maybe grows there, and lives and breathes and waxes fat there; and, as the night advances and all nature is hushed, the mouse will get up out of bed and dress itself and sing praises and slam itself around like a brass band and play the very hob with the three editors and seven reporters. And yet no one ever sees the mouse.

Write, we know, is written right,
When we see it written write.
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right.
For write, to have it right,
Must not be written right, or rite,
Nor yet must it be written wright,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

A difficult question: Squire's daughter—"What is this we hear about your father and mother quarreling so, Peggy?" Peggy—"They've each had a little money left 'em, Miss, and I think feyther he wants the lot. Anyways, they can't agree nohow whether her money is his'n, or his hern, or his'n and hers hern."—[Fun.

A Deadwood man advertises his wife as follows: "My wife Sarah has shook my ranch, when I didn't do a durn thing ter hur, an' want it distict'ly understood that any man who takes hur in an' keers fur hur on my akount will git'imself pumped so full of led that sum tenderfute'll locate 'im fur a Minrul Claime. Eff she runs Hur Face fur *flexins* I wunt put up fur hur, an, Ile lick the sun-of-a-tornado that takes a stand off, oven fur the drinks, a wurd tu the wize is sufishunt an, ortur wurk on fules——*tu.*

"Oh," said Daisy to her mamma, "I was in the parlor last night, behind the sofa, when the preacher came in to see sister Kate, and they did set up too close for anything; an' the preacher said, 'Katie, dear, I luv you,' an' Katie said, 'Oo, oo;' an' the preacher kissed her right smack in the mouth, an' said, 'Dear Katie, how good the Lorb is to us poor sinners;' an' Katie said, 'Oo,oo;' an' then—an' then" "Well" said her mamma "you wicked child, you wicked child, what did you do?" "W'y, mamma, I felt so good, I blurted right out, 'Let usp ray,' an' you ought to have seen 'em jump."

And now there is but one step more. We permit the lame, the halt, and the blind to go to the ballot box; we permit the foreigner and the black man, the slave and the free man, to partake of suffrage; there is but one thing left out; and that is the mother that taught us, and the wife who is thought worthy to walk side by side with us. It is Woman that is put lower than the slave, lower than the ignorant foreigner. She is put among the paupers and the insane whom the law will not allow to vote.

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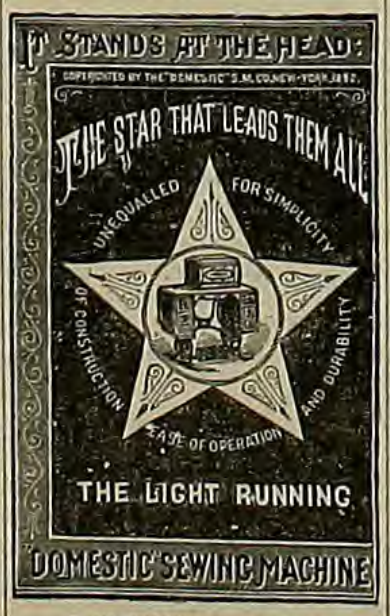

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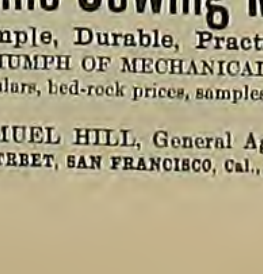

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Vol. 2. No. 6. San Francisco, California, June, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

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S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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One day I heard a bishop preach
What every bishop's bound to teach—
The sin of worldly pride;
That, dwelling in this world of lies,
We ought to shun its vanities—
And much good talk beside.

Next day I saw the bishop ride,
A liv'ried coachman at his side,
A tiger up behind;
And, as I watched the equipage,
The bishop's pious verbiage
Somewhat confused my mind.

I saw the bishop's carriage pass
Another of its own proud class,
Wherein a duchess sat.
Mark you with what a lowly bow
His lordship lifts from off his brow
His sacerdotal hat!

At the next corner, down the street,
The bishop's carriage chanced to meet
A wretched garbage cart;
His lordship's horse, through fear or pride,
From the low object quickly shied,
Making the prelate start.

How testily, in language tart,
The barefoot owner of the cart
The bishop now doth chide,
And tells her with unwonted heat
That she should not obstruct the street
Wherein her betters ride.

Then, leaning back with virtuous air,
He leaves the poor girl standing there,
Uncertain where to walk.
And thus the pious prelate's ride
Taught me the sin of worldly pride
Far better than his talk.

Mrs. M. S. Hopkins, who lives near Goldendale, W. T., has an old-fashioned loom on which she has woven 500 yards of rag carpet during the past year.

Mrs. A. L. Lovejoy conducts the only fruit and vegetable cannery in Portland, Or. She employs a large number of hands and does an extensive business.—[X.

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE for the handsomest dress for a woman, which clears the ground twelve inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The PRIZE EXHIBITION will be held during the session of the first
GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE
of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco, the first week in September, 1883.
All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OFFERED.

The Herald of Health, for life.
WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, for life.
This prize list is now open to any and all contributors.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to Mary E. Tillotson's first admirable article on Dress Reform.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS, the live men and women whose advertisements appear in these columns. Mention, when you make your purchase, that you saw the advertisement in WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The Faculty of this new venture, in San Francisco, is composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: President, Mrs. S. E. Furnas Wells, M. D.; Dean, Mrs. M. P. Sawtelle, M. D., Mrs. Clara S. Foltz legal adviser; Drs. Lee, Seymour, Kirkpatrick, Mathews and Fitch occupy the various professors chairs. The Board of Trustees is composed of some of the wealthiest and most influential men and women in the city, which will insure its success, from a financial standpoint, and the President and Dean are Dr. Logier's pupils, which statement should satisfy the most skeptical that the Woman's Medical College of the Pacific is bound to succeed.

ATTENTION is called to the gift of Jennie K. Trout, M. D., of Toronto. She has founded and endowed a College of Medicine for women. How much wiser it is to make *living* gifts than mortain bequests. Let women follow Dr. Trout's noble example and give here and now to wor thy undertakings to benefit womenkind. All the loaves and fishes since time began have fallen into the masculine basket, nearly, while the feminine basket has been kept in the condition of Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The cover is off the S. S. S. basket, and whoever has an extra slice of bread is invited to drop it in, without delay. The basket is quite empty, now.

BOARD OF SILK CULTURE.—It would have been in good taste and most just, if Governor Stoneman had appointed Mrs. S. Gertie Smith as a member of the Board, for it was she who started the Silk boom in this state, in and thru her exhaustive paper upon the "Origin and Progress of the Silk Industry of the World," which was read before the Cal. Social Science Association, August 21-80. From that hour the S. S. S. made the Silk Culture Section a specialty until the ambitious ones plucked it up root and branch and transplanted it in the Academy of Sciences.

In Nevada City, last Saturday, at the election for School Trustees, three lady candidates, Mrs. H. S. Bradley, Mrs. I. J. Rolfe and Mrs. J. F. Parsons were elected by a majority of sixty votes over their male opponents. Considerable interest was taken in the election. Good for Nevada City.—San Jose *Mercury*.

In my dear old mountain home, Nevada City, the men have been brave and generous, as usual, in placing upon the School Board three ladies. Mrs. Rolfe is one of our most energetic and capable women—first and foremost in every good work. We feel proud of our old home. Nevada City should wear the champion belt. We congratulate the ladies on living in a place where men can "think large, noble-sized thoughts and let their souls grow."

Mrs. Knox-Goodrich.

Will subscribers who have not paid for the second volume of the HERALD, take notice that they are six months in areas.

HELEN M. GOUGAR is the bravest woman in the United States. She is one of mother Nature's noblewomen, and all the bells of Liberty ring clear at her triumphant victory over police tyrany, malice, envy, spite, hate and all the combined legions of "Shame on the Woman!" in the land. Brother Tucker, the liberty-pole of Boston, may not want her to vote, but she will, nevertheless.

What did *Our Helen's* protectors try to do? The chief of police tried to smirch her fair name. When he could not do that, he tried by every device of the devil within to lure her into a trap of infamy. But she outwitted him. She, one woman, just *one*, was able to go up to battle against the mighty whiskeyopolists of Lafayette and conquer, and the great beauty of it is, they were not only defeated but had to pay all costs and also pay the fair victor $5000. Bravo! Bravo!! Bravo!!! All hail! sister Helen.

LIBERALS.—Every man who calls himself a Liberal and is opposed to Woman Suffrage is a standing lie. Every body of men, calling themselves anti-monopolists, banded together, under the name of *Union*, to exclude women from trades which men have monopolized for all time, creating a *sex* in labor, is a standing lie.

All government, personified, wears a hat and coat. A true, just, equitable civilization will only know ability and character. The question of *sex* will not enter into the problem. How is this state of things to be brought about? By women, banding themselves together, as women, and working earnestly, for the object in view, instead of dwaddling over personal likes and dislikes.

Let every man come forward, as Mr. Tucker has, and show his hand. We want to know who are friends, who are foes. The Philadelphia "theological warhorse" John Chamberlain, is dead, but his spirit animates the living tyrants of today. Let sex-rulers who prate of liberty, take a daily sip from their own chalice of despotism, by putting themselves in the places which they have assigned women in life.

THE MASS. LEGISLATURE has refused to grant municipal suffrage to women, and defeated a bill regulating assessments of women voters, for school committees; lady lawyers the right to be notaries public, and widows the actual ownership of six feet of earth, in their deceased hasband's cemetary lot. Oh, Boston! where are your fagots and witch-post? Oh, Justice! put all your glorious garments on, and shout *Liberty!* "till your lisping ones give back their cradle shout."

HARTFORD, Ct. May 8th.—At one o'clock this morning the residence of Mrs. Moore, W. Hartford, was entered by burglars. After ransacking the house, one of the ruffians, with a drawn pistol, stood at the head of the stairs, and kept Mrs. Moore and a crippled granddaughter on the second floor, while the other outraged anothea granddaughter on the lower floor. The girl was then assaulted by the burglar who had kept guard, his companion taking his place on the stairs. The girl is in a precarious condition.

Such tender-hearted humanitarians as Juliet Severance and Benjamin Tucker, do not desire to have the "tiger passions" of such fiends subdued by emasculation. Put your own dauters in the place of this outraged child, and then shriek "MONSTROUS."

Draw up in battle array, and let us see who is for, and who against, the unleashed ravishers of our sons and dauters. *Woman's* Social Science is prepared to openly discuss, all subjects pertaining to the best good of humanity.

One of the best farmers in Maine is Miss Martin, of South Auburn. She carries on a large farm successfully, and pays much attention to fine-stock raising. A lady is one of the prosperous farmers and fine stock-raisers of Rensselaer county, N. Y., and everything about the farm-house and barns is as neat as a pin.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

SCISSORS.

"Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done.
To-morrow will be another day.
Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesturday."

Faith, hope, charity, cleanly minds, morality, amiability, bravery, good works and labor, know no sex.

Is there anything in the whole range of human knowledge which a woman may not know with as much fitness as a man?

In a rade by the police of Los Angeles, Sunday, on houses of ill-fame, several prominent married men were among the arrests.

A swimming school has been established at Santa Cruz for the youth of both sexes, under competent and experienced teachers.

"The time has come when scientific truth must cease to be the property of a few. It must be woven into the common life of the world."—*Agassiz.*

Mrs. J. M. Strong, a widow, has gathered the best crop of cotton ever raised in Merced county, Cal. The crop occupies 225 acras of land.

The reigning beauty of Ireland is a Belfast mill-girl. Crowds it is said surround the mill daily to see her as she takes her departure.

Tom Baily, of Meadville, Miss., assaulted a young girl criminally, and then murdered her. A mob took him from the jail and hanged him.

Women have demonstrated that they can do something more than manage Dorcas societies and church-festivals.

Dr. Anna Warren of Emporia, Kansas, has a practice of $5,000 a year, besides mining interests, that will give her a competence in old age.

Louisa B. Stephens is the first woman to become President of a bank. She succeeds her husband in the First National Bank of Marion, Iowa,

Mrs. F. F. Victor was inSt. Helen, Or., from the 10th to the 18th of April attending to selling lots, and making settlements with those holding doubtful titles.

Mrs. L. J. May, the well-known merchant of Yakima City, W. T., has been in Portland, Or., several days, replenishing the stock of her large establishment.

Maria Mitchel, Professor of Astronomy in Vassar College, has received the degree of L. L. D. from Hannover College, Madison, Ind., the first time this degree has been conferred on a woman.

Miss Dora Willits, of Placer county, a student in the California School of Design, has been awarded the Alvord gold medal for the best drawing.

Misses Ella Hood, Allie Beezley, Susie Cates, Olivia Wallace, Emma Lusher, Frankie Miller, Carrie Waldron, May Lusher, Gracie Miller and Mrs. Appy, of The Dalles, Or., have organized a band, ordered instruments of solid silver and engaged a competent leader. That's Splendid girls! Make your mark.

Mrs. Mary Jones, of Paw Paw, Mich., is enroute for California, on foot. She wears a short dress, and her only "supporter and protector" is a stout hickory cane. Where is Dr. Dix?

The Princess Louise's training has been entirely practical. She is a finished housekeeper, and served an apprenticeship at Osborne to cook, confectioner, laundress of fine things, seamstress and dressmaker. Every day for years the Queen's table at Osborne was graced by a dish made by one of Her Majesty's daughters.

MRS WILLARD'S engagements in this state continue until May 13th, when, accompanied by her private secretary, Miss Anna Gordon, she will visit and organize Unions in all the leading cities and towns in Nevada, Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota and Manitoba. This Society is now organized in 3000 towns and cities of the U. S. with 75,000 members.

W. C. T. U's have been organized in the six leading towns of southern California.

Please renew your subscription, immediately.

Children's Corner.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

The sunshine on the kitchen floor
Was darkened. Through the kitchen door
Came Lucy, quick as feet could run,
Her long hair flying in the sun,
Her blue eyes sparkling, and the blood
Bright in her cheek. She came and stood,
Her hand on mother's ironing board,
And for a moment said no word,
"What is it, Lucy?" "Mother,oh,
It's such a splendid day, and so
I felt like running, and I came
To tell you—mother, it's a shame
To have you working here like this,
So let me fix you" (with a kiss),
"And put your pretty collar on;
Who knows but maybe uncle John
Or some one else from town might call!
I want you to look nice—that's all,
Oh, never mind the ironing. There,
Sit down, and let me fix your hair.
Just think! It's a whole long year
Since first you wore your mourning,dear,
In memory of our poor lost Jack,
And now you ought to put off black,
And be more cheerful.—For suppose,
If Jack had not been lost, and those
Two sailor men that brought the word
Had been mistaken!"—Child, you've heard
—What have you heard! Don't tremble so,
Look at me, Lucy!"—"Ah, no, no,
For I must hurry all I can;
This afternoon, as fast as I ran
Coming from school—now let me place
This purple bow upon the lace,
To make a little brightness—well,
Ah, mother, there's not much to tell,
But kiss me, mother. (That's a tear,
I could not help it.) Have no fear,
The dead are safe in Heaven—yes,
But not the living? Can't you guess
Who met and kissed me as I ran,
Grown such a tall and handsome man?
He feared the shock might be too great,
So he is waiting at the gate.
But not a moment did I lose;
I came right in to break the news,
And that is why I fixed you, dear,
To look so pretty. Jack, come here!"
—[Wide Awake.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE RELL.

Bill hesitated a moment and then began the narrative by saying—"A leetle more'n six year ago I was harvestin wheat fur a man in Pensilvana, He had a house chuck full ov childern, most all boys, but thar was one, the oldest ov the lot, growd up inter a young 'oman; jist as purty as a pictur.' I'd been knockin' areound nigh onter thirty year, hart whole and fancy free, as the samist ses, an' when I begun ter feel queer an' quamish here, (laying his great bony hand over his heart), I jist let hev inter the soft spot with my fist, an' ses I 'Bill, what on arth be yeow beout?—consarn it dont make a fool o' yer self; that ole skinflint wont let ye hev his purty darter, that he sets sich a mighty store on, no how." "But t'would n't dew. I got more'n more under water ivry day an' the gal she knowd it an' liked it tew, fur it seemed how't she'd tuck ter me frum the fust. Wal things went on in this way fur a spell witheout the old un's findin' it eout, but one day he cum in all of a sudin an' cotched us, me an' May, a wipin eour faces onter the same towel, an' he was *madder'n* a march hare, an' ses he ter me—

'Ye thevin critter, tryin ter coax my darter ter hev ye, eh? Leave yer plaverin an' leve these premises, an' be quick abeout it; no foolin, here's yer pay. Dont let the grass grow under yer feet.—neow begone!'

I did n't loose any time argerin with the ole man, but hurried past May, (that was the gal's name), an' sed kinder low 'good by! termorrer night,' an' then looked to'erds the lower gate. She understood what I ment in a minit, an' I sauntered away with my han's in my breeches pockets, whislin' 'the gal I lef' behin' me,' while ole *Money bags* shook his fist at me from the door.

The nex' night was faverin tew my intentions. I hadent been sleepin' much arter levin' May, fur I jes knew, frum the look in her eye, that she'd foller me ter the eends o' the arth, ef I'd ony ask her tew. Wal, Dick Camp—he was a chum o' mine—lent a helpin' hand. He had as smart a pair of hosses as could be skairt up eny whar; an' ses he ter me, as soon as I'd told him what I wanted, ses he,

'Geruselim Sezer! *take yeou!* why I'd take yeou an' that gal ter *Jerico*, ef ye wanted ter go thar. Guess I would! ketch me goin back on a feller in such a fix. Twenty mile, whew! them ar sorels 'ill make it in tew hours n'arf, *ezy*.'

As soon as 'twas dark we drew up ter the lower gate, me an' Dick, in his light wagin, that he'd greeced till it dident *squeke* a *mite*, nor make a bit o' *noise*, an thar stood May, kinder tremblin like. We histed her in in a jiffy, an' druv away like all possest.

But thar was no danger fur May had fixed it at hum bootiful—in this wise. The ole man carkalated ter hev her marry Jake Sharp, whose farm jined hisen. So jist at sundown May, she sliked up an' sed ter her par, heow't she was goin' over ter see Sally, Jake's sister, an p'raps she'd stay all night ef Sally asked her tew.

'Sartin, by all means !' said the ole man, 'fur' said he ter hisself, 'ef May sees Sally she'll see sum one else' tew.' an he laft in his sleeves, fur Jake was his week pint!

It didn't seem long 'fore we wus at the landin', fur Dick made the critters fly I can tell ye. The craft on which we took passage, would start in an hour, the cappen said. She was bound fur Sagenaw. Arter ritin my name an May's in a book I sed tew Dick—

'You jist go up thar inter town an' fotch a preest or squar, any *lawful* critter that'll splice us,' 'Sartin' sed he, an' was gone in a minit. Purty soon he cum back, puffin an' blowin like a porpos, with a man with him. Then the minister or squar—I never knowd which—told me an' May to jine han's, an' arter askin a few questiont an' sayin' a few more words, he sed "I pronounce you husban' an' wife!"

That was the *gladdest* minit ov my life, an' I sed—'God bless you sir! I hope yeou'll live many a year to make other folks as joyful as we be'.

The Capp'n an' Dick put ther names on a paper that the man drawd up which he guv ter me sayin'—Keep that allus!' an' I hev. Here tis"

Thus saying, he drew from his bosom an old memorandum-book and taking a soiled slip of paper therefrom he handed it to Mrs. Breeze. It was simply a legal statement of the marriage of William Davis to May Lovejoy, with the date and signatures of witnesses, that was all,

But it was very precious in the eyes of the teamster. When it was returned to him he replaced it very tenderly in the old manuel and dropped it into his shirt-pocket, feeling from the outside to be sure of its safety. Then he continued—

"When we'd bin in Saginaw better'n a year, May, she had a baby, an' we called her Maybell, arter May's mother, that was my wife's name, tew, but everybody called her *May* fer short; but, I dunno how't cum abeout, we allus called baby, *Glory*. I suspect it wus coz her eyes wus jist the color of May's mornin-glories, that wus all blow'd eout fresh every mornin, over the winder an' door of the leetle house up at Sagenaw. It seemed jist like sunshine whar Glory wus; even when it rained or snow,d outside, she made it all bright, kinder, indoors. Everybody tuck to Glory!'

Then there followed a long pause. Mrs. Breeze sewed on in silence, while the narrator gazed vacantly among the dying embers. Etta had forgotten her sorrow and was sleeping in her fathers arms. Milly sat on a low box nursing puss. Terry impatiently pulled out and wound up for the sixth time, his mother's tape yard-measure, and, feeling that he could wait no longer for the sequel, said—

"Where is she now Bill?"

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

OATMEAL IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—In Great Britain children of all ranks are raised on an oatmeal diet, because it causes them to grow strong and healthful. I was reading a short time ago that the young daughters of the Prince of Wales were allowed all the "stir about" they wanted for their breakfast — nothing else. It is quite as beneficial to the student as for the laborer; for the delicate lady and her hard-working sister; indeed, all classes would be greatly benefitted by its use, and dyspepsia with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance.

Oatmeal, it is said, is a more substantial food than any kind of meat giving more mental vigor, while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system, be oming depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, the water should be boiling when it is stirred in. I use the finest grade of avena in preference to the ordinary oatmeal. I feed my young chickens almost entirely on oatmeal, or rather avena until they are two weeks old—choice breeds a longer time. The following is a delicate way of preparing oatmeal for the sick, or well either. Take one cup of common oatmeal, soak it over night in three cups of cold water, in the morning strain through a fine sieve or coarse bag, pressing through all the farinaceous matter that will go; add three cups of boiling water, a little salt, put to boil over a quick fire, stirring constantly until it boils, then boil slowly until it begins to thicken, pour out and let stand until it begins to jell. Eat with cream and sugar. In warm weather the following makes a very refreshing drink. Take half a cup of *fine* avena, pour over it a quart of cold water, stir and drink. It quenches thirst better than anything else and is very nutritious. It would make a far better drink in the harvest field than the usual contents of *jugs*.

S. G. S.

A PRETTY FLORAL ORNAMENT.—Take a glass dish on a low standard, fill it with wet sand, heap it to a cone, and fill it with flowers to cover the whole surface. This is an excellent way to arrange short-stemmed flowers. Or place in the centre of your dish a small tumbler in which insert a small bouquet, then fill the sand around it with flowers. Pansies can be arranged in sand and keep their place much better than in water.

REMOVING SPOTS FROM FURNITURE. It frequently happens that a cup or bowl of hot water is set down on varnished furniture, leaving an unsightly spot. This can be easily removed by wetting a bit of soft flannel in alcohol, & rubbing over the place briskly. When the marks are all effaced, take another cloth, with a few drops of boiled linseed oil, and rub over it lightly. The sharpest eyes can never see a vestige of the stain. In case a black stain gets upon furniture, a few drops of spirits of ammonia rubbed on it will take it off; then rub with oil.

CURRANT JELLY.—A subscriber to the H. asked me a few days ago for a recipe for my jelly saying it was the nicest she ever tasted.

Take currants as soon as they are fully ripe, look them over, pick out all the leaves and poor currants; it is not necessary to stem them; fill a large earthern platter, set in a slow oven, stir occasionaliy until scalding hot, then pour them into a large earthern dish—I always keep a large wash-bowl for cooking purposes. Fill the platter with fresh currants, place in the oven, and repeat until they are all scalded; crush with a potato beetle, squeeze out the stems, strain first thro' a piece of coarse crash, then through a flannel jelly-bag, previously wrung out of hot water. Measure the juice; put it in a preserving kettle (porcelain-lined is the best), set over the fire, skim and boil at least fifteen minutes after it begins to boil. In the meantime weigh out the sugar, allowing one pound of fine crushed white sugar to each pint of juice; set in the oven on a platter to heat—after the juice has boiled the required time, pour in the hot sugar; stir until it has dissolved, but do not let it boil after the sugar is in. Take from the fire, pour into glasses, set in a dripping-pan of cold water, to prevent their cracking; set in a dry, cool place for two days, then cover the glasses with one thickness of strong paper, paste the edges down with flour paste, set in a dry cool place.

STRAWBERRY DESSERT.—Fill cups loosely with strawberries, or any other nice ripe berries, pour over them corn-starch blancmange to fill the interstices between the berries. Turn out when cold, and serve with cream and sugar.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One quart of sifted flour, into which mix thoroughly three teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, one teacup of butter worked quickly into the flour, then stir in a scant pint of milk, divide into two or three equal parts, roll out, bake on jelly-tins; when done, butter generously and fill with well-sugared berries, or what is better still use cream instead of milk; in that case no other shortening is needed.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE, Marion Harland's recipe.—One quart of flour, three tablespoonfuls of butter, same of white sugar, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, a little salt.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—Ladies are many times deterred from making an icing for rich cake, from the fact that they are so tired, and it is as likely to prove a failure as a success. I will tell them of an icing which will always be sure to dry perfectly without any trouble at all. Mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar into one pound of powdered sugar, stir them both without any beating, into the whites of three fresh eggs. Spread it evenly over the cake with a knife dipped in cold water and shaken off. If there is any difficulty about its sticking to the cake, flour the top of it over with dry flour. Every lady who tries this will be delighted I am sure.—AUNT ADDIE.

HOW TO WALK ERECT.—The whole secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin well away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward and the shoulders will naturally settle back ward and in their true position. Those who stoop in walking generally look downward. The proper way is to look straight ahead, upon the same level with your eyes, or if you are inclined to stoop, until that tendency is overcome, look rather above than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be as "straight as an arrow;" and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much. It is simply impossible to stoop in walking if you will heed and practise this rule. You will notice that all round shouldered persons carry the chin near the breast and pointed downward.

AN OSTRICH'S NEST.

After pairing the ostrich begins to make his nest. It is the male alone that performs this duty. To do this it squats upon the ground, and, balancing itself upon the sternum, it scratches up the earth with its legs and throws the dirt behind it. When it has dug out enough on one side to suit it, it turns around and begins to dig on the other side, and continues this operation until it has made a hole large enough to sit in comfortably. The nest is illiptical in shape, and is about 025 meters deep, 1 meter wide and 5½ meters long. A few days after the nest is finished, the female begins to lay one egg on every alternate day for eighteen or twenty days. She then rests for awhile, and then begins to lay more. A pair of ostriches yield 40 eggs. This is only the minimum number, which is always reached. It is not unusual for a well-fed well-kept pair to yield fifty or sixty eggs. The eggs are placed so as to leave no space between them. They are sat upon at first for several hours each day and finally altogether. The male and the female brood alternately. At night the male is always on the nest, as it possesses greater warmth than the female. When the birds relieve each other in the nest, the new comer turns over each egg in order that the portion which has lain against the nest shall receive the warmth of the brooder. These birds perform their duties with the greatest skill without any noise or breakage of eggs. They squat down and with their head and neck rake up and overturn every one of the eggs, one after another, without neglecting a single one. The incubation lasts forty-five days on an average, sometimes fifty days, but never continues beyond that. When the chicklings hatch out they can be heard trying to break the shell of the egg. Sometimes they succeed in doing so, but usually the father breaks the eggs under his breast bone, and seizing with his bill the inside skin, tears it and frees the chicklings. Upon first reaching the air the chickling remains limp and weak. But the warmth of the parent soon revives it, and a few hours afterward it begins to run about the nest, exercising its long legs tottling over at each step, and recommencing its stumbling journey. Four days after their hatching, the chicklings begin to eat. They run after insects and swallow small pebbles. Their father and mother do not help their little ones to find food.

RUINED GIRLS.

This phrase is continually greeting one's eyes in the newspaper. I read a day or two since that when the emigrants first land in America some young girls are invited to a place where drugged liquor is given them, and they are led astray. When they awake they are told "Now you are ruined." Having always been taught that one step aside was fatal to a girl, they seem forced into lives of shame.

The teaching of this phrase "ruined girls" is outrageous. It is a terrible experience to be ship-wrecked, scarred in a burning building, or mutilated in a cyclone; but none of these misfortunes attaches the word ruined to the individual. Going through a moral storm does not mark a young man as ruined. It is time for a better teaching of girls. Girls, you must take care of yourselves; but if you have been caught in a moral cyclone, do not lose your hope. Do not give up to the sophistries that call you "ruined." Heal the scar. Life is before you. Let no misfortune put you down.

Many years ago, in an Eastern State, a young woman was engaged to be married. The time of the wedding was near. One day her father and mother were called from home and stayed over night. Thinking it was not best to leave the young lady alone, the young man to whom she was engaged was invited to spend the time at her home. He forced her to yield to his passion. When her parents returned, she broke the engagement. He pleaded with her to marry him, but she said: "No. If as a lover you have such little self-control and respect for me, as a husband you would be unendurable. Your base conduct has turned my love to hate." A child was born to her, but she would never again receive any attention from her lover. A few years ago she married well to a man who knew the facts. She always was highly honored by those who knew her. A moral cyclone in youth did not ruin her, and need not other girls.—*Woman's Journal*.

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SHALL WOMEN LOOK?

The Frenchman of the seventeenth century who published a pamphlet entitled, "Shall Women be Permitted to Learn the Alphabet?" and stoutly maintened the negative, was ahead of the times. The New York Microscopical Society of this city are deeply agitated. A Miss Hitchcock, sister of the late president of the society, Romyn Hitchcock, has been proposed as a member. She is intelligent, skillful, accomplished—but she is a woman, and so there is a large body, perhaps a majority, against admitting her. Can you imagine the nature of the objection? Probably not. It is seriously claimed that it would be indelicate and indecent for women to be members, because microscopists are in the habit of examining flowers which have a pistillate and staminate structure, and of studying the processes of vegetable procreation. I beg you will not think I am joking. This is actually the very objection that was made on Tuesday evening by several professional men whose names I could mention, and it is the objection that will be urged at the next meeting of the society, when a vote will be taken. The old maid who wanted the table legs clad in pantalettes can no longer be quoted as the extreme of fastidiousness, when the organic and aggregate modesty of the New York Microscopical Society blushes before the rackishness of the rose, the sensuality of the syringa, and the lasciviousness of the lily. Solomon thought the lily was pretty well dressed up, but the New York microscopists know it dresses in a robe decollete, cut Pompadour, and awfully exposed, and that it is a real bad character. They are not to be fooled by any affectation of innocence on the part of certain well known blossoms: the hypocracy is seen through at once, and all expanding buds are kept at arm's length as a depraved lot. Where's Anthony Comstock, anyhow, that it should be necessary for immaculate gentlemen to protect the domestic hearth against the blandishness of the insidious vagabonds that lurk in bouquets? That is what I want to know.—*Extract from N. Y. Letter.*

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Toronto World.

Dr. Jenny K. Trout, as announced in The World yesterday, has donated $10,000 for the establishment of a medical school for women in this city, and there is every prospect of its commencement during the coming fall. The money will be given to a board of trustees, who will be duly incorporated into a college with powers and privileges similar to those enjoyed by the two schools now erected in this city. A building will be taken and for the start the professors will be men, though as women competent to fill the chairs are forthcoming a change in the sex of the teachers will take place. As soon as possible women will be secured to lecture on obstretrics and similar subjects. A number of the best doctors of the city have expressed their willingness to lecture to the girl medicals. The class of young women now studying in Kingston will migrate as a body to Toronto, and a number of new ones are coming in, sufficient, it is thought, to start with a roll of at least twenty. There are at least five of these schools in the United States and one in London. There is also one in Paris.

Mrs. Dr. Trout is the wife of Mr. Edward Trout of the Monetary Times. She has always taken a deep interest in the education and advancement of women as her husband has of young men. For years she has been planning this school but never thought the time ripe, till the recent troubles at Kingston forced things to a head. Mrs. Trout has been married 17 years, began medical study some years after her marriage, and is the only woman who passed the examinations of the Ontario college of physicians and surgeons. Mrs. Trout has also educated a number of young women, one or two of whom are now practising physicians. Her health will not allow her taking an active part in the school which she is about to create, but she will, no doubt, be its best friend for many a day.

DECEPTION IN FEET.

S. F. Chronicle.

"That lady has very small feet!" remarked a reporter yesterday to a prominent shoe merchant, who had just performed the fitting process on a pretty foot with a French shoe.

"Small!" exclaimed the merchant. "Well, I should remark! She wears a N0. 12, misses' size, though a N0. 3, ladies' size, would come nearer the mark." "Rather a tight squeeze," suggested the reporter. "Not unusual. I will tell you something, though you need not use it in the paper. No city in the United States is so renowned for ladies with small feet as San Francisco; and why? Because in no other city do the ladies, as a general rule, so punish themselves as to crush a N0. 5 foot into a N0. 3 shoe. Why, ladies come here and call for N0. 2 shoes, and after a gallant struggle they give it up and go out complacently in fours and even fives. You see this climate affects feet more than any other in the world, and larger shoes are required here than in New York or Paris, where shoes can be fitted that cannot be worn here, owing to the climatic action, due to a lack of change in the atmosphere. Of course we could never make our customers believe this, so we resort to the artifice of producing number three shoes from a number four last, and they are thus saved the shock of knowing the increase in size of their feet gear." "Do ladies require special lasts in the manufacture of shoes to order?" inquired the reporter.

"Not always. While there is no difference in the anatomical construction of the foot, I find that the daughters of wealthy families do not give sufficient exercise in youth to their feet, which grow slender and fail to develop a high instep and a strong elastic ankle."

"Do you sell many French shoes?" the reporter asked.

"French shoes!" was the reply; "why, it's nearly all French, and, young man, you can say that more French shoes are sold in this city in a day than are sold in the United States in a month. Just think of it. There are half a dozen establishments in San Francisco that import shoes direct from Paris, and there is not a store in New York city that makes regular importations of French shoes."

"They are very popular here," was suggested.

"Popular? Oh, yes, though they are the most absurd thing imaginable, and for cramping ladies' feet into all conceivable shapes of deformity they surpass those worn by the Mongolians."

Taking a small shoe and holding it up for inspection, he continued: "You see the uppers are very narrow and taper to a point. This heel, you will observe, is placed two inches above the counter and made ridiculously high. By this deception a No.3 shoe measures No. 10 misses' size from heel to toe; so, by crowding the fore part of her foot into the pointed receptacle, and hiding the remainder in the counter, back of the heel, a lady stands on her toes and instep, which rests over the heel of her shoe. Now, the average size of the ladies' feet of San Francisco require a No.3 shoe, which, by having the heel in the middle of the foot, makes the deception that conveys the idea of a small foot. You only see, however, about as much of it as you would of your own if you pushed it into a boot-leg and stood on your toes."

"Now, here is a sensible shoe," he said, and a large, broad shoe with low heel was exhibited. "These run as high as eights, and are mostly worn by Eastern ladies, from Chicago or Cincinnati, where they are famous for 'big feet'. I am satisfied that eventually broad shoes and low, flat heels must prevail, for the injurious effect of the present style may not yet be felt; still the deformity and suffering entailed will compel a descent from the airy hight of French heels to a common level for the bottom of the foot, and then look out for astonishing revelations in the size of our ladies' feet."

FATAL FAT-

The bear lives on his own carcass during the entire winter, and serves us for an example of the fasting cure"! I could name huudreds of eminent fat men who have died in this and other countries, whose lives would have been spared for many years, had they "hibernated" until they came out "lean, lank, and emaciated," provided they had then begun a more wholesome way of living, and had thence-forth kept themselves in *condition*. Leon Gambetta, whom M. Rochefort called "the fatted satrap" died from the effects of a slight wound from which a clean man would have readily recovered. Gustave Doré, the great French artist, died of putrid sore throat, a disorder which can never "attack" a person except the predisposition exists.

Fat hogs die by thousands of this same disease. We have in this country, in our halls of Congress, scores of men liable at any moment to be stricken down because of this disease.

These subjects do not all die young, like Gambetta; there is a "tough vein" running through some which keeps them along for a good many years, but they would live *better* and *longer* lives if they would take measures to rid themselves of this disease. Here and there an observing agriculturist or the editor of an agricultural journal has learned that, if not disease fat *predisposes* to disease. It is abnormal; and, therefore, strictly speaking, disease. In reply to a query as to the cause of "black leg" in cattle, the editor of the *Live Stock Journal*, classed it as one of the zymotic diseases, and one of the most fatal, says, "It usually attacks young cattle that have suddenly *put on fat*", and he cautions his readers against over-feading their stock. No, fat cannot be justly called "diseased flesh," for it is not flesh; the *muscles* are flesh. It cannot be called "a mass of scrofula" until the creature who bears it is over-borne by it; then it speedily becomes a mass of corruption. In conclusion, I will invite all persons to make some "direct effort" to study up this matter for themselves, and ascertain whether it is not "an egregious error to speak or write of fat as a "healthy secretion," when it is a question of what we term *fat* cattle, *fat* hogs, *fat* babies, or *fat* men and women.—C. E. PAGE.

Biddeford, Me.

WOMEN DRESSING AS MEN, AND MEN AS WOMEN.

Hannah Snell is the most celebrated example in English history of a woman soldier. Born in Worcester in 1723 she married early in life a Dutch seaman who abandoned her, and, in male attire, she set out in pursuit of him. Failing, and finding herself without the means of subsistence, she enlisted in General Guise's regiment, stationed at Carlisle. After remaining some time with her regiment, circumstances arose which made her fear that her sex would be discovered, so she deserted, joined the marines, and on their being disembarked, she joined the English army and was in the attack on Pondicherry. In another engagement she was severely wounded, and her sex being discovered in the hospital, her occupation was gone for awhile. On her recovery, however, she went on board the Tartar Pink and did duty as a sailor until the return of the fleet from Madrass, and eventually, after many strange adventures and much glory, she arrived in London.

Her history having become known, so much curiosity was manifested to see her that a theatrical manager made her an offer, and she appeared before the public as a sailor and a soldier. As the papers of the day said, "in a most masterly and correct manner she went through the manual and platoon exercises." In consideration of the hardships she had endured in the service of her country, government granted her a pension of twenty pounds a year and she opened a public house in the vicinity of Wapping. On one side of her sign was painted the figure of a jolly British tar and on the other the valiant marine; underneath was inscribed, "The Widow in Masquerade; or the Female Warrior." Her house was well frequented, and she lived in prosperity, continuing to wear male attire to the end of her days.

Theodora Grahn, a Prussian lady, was supposed to have been the natural daughter of Prince Henry of Prussia. Being left a small fortune in 1758, she repaired to London to spend it. Assuming the name of Dr. John de Verdinon, she began teaching the German language, and also went into business as an exchange broker. She always wore a bag wig, pantaloons, cocked hat and boots, and carried both a cane and umbrella in all weathers.

Her sex was not generally known' although she did the work of her house, herself in a woman's cap and nightgown.

Margaret Lamburn was one of the retinue of Mary Queen of Scots. Her husband died of grief when the queen expired, and Margaret determined to avenge them. Dressed as a man, and calling herself Anthony Sparks, she armed herself with two pistols and was immediately apprehended. Her sex being discovered, Elizabeth desired her to be brought before her, and on hearing her story, gave her an unconditional pardon and safe conduct out of the kingdom.

(See page eight.)

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn,
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That runs through a single hour,
But the morning dews must fall;
The sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook thro' the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes,
Once doing will not suffice,
Tho' doing it be not in vain;
And, a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Tho' sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
By the storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTFORD, CONN., Apr. 5-83.

Editors Herald:

I am a little surprized at the letters in the Apr. number, of the HERALD remonstrating against the advocacy of castration as a punishment for rape—a punishment so just that a better could not be thought of. It seems to me that "shivers of horror" would be better spent over the innocent victims of rape all over the land than over the monsters of iniquity who victimize them. It may be argued that they are not responsible, as they are made so, but that should not prevent steps being taken to prevent further perpetration of the outrage. Your London correspondent speaks of the punishment being applied to children, but no one, so far as I know, has advocated *that*. A child cannot very well commit rape. The punishment is for those *who have committed the crime*. In a land where it is legal to strangle men and women on the gallows, and where the people look on with apparent indifference,—or at least waste no breath in sighing over this barbarous punishment,—I think the far more just punishment of castration for rape can be borne with equanimity. The barbarity of the strangling process far exceeds the barbarity of castration. Governments have no right to take human life—to commit murder as a punishment, but they have a right to put the criminal where he can commit no further crime. The man who commits rape would probably choose castration to perpetual imprisonment; if not, then let him take the imprisonment for life. One or the other he should have.

I like the freedom you give your correspondents to express themselves in direct opposition to your own views. I agree with you perfectly in regard to this matter of castration; but there is one thing I do not agree with you upon, and that is in regard to the Chinese. I believe they have as good a right in this country as I have. But no matter about that now.

Yours truly,
FRANCES ELLEN BURR.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Apr., 10-83.

Editors Herald:

You ask for my views upon Castration. Taking all things into consideration I do not approve of it. Society is mostly responsible for the evil of rape as well as most other evils the Earth is cursed with. It is Society therefore that should be reformed, and in the reformation of Society as well as in the reformation of the individual the fewer *laws* one has to contend with the better. Only through knowledge and reformatory measures of all sorts and kinds, can the crime of rape ever be thoroughly extripated. Yours, in favor of ever increasing knowledge and the final extinction of the devil ignorance upon any and every subject,

CORNELIA BOCKLIN.

SHAKER VILLAGE, N. H. M'ch. 4-83.

Dear Friend:

Your notice was duly received, but we hardly feel ourselves capable to write upon the subject of castration, which to any effect would need legislation, to bring the needed benefit to mankind for the present or future generations. A notice of the subject in the *Scientific American*, some two years since, was to this effect, that criminals who had served out their time in Penitentiaries, whatever their crime, before being again permitted to run at large, should, by castration, be prohibited from begetting any more offspring like unto themselves, and thus relieve the world in the future of a small portion of crime and this, of course, could not be done without legislation.

Our further thought to more effectually stay the plague would be, could males at puberty who show the superabundance of the animal, come under a law of this infliction, it would be well, as this inheritance and development is found to go hand in hand with any and all crime. Most surely for the public good, this would be as great a blessing as the right given or taken by Physicians, to put out of existance at birth a sadly marked or deformed child.

Our thoughts and words, without authority, can do no harm, and though we are of that class who have made ourselves eunuchs for the "Kingdom of heaven's sake," we are not unmindful of the full needs of all mankind on Nature's Plane, where should be the Eden and Paradise regained.

Yourself and all our female friends who are so earnestly working for the great good of mankind have our interest and prayers continually.

Ever and truly your friend,
MARY WHITCHER.

WORCESTER, MASS., April 8-83.

Editors Herald:

Some kind friend has sent me three or four copies of your splendid paper and I have read the able articles contained therein with much pleasure. "The Prevention of Rape" both in and out of marriage seems to be a subject that is attracting much attention. You advocate "castration," while your English correspondent strenuously opposes such a measure.

Our grand sister Juliet Severance also thinks there might be some better plan adopted. An individual who concentrates all of his energies in one direction is ever an object of pity because every other attribute in his nature must become dwarfted in the same degreee that the one becomes educated. Then it behoves us, who look beneath the surface to find the great undercurrents of Life to study new systems of education—systems that will have a tendency to broaden and enlighten the minds of our children—harmonising the permanent elements and letting the sunshine in upon the darkened latent ones, only through love and the uplifting of humanity can the world be bettered Sister Stow, and what better channel than according to woman the same rights as to man. The same compensation for labor. Make her self-supporting, do away with this *marrying for a home*. Let man learn to know that a woman cannot be bought for a new dress, and his respect increases 100 per cent. When women are paid $2.00 per day and upwards, you will see *no* Rapes on our fair earth for then the woman being *independent* can chose her companion, and will not be forced to the only alternative prostitution for such it is whether married or single where her "glorious womanhood" is bartered for a mess of pottage.

Yours for Liberty, mental, and physical for one and all.

FRED. L. HILDRETH.

SAVANNAH, GA., Apr. 2-83.

Editors Herald:

You are calling attention to woman's enslaved condition. The sad features of the case is the majority of women do not realize they have individual souls but are satisfied to drift along living a butterfly life, enjoying the jewels and fine dress furnished by men who have bought them in marriage. Oh! they dont see what there is to make such an ado about womans rights, "they have all the rights they want," and so they gossip and live their senseless lives out, Oh dear! is the majority of women we meet worth toiling and sacrificing for when they wont help themselves?—especially here in the South where there is a dearth of intellectual vigor—or independence of character among the female sex.

A case came to my notice last week of a woman whose husband died a year ago. He was one of our heavy business men and considered wealthy; but he died suddenly, without a will, and now his wife who lived a gay life, keeping carriage servants etc., and traveled North every summer, had all the rights a woman needed, but now there is another story: The Probate court has charge of her means; she is robbed on every side, by laws made by her so called *male protectors*. Added to her bereavement comes legal hounds to hunt her down and rob her of her means. Now if this woman had died instead of her husband no law would have interferwith him but it is the same old story. I do not see how woman can obtain her just rights so long as she is willing to submit to male *supremacy* in all law and business matters. I am glad to receive your paper. It gives me new courage to battle for woman. I am from Ohio. Have lived in Ga. 18 months.

ALTHEA LAWRENCE LORD.

NEW YORK, May 3-83.

Dear Sisters of the Order:

It looks now, as we have a fearless National Organ for a mouth-piece, as if Dress Reform was going to succeed; as though Physical Culture was going to succeed; and best of all that Woman is to have an open field and a fair chance, now that she is throwing off the Shackles which Man has forged and riveted on her "protected" limbs and willowy back. God bless the HERALD OF INDUSTRY! and put a gag in the mouths of all such fossils as Rev. Dix and his ilk, wherever found in pulpit or dram-shop.

Here's my hand for Progress, Justice and Truth.

SARAH DUNHAM.

TORONTO, April 12-83.

Editors Herald:

* * * We are all sisters in bonds—and more emphatically are we sisters who by the same weapons are struggling to throw off the chains that bind not only ourselves, but all womanhood. I esteem you, as noble and valiant warriors in this battle for justice to our sex. The movement which has for its end the enfranchisement of woman is undoubtedly the greatest, grandest, and most momentous, that now agitates the public mind. Its success is sure and when victory is attained (valient officers like yourselves must *more than win*), they must receive that glory and renown so justly their due. I like your paper and must acknowledge that I know of no women who have so fully the courage of expressed opinions.

With regard to the question of castration, as a means to an end, I have no doubt but it might be made to accomplish a great benefit to society—such persons as named in Mrs. Stow's article were evidently fit subjects—and I am sure it would be hailed by many criminals, as a benign punishment—a saving and healing ordinance of mercy to themselves—I also believe in telling the truth to children at an early age upon all subjects. I have thought deeply and claim to have had experience having adopted the same course with my own little ones, more than twenty years ago, and in my own family I have seen the advantages of my course. One year ago in Toronto, to an audience of ladies only, I ventured to express my views on the subject, and brought down the invectives of a dozen or more upon my defenceless head. One lady said she would not think of telling her daughters anything on such subjects until they were at least 19 years of age and declared that the reason there was so much social evil was because girls had too much liberty, and were not sufficiently chaperoned and watched, the old style. Watch the fawn and let the wolf go free.

Yours in Bonds
EMILY H. STOWE. M. D.

Men commit suicide more readily than women. In an enumeration made by the New York *Herald* it was shown that in a decade in that city of 1,676 suicides, 1477 were men and only 199 were women. This proves two conditions, says the Chicago *Press*—first, that as a rule women live more sensibly and regularly than men, and that their mental balances are better adjusted; and second, that they can meet and overcome trouble with more success. If this line of argument is correct, woman is the superior of man in dealing with life.

The last census (1880) discovers 2397 clergymen in Massachusetts, 12 being women, 1984 lawyers, 4 being women, and 5842 physicians including 186 women.

GRANDMA'S EASY CHAIR.

Marietta L. Beers-Stow: Right glad is Grandma to find another woman independent enough to assume her rightful name. The May HERALD is full of splendid ideas of reform, and a fine vein of sarcasm permiates some of the articles, upon the all absorbing suffrage questions. I love to read the letters, for it seems so good to know that we have a paper in which we can express our ideas upon all subjects, without let or hindrance, which are so vital to the well-being of the race. Justice and Equality must surely take the place of Force and Error.

I was reared on a farm. Am the daughter of intelligent parents, who always gave their children truth instead of falsehood. When I asked my mother what made the bull, boar and stud-horse so dangerous to approach, she explained that these animals were not castrated—deprived of their vicious function by a surgical operation. She further told me that the meat of those animals was as vicious to the taste as their unruly conduct was dangerous to life and limb; that castration improved their manners and sweetened their flesh. When one of our neighbors' wives was raped and nearly murdered by a Baptist minister tramp, I Said, "What did he do, ma? "Her reply was, "He forcibly used her person to appease his lustful appetite." Then, being of an investigating turn of mind, I went to Mr. Webster and looked up the definitions of every word that bore any relation to the subject—and felt no shame.

Did not know it was a shame to know how babies and all animals were begotten, and I remain in blissful ignorence of the "Shame" to-day.

"Castration" Webster says "is the act of gelding the practice of making eunuchs, Castrato, *Italian*, "A male person emasculated for the purpose of improving his voice as a singer. O that such heavenly harmonies might fall upon the ear of weary, wee-begone wives. If there was only a law that compelled husband-rapers to sing with improved voices, how many lust-enslaved wives would be living a year hence that will have had the dirge sung and the daisies in bloom above their heads in a short twelve-month. If improved male voices would lessen the number of accidental children in palace and hovel let us have the harmony by all means.

I see no more harm in making a two-legged animal kind and gentle than in making a four-legged animal kind and gentle. Human mothers should be as exempt from rape, while with young, as the brute-mother is. But, alas, there is no law to protect her, and the fear of public opinion effectually gags her mouth. And what of the fiends who rape our baby girls and virgin daughters? Death swift and terrible should be their punishment, but if they can be made to sing an improved song, perhaps we shall learn to prefer such singing to seeing them swinging.

To all Social Science Sisters, greeting! I want to know you better and fold my glasses and lay down my knitting work and say: come and see me tew hum.

GRANDMA.

The Land of Nod.

Miss Ida Wilde is night train dispatcher at Hawthorne, Nev., and the number of young men who want to travel by the night train, and the number of questions they ask the train dispatcher are remarkable.

An Eastern exchange says there are 40,000 girls and women in New York who support themselves and 80,000 women who support their husbands. And yet these worthless husbands do the voting, and their wives are of not the slightest political account.

Woman's Social Science Asociations should be organized in every town in the nation. Let us co.operate.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts. is made.

Agents Wanted.

SHORT ARTICLES are solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

"SHAME ON THE WOMAN."

For always in thine eyes, O Tyrany!
Shines that fierce light whereby the woman is damned.

In the May HERALD OF INDUSTRY was a notice of *Liberty*, edited by Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston, Mass., which said, "There was no mistake made at the christening of *Liberty*." I take that all back, and now say there was a *big* mistake, that it should have been christened *Tyrany. Tyrany to Woman.* In *Liberty*, Apr. 14-83, under the editorial caption of On Picket Duty, is found the following specimen of Mr. Tucker's liberalism. in the "broad sense."

Probably many people think us very severe and unjust to women when we oppose their efforts to get possession of the ballot, that modern instrument of tyrany, and when we assert that, if they had it. they would put it to more monstrous uses than those for which it is now employed. Well, here's an instance. LIBERTY exchanges with a San Francisco journal called the "*Woman's Herald of Industry*," edited and published by Mrs. J. W. Stow, president of the Woman's Social Science Association. The last issue soberly proposes castration as the solution of the social question. The editor says: "The '*Herald of Industry*' would have the surgeon's knife destroy the possibility of a young crop of drunkards, wherever and whenever a man became an incurable sot; it would have all persons, men and women, tainted with insanity deprived of the power of reproducing their kind; it would have every person guilty of incest. every felony, idiot, and wife-beater castrated." This is what she calls "the scientific control of the reproductive function in the human," and because of the discovery of this "radical cure" she thinks "the lamp of reason has been lighted and its flame fills the high arch of the heaven of progress." If castration is the flame of the lamp of reason, and if this flame is burning in any such proximity to the celestial arch referred to, we fear that its heat will speedily crumble the keystone and that the whole structure will soon tumble into ruins. The position thus taken arouses the ire of the "*Herald of Industry's*" London correspondent, who writes as follows: "It seems to me a great mistake for women who are striving to gain from man a share in the power of law making to show what a law they would make against the men if they had the power. Even I, though a warm advocate of 'woman's rights' in every direction where they have rights not yet conceded to them, would seek to with-hold power from them, till they show themselves capable of wielding it wisely and soberly! The proposition of castration as a punishment I consider a proof of want of soberness of mind and quiet and patient thought. This is to me, not social science, but social quackery." We should say so! And it is but just to the women to say that one of the promptest protests against this brutal proposition comes from a woman, Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, M. D., of Milwaukee, from whose letter to the "*Herald of Industry*" we extract the following: "Your proposition to make castration the penalty for misused sexuality and by so doing thereby lessen the condition of crime and pauperism seems to me simply monstrous, and is no proper remedy for either. I cannot see that the destruction of any organ that executes the will of perverted or badly generated minds can be other than an interference with the chances for development of the individual, which should be the grand consideration and aim, and not their destruction. As well recommend amputating the hands for larceny, or cutting out the tongue for vulgarity and slander. These methods belong to the Dark Ages and not to the latter half of the nineteenth century." But Mrs. Severance, it must be remembered, is one in a million, for she is a reader of LIBERTY and has but little faith, we suspect, in the efficacy of suffrage. Naturally she will have less than ever after this attempt to herald the industry of castration. In another part of the paper we find this statement: "If only one woman in the world appreciates the power of the ballot, she would have it." LIBERTY submits that Mrs. Stow's advocacy of compulsory castration sufficiently shows that at least one woman appreciates the power of the ballot, but that this proves, if it proves anything, that *she should not have it.*

This son of a witch-burning ancestry (No wizards died at the stake on Boston Common, for only women and hogs are possessed of devils.) would deny the ballot to women. Look at the laws he and his autocrat confrieres have made to crush women in the Old Bay State, which say "O woman! *thou* didst eat the forbidden fruit, and, therefore, thou shalt work all thy married life for board and clothes, and if thy husband makes thy home too hot to hold thee, and thou fleeist away in the night time with thy clothes, thou shalt be punished and branded as a thief.

Thou shalt bear the children, but not own them, and when thou art a dead *widow* thou shalt not repose in the family vault but shall, at the behest of lawful heirs, be hidden out of sight, forever, in the Potter's Field—for thy dower-right consists of breath, and when that leaves thy body behold! thou art pauper-remains. Our *liberty*-loving forefathers spilt tea in Boston harbor for the rights of Man *not* Woman."

Thank Progress! the field of human activity is now the world, and, in this ample field sex autocracy is being rapidly pushed to the wall by the catipult Reason- The time has forever past when Woman "twines" in a walled garden and Man sits astride the universe. Such men as Dix and Tucker should have been born a hundred years ago. Their place is in the mediæval arm-chair, robed in velvet-gowns and slippers, nursing their unnatural theories with lavender scented heads.

Mr. Tucker, please change your motto, "Not the Daughters but the Mother of Order," to "Not the Son but the Father of Disorder," it will be more appropriate for your paper.

MRS. STOW.

THE OLD AND NEW-FASHION WOMAN'S RIGHTS WOMAN.

BY CELEA B. WHITEHEAD.

The old-fashioned woman's rights woman did not pay much regard to appearances. She looked around her at the miserable condition of humanity for which she believed the subjection of woman vastly responsible. She looked ahead to fair, bright fields where emancipated woman should shower blessings like rain.

Seeing a great work to be done she stripped for the race and harnessed for the battle. In many instances she even cut off her hair and donned the Bloomer Costume. So it came to pass that she was accused of wanting to be a man and the conventions held for advancing her cause were ridiculed as meetings of "long-haired men and short-haired women"—for be it known that the woman's rights man also has since that time undergone a change.

She was much in earnest and acted accordingly. She often spoke with a loud voice and gesticulated in an animated way. She was neither popular, respectable nor attractive; but she *agitated.*

The new-fashioned woman's rights woman is an entirely different animal. In common with the old type she sees work to be done but she adopts a different method for doing it. She aims to be popular, respectable and attractive. She believes in looking so much like other women that nobody can determine from her appearance that she is not like them. She does not wear short hair. not she. Should sickness deprive her of "the glory of a woman" she would straightway procure a wig so that she need not again bring the short-haired reproach on her beloved cause.

And far be it from her to wear Bloomer dresses. When trains are in fashion she trains with other women, but adopts the short walking dress at the first appointment fashion offers. She often wears feathers and flowers and has been known to condescend to fring and bugle trimming—all "for the good of our glorious cause" or because "we have learned that it is our duty to be beautiful." She has been known to attend conventions with long lace streamers depending from the back of her head and sit on the same platform with the shingle-haired men dressed in nobby suits.

If she is young she bangs, crimps and frizzes a little more than other folks; and rather than appear masculine by speaking in a loud voice she will read or speak to an audience in a voice so "low and sweet"—that "excellent thing in woman"—as to be inaudible to such of her auditors as have the misfortune to sit twenty feet away.

She rejoices that she is no longer called strong-minded and that her conventions are alluded to as "assemblages of well-dressed, womanly ladies" instead of "meetings of the strong-minded females."

Yea, verily she hath accomplished her purpose and become respectable, popular and attractive. But it is a question in many minds whether she has lost or gained by this change. For, whom does she attract? In many cases a set of politicians who think the woman movement is going to succeed and make speeches in her favor with so little heart in them that they not only do not make new converts to the cause but cool the ardor of those already converted. She attracts a class of *men* and women who have so little staunch love for the right that they will not ally themselves with it so long as they would thereby bring odium on themselves. These classes are not helps but hindrances to any cause with which they identify themselves. If the woman's rights movement would treat them as the sailors did Jonah, even at the risk of again bearing all the old stigma of short-haired, strong-minded, *etc etc.*, it would, according to my reckoning, progress with new velocity.

I wish you well my sisters, indeed I wish you well, but after all I can't help thinking it takes as many as five of the new-fashioned kind to do the work of one good, old--fashioned, woman's rights woman. You have "dressed up" too soon. The time for pioneers has not yet gone by. The forests of prejudice are not yet cleared. They must be slashed into. If you try letting them die out you will starve while waiting for your crops.

WOMEN WHO HOLD THE PLOUGH.—The Dakota fever is infectious, and a number of young ladies have become sadly affected by it. This affliction has been the means in some instances of placing fair ones in independent circumstances, where otherwise they would be working in some menial capacity. An instance known to the readers of the *Star* is that of a young widow who came to Lisbon, took a pre-emption claim of 160 acres, proved up and got her title to her land, then took another claim under the Homestead law of 160 acres more, on which she is now living; and as the possessor of 320 acres of the richest soil upon God's footstool, she is, of course, considered worth having, and several bachelors in the vicinity are glaring at each other with fire in their eyes and hatred in their hearts towards their rivals.

In Lisbon there are not a few servant girls who have taken up claims and intend to cultivate them by contract; probably any one of them could realize from $500 to $750 each for their land. One young lady, who is clerking in one of the stores in town, is the possessor of a number of town lots in addition to several quarter sections of land, The land is worth probably $25 an acre, but she came into possession of it by taking advantage of the pre-emption, homestead and tree claim laws. Her town lots were bought when prices were low, from the proceeds of her salery, and have now advanced to nearly ten times the price she paid for them.

Another young lady who took up a pre-emption claim last fall has the satisfaction of knowing that a railroad survey has since been made across it, and it is not at all improbable that she may yet become the owner of a town site worth from $50,000 to $100,000. It is a poor town site that is not worth the former sum, 250 lots at $200 each making that amount. A quarter section of land will make about 600 ordinary town lots, allowing for streets and avenues. The instances above recited are those indigenous to Ransom County and every county in Dakota has a similar number of cases to record.—*Lisbon, Dak., Star.*

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the above Costume for the last 40 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

MARIETTA L. BEERS-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S. Costume: Trousers cut just like a man's, kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S. Costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress, worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. REESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

HEALTHY JEWS.—Bodily cleanliness is certainly not the strong point of the lower class of Jews, yet in Petticoat Lane, and other equally unsavory localities, they are far more plump and well-looking than their so-called Christain neighbors. Some of the Jewish emigrants from Russia have lately been described as indescribably filthy, yet of exceptionally vigorous vitality. Of course, if this vitality is due simply to the fact of their being of Jewish race, other races can learn nothing useful from the fact. But is it not more likely that this power of living and looking blooming and healthy in uninviting localities is due to the Jewish domestic life? They are very careful in the selection and preparation of their food, and, as a fale, they live more regular, orderly rbmily lives, than most of their neighuors.—*London Graphic.*

The education and training of women for the medical profession is proceeding satisfactorily in the United States. The women's Medical College of Baltimore turned out seventeen female doctors the other day. It is becoming generally recognized that the medical profession is one specially suited to women.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

This is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherlesss children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter carelessness prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, May. 27, '80.

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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

By MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

Being called on by the press to furnish an account of the modern rebellion to fashion, I wil giv such information as memory and facts at hand supply; premising that if the chain of events necessarily carry somewhat of my experience, having gone thro' it, and written upon it from the first; I hope to be exempt from the charge of egotistic intent. In 1848, the founder of the Oneida Community in central N. Y. published his Social Record, and the women of that compact adopted the costume the book advised, for naturalnes, conservation of strength, and convenience in all exercise. They called it short dres—skirt to the knee and plain trousers. The idea was obtained by inspiration's appeal to reason, and recorded in 1848,—one year later than my repudiation of fashion which I knew was permanent with me, tho' I neither gave it public advocacy, nor expected imitation. It was a sick girls last resort, no more corsets, crinoline, under weight, nor skirt below gaiter tops. My sister named it, grandmother suit—it was the reverse of fashion which then used massive flounces, quilted petticoats and starched cordings, followed by hoops. When my change restored health, I resumed teaching, and never shuned the public because the terms, stilts, strait line and bean pole followed me, but kept a lone excentricity nine years before the reform spread, or I heard of it. When one knows she is right, it is not so hard to be singular as some fancy. Many sensible men and women extend kindnes and approval, and soon enuf a fashionable man was glad to marry the only fashion rebel in society. Women of Oneida Community did not travel or visit outside the home, but were seen by those who noted the lightnes, comfort, and healthfulnes of their apparel, so wel adapted to use.

Sometime in 1850, Garret Smith's daughter in that vicinity adpted a similar style for her health—her kinswoman, E. C. Stanton, seeing its benefits, consulted others; the following winter, meetings, probably small ones, were held in N. Y. City, in which Lucy Stone, Mary G. Nichols, the wife of the editor of the Graphic, over the name Jennie June, adopted the change. Men of the pres saw its merits, and in the spring of, '51, many journals bore their endorsement to the wide world, never to be forgotten or silenced til a costnme of reason and adaption to health and activity is asumed by women and enjoyed in approved possession. The news first reached me in May of '51, and immediately my small skirt was shortened twelve more inches; the additional relief was surprising; and all my clothes were made in that style in les than a year.

At that time Dr. J. C. Jackson had a water cure resort on the border of Skaneateles Lake in N. Y. and he prevailed on the women patients to assume the style to facilitate out-door exercise. Increased convalescence was so striking, the gain of some feared incurable, so marked, that his astute mind penetrated the vastnes of past violations of health, and read in a rational attire for woman her redemption from folly, vanity, sicknes and slavery, and the establishment of sound, firm-minded motherhood, qualified for viable offspring with honorable adulthood, and was quick to proclaim his views. His influence accomplished much, and extended far. He mainly ordered the annual conventions of reform for several years. The first one I attended was in 1855 at Homer, N. Y., about twenty in reform style were there—I had seen but few in it—and to view the happy scene of all these, my joy was uncontrolable. Drawing aside and veiling my face, I laughed alternately thro' tears and smiles, a half hour, before I could converse and form acduaintences. Dr. Lydia S. Hasbrook of Middletown was there getting subscribers for the Sibyl which she published several years as an organ of the cause. She remained faithful to the dres. The next year we met at Syracuse, packed Corinthian hall, and sprinkled the crowd with reformers. There I and a few others made our first public speeches. The next year we convened a full hall at Cortland. In those years able physicians, lawyers and liberal ministers, with artizans and rurals, came some distance to teach and learn. S. J. May was willing to stand with us. Those first half dozen years represented the reform throughout the States, cities and towns large and small, country districts and new setflements, had samples, some places very many, of the dres that relief was smiling under, of women, who felt sure they could not again be trammeled. Yet much subtle and open opposition was active; many streets were vocal with slang abuse. The world is still too crude to allow a reform without a prosecution. Murderous fashion, abhorrently sordid, wil hang social gibbets everywhere til reformers ignore them, or snap disdainful fingers at weak-minded scares. This reform proves the depth of cowardice & avarice, falsenes has cultured, & selfishnes sanctioned.

Besides the Sibyl, Drs. Jackson and Austin published correspondence called The Letter Box, which soon changed to Laws of Life, which is stil issued. His Infirmary called Our Home, is at Dansville, N. Y. He called the reform dress, American Costnme; but the name of a country, like that of a person proves inappropiate. The best scientific term must soon be fixed upon. The riper convictions of '83 demand better system than a half sensational rush of a new, tho' great idea could assume. Among staid matrons hailing the change as a savior from disease caused by burdened toil, were many prompted by novelty, the hope that fashion would concur; of course, ridicule readily restored their perilous petticoats. Feeble ones growing strong again, having mind enuf to perceive the revival of all faculties, valued it duly. Yet, position and friends tempted some of the thoughtful to return. One whom I knew had her shackles ready a year ere she could warp her conscience and feet into the noose.

Vineland, N. J.

LAMP CHIMNEYS.

Kerosene oil is generally used for lights in the country, and the cleaning of lamp chimneys is quite tiresome, but must be attended to every day. The burners often get out of fix and it is very vexatious to keep them in running order. When they are clogged and will not turn up or down, are all covered with soot and gum, do not throw them away, but take a little iron kettle and put in a pint of wood ashes and a quart of water; put in the burners and set them on the stove and let them boil five or ten minutes; take them out and with a soft rag wash them clean and dry them well. They are then as good as new, and will do another six months. It is very little trouble to do it, and saves much vexation. After one has tried it once she will not be abt to forget it. Nice-looking, clean lamps are quite ornamental, while a smoky chimney and bad-smelling burners are not agreeable.

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HORACE SEAVER, Editor.
JOSIAH P. MENDUM, Publisher.
ERNEST MENDUM & JOHN A. O'MALLEY, *Assistants.*

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Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

GABBLING MEN.

One of the greatest annoyances to a foreman or overseer, as well as to the industrious workman who wishes to perform his whole duty, is the habit of gabbling indulged in by those who insist upon talking of current events, and often the world's entire history, during business. In no workshop is this practice so deleterious as in the printing office, for in no other is there so close and undivided attention required to produce the best results. No man can set type with proper care when his mind is occupied with the consideration of other affairs, especially if that consideration is enforced upon him by the audible conversation of some one near him. A printer must think while he works, and he must think of the task before him. He must decipher his copy and give thought to his punctuation, and even to the construction of the sentences, and this he cannot do while his attention is diverted to something entirely foreign to it. He can think of but one thing at a time; and if he is talking of politics, religion or social ills, he will of necessity neglect the work placed before him.

The practice of promiscuous talking in a workshop is, moreover, a dishonest one. The employer pays the employé for the work he is expected and supposed to perform; and the time paid for belongs to him, and if it is occupied with idle gossip he is defrauded of that which is his due. A few moments conversation between two compositors may seem a small matter; but when it includes, as it generally does, several men, at frequent intervals, it becomes quite a serious affair, resulting in absolute loss to the master workman. "Many a mickle makes a muckle;" and fifteen minutes a day makes an hour and a half during the week.

It is a homely saying, "the still sow drinks the swill;" and among compositors it will be noticed that those who do the least talking will, other things being equal, set more type and do it better than their garrulous neighbors whose tongues are continually running.—[X.

SCANDAL-MONGERS.

These vipers in a community, whether wearing pants or petticoats, are pests who embroil the peace of families and neighborhoods, and cause more unnecessary and bitter feuds than all other classes of society combined. The ancestral method of punishing them at the public whipping-post with a cat-o'-nine tails having been abolished, a very successful method of staying the evil they produce is for each person to whom they address their tales of social poison to adopt the rule of Miss Hannah More, a noted writer. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if it be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable. Off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized, to make inquiry and compare accounts. The viper would never venture to come to her a second time with a gossipy story. If well-disposed persons would have the moral courage and resolution to treat all gossipers who come to them with tales against the character of others in manner like Miss More, the province and food of scandal-mongers would soon become extinct. It is the weakness, hesitancy and irresolution of their hearers that encourage these pests in society and emboldens them to scatter their slime and filth where it might take root and do the mischief and cause the pain of mind that often afflicts the innocent victims of their envious malice.—*Lewiston Teller.*

LIFE OF FACTORY GIRLS.

A Judge's Comment on the Results of Starvation Wages.

New York Sun.

Benjamin Schlesinger was Superintendent for a New York firm in whose factory more than one hundred girls, including Katie Holthusen, worked for wages averaging about $4 a week. Miss Holthusen sued him for alleged seduction under promise of marriage. The case was tried in Judge Barrett's court, and in giving it to the jury he said: "There is something to me inexpressibly sad about this case. I find nothing amusing in it. At the same time I am not sorry (revolting as are many of its details) that it has been brought before us. Entirely independent of your verdict, entirely independent of the interests of these parties, I think it is well that the community should occasionly see something of our boasted civilization, see just what it means, and be brought face to face with what there is beneath the surface. I am not one of those who believe in ignoring vice. That is neither wise nor safe. The only true philosophy is that which seeks the truth below the surface, and does its best to remove what is dangerous to the public health or to pulic morals. To me it is a very pitiable picture, that of those one hundred girls employed at low wages, wages barely adequate for sustenance, surrounded by every possible temptation, maybe the greatest of all temptations, that which springs from actual want and pressing need. There is another very sad thing to me about this case, and that is the low atmosphere of vulgar animality which runs through it and the cheapness with which female virtue and female honor have been treated. That feature of the case is positively sickening; the utter disregard of those sacred things which are implanted in every decent man's breast; the lightness, the levity, and even the brutality with which reference has been made to the weaker and gentler sex. I shall say no more upon that subject lest my feelings should effect your judgment, for I confess that I feel too much about it."

CREMATION.

North American Review.

By means of the modern and scientific method of cremation, the human body within an hour can be reduced to a few pounds of white and odorless ashes. There is nothing in the operation that can shock the feelings of the most sensitive, and the process, when thoroughly examined and understood, will be found its own best advocate.

"I have stood," says an eye-witness, "before the threshold of the crematory with a faltering heart. I have trembled at the thought of using fire beside the form of one whom I had loved. But when, in obedience to his own dying request, I saw the door of the cinerator taken down, its rosy light shone forth, and his peaceful form, enrobed in white, laid there at rest amid a loyliness that was simply fascinating to the eye, and without a glimpse of flame or fire or coals or smoke. I said, and say so still, this method, beyond all methods I have seen, is the most pleasing to the senses, the most charming to the imagination and the most grateful to the memory."

Opposition to incineration springs chiefly from ignorance of the manner in which it is carried on; and to remove all misapprehension, it cannot be too distinctly stated that the body never rests in flames, while during the entire process there is no fire or smoke or odor or noise to grieve in any manner the bereaved. Even the trestle on which the dead glide into the retort does not become heated prior to the body becoming incandescent.

The active consuming agent is simply air, raised to white heat—a temperature equivalent to 2000° Farh.; and this, cooled temporarily by the in-rushing current on the opening of the door of the retort, causes the interior to assume beautiful, vibrating and ruddy tints. One who has lately witnessed it has said:

"As we turned away from the incinerator where we had left the body of our friend; it was pleasant to think of him still resting in its rosy light, surrounded and enveloped by what seemed to us floods of purity."

When all is over, nothing remains but a few fragments of calcined bones and delicate white ashes, perfectly white and odorless. In all candor, is not this a more fitting destiny for the cast off body than that it should remain for years "a mass of loathsome and death-bearing putrefaction?"

TO THE GIRLS.

What are you doing my dear girls, to help along this great bright world of ours? Toward what path are your feet tending? To what goal in the far distant future do your thoughts turn? What is your aim in life? There have been earnest-souled women who have done great and good deeds in humanity's cause, or have won with pen, pencil and chisel, undying honors, and written their names in never-fading letters upon fame's glittering page; and these, not scions of noble stock, but honest, self-made women of the soil, who through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease, have raised themselves to a high position by the mere force of their sterling qualities with native energy and strength of character. It cost something! ah, yes. Fortune seldom comes at your beck; if you sit down with folded arms to woo the fickle goddess, you will very likely sit there to the end of the chapter. Rouse yourselves, gird on your armor, go forth with confidence and hope, make up your mind to work, and work with a will, throw mind and soul into your pursuit, for whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; the reward may be long in coming, you may sometimes grow faint and weary, and may fail more than once, twice or thrice, but never give up, try again and again; let every defeat nerve you to fresh contest. Girls, whatever your lot in life, do your best; whatever your work, it is worthy of best efforts. In climbing the mountain's rugged side, take care that there be no unwary steps, no sudden fall from rectitude into chasms of moral vice; lend a helping hand now and then to lead a weaker companion along the rough places, improve each golden moment of opportunity, catch the good within your reach. Do not spend your time in vain regrets for any mistakes you have made, but set yourselves to work to repair it; she who waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out her life in vain and idle wishes, and regret at the last moment of her life her worse than useless endeavors in not accepting the present instead of looking in to the far future, for a more glorious and exalted sphere. Let every stroke tell, let every step be a firm mark along your onward journey, footprints that will remain long after you have passed to the other shore; and let what ever will be your aim, above all else, strive to make your life strictly up right, pure and honorable; be every thing that is thoroughly womanly, helpful, charitable, tender toward your fellows: a living, breathing lesson to all around; and a golden anthem that shall ring golden chimes of joy and love throughout all eternity.

Man's monopoly of man is becoming intolerable. Yet the patient masses bear it, hoping all the time for a change for the better, but that change never will come unless the people write a change on their ballot.—[X.

Sarah Mapp is described as having "possessed masculine habits and much personal courage, and speedily arose to notoriety, as the bone-setter or shape mistress. This was in 1736. Mistress Mapp wore the coat, boots and hat of a man of the day, with a woman's skirt coming to the knees. She was hideous and ugly and illiterate, but made surprising cures and a large fortune. So great was her popularity at one time and the curiosity to see her, that managers would invite her presence in order to secure a jammed house. There has hardly been a man's occupation, no matter how little unfitted for females, that a woman has not followed—not even that of a highwayman. Mary Frith or "Moll Cut Purse" was a notorious character in the reign of Charles I. She not only dressed, but drank, smoked a pipe—a rare sight then—and swore like a man. Jonathan Wild is said to have modeled his plan of receiving and disposing of stolen goods upon her example. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax, on Hounslow heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but on payment of an enormous sum of money she was set at liberty. Field, in his comedy, "Amends for the Ladies," has portrayed what he is pleased to call "The Merry Pranks of Moll Cut purse.

Smollet, in his celebrated novel of "Ferdinand Count Fathom," has described a singular creature nicknamed Belgrade." He has, however, much misrepresented her character, which was that of a true, courageous, self-sacrificing woman. She was a camp sutler, but did not follow the army for the sake of plunder, but for a livelihood and to assist soldiers in distress.

She was called Belgrade because she was at the battle which took place in that city, in Hungary. At Wiesbaden she attached herself to the English horse guards, rendering herself famous for her courage and humanity.

The most singular and celebrated case of a man's voluntarily assuming female attire was that of the Chevalier D' Eau' the son of a French nobleman, who sent him to England to be educated. He was noted for his excellence in all manly exercises and brilliant career seemed opening before him, as he was greatly gifted and splendidly handsome. In an unlucky moment the chevalier won the regard of Caroline queen of George III. After some time their intimacy was suspected by the king, and matters looked serious for the chevalier as well as for the queen. The king personally charged him with his offense, and driven into a corner, D'Eau rashly declared itwas impossible, because he was—a woman.

"Then replied the king, "wear the apparel of a woman."

The chevalier—probably glad to get off so easily— immediately donned female costume, and being effeminate and slight in appearance, looked so like a woman that even his companions believed he had been masquerading when in male attire. The matter began to be generally discussed, and heavy amounts were staked as to his sex. As D'Eau refused to decide these bets, a lawsuit was brought, and the dets were declared null and void.

D'Eau wore female apparel from 1775 until in 1810 when he died.—[X

Two gentlemen of Mexico have discovered a plant which produces material that, in their opinion, will revolutionize the present linen and silk industries. The plant yields a fiber of great brilliancy, fineness and strength, possesses an admirable affinity for all kinds of dyes and resembles silk more than anything else known. Samples of this fiber are twelve feet in length

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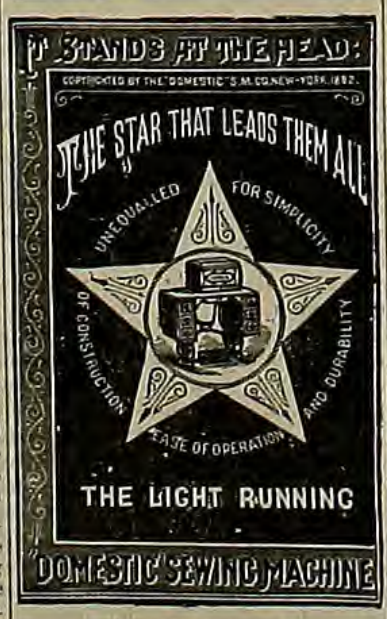

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Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

The HERALD contains more valuable reading matter than any other first-class paper in the United States—for the same price. The information that will be given under Resources of California will, of itself, alone, be worth the price charged for it.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 7. San Francisco, California, July, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW,
...EDITOR...

S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., CELIA P. WHITLHEAD, MARY E. TILLOTSON, ELMINA D. SLENKER. SARAH KNOX-GOODRICH, occasional corrispoueent.

A Monthly Newspapes, Published in San Francisco, Cal., Devoted to the interests of Woman: To her Dress Reform; Race Culture; Physical Culture; Labor and Political Enfranchisement---thru co-operation and self-help.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.
PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

S. S. S.

ORDER AND TRADE MARK.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left breast with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide. Officers badges, $1, members 50 cts., post-paid.

Miss WILLARD's last two meetings at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, were a perfect ovation to the earnest and accomplished evangelist. Both she and Miss Gordon have won golden opinions in the Golden State, and thru temperance have put life into the suffrage question, which, as far as any *public* effort has been made, has been sleeping the lethean sleep of death for the last three years.

WE are informed by S. F. grocers that Hedge Row Vineyard raisins (Miss Austin's) command the highest price in the market. This speaks well of women-farmer's work. The layers are uniform throughout the boxes. All the fine ones are not put on the top and the inferior ones at the bottom—after the fashion of small fruit-growers' boxes.

THIS is charming weather for bathing. Remember Sunny Cove, Alameda, and Miss Dietz's Saturday Sunny-Cove Chowder. The surf is the place to enjoy a Simon pure bath, and ladies understand the wants of women and children better than it is possible for men to understand them.

VISIT Mrs. Holt's Art Parlors, Phelan Building, 3d floor, and see the cunning of a woman's hand in the many beautiful paintings and original designs executed by this accomplished artist. She puts a practical shoulder to the wheel of Progress by teaching large classes of ladies Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week. Some of her pupils bid fair to win name and fame by the brush—judging from their first efforts at the easel.

The horrible Contagious Disease Act has been delt a reeling blow in England, through the tireless efforts of Josephine E. Butler and the "Rescue Society" Women, in the arena of Social Science, are doing much toward wiping out the plague spots of civilization.

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE-RING, opal and diamonds, for the handsomest dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the
FIRST GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE
of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco, the first week in September, 1883.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OFFERED.

The Herald of Health, for life.
WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, for life.
This prize list is now open to any and all contributors.

THE FIRST GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE of the American Social Science Sisterhood will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of September 1883, in San Francisco, California. Dress Reform Exhibition at 2 P. M.

Societies are cordially invited to send delegates, and individuals, both men and women, are cordially invited to be present and take part in the exercises.

ERRATA.—In the notice of the California *Patron* which appeared in the May number of the HERALD, no mention was made of the woman's Department which is so well and ably edited by Flora C. Kimball. The *Patron* is fortunate in possessing such a helpmate.

MRS. STOW has decided to give a $100 ring (which with her has a historical value) and save the $100 to add to the building fund. The ring was one of the last gifts of her husband, to her, before she sailed for Europe in '74. It has been raffled once for $200, to feed the hungry Probate Court of San Francisco, and the winner declined to take it. The ring is a very beautiful one and is none the worse for wear. The opal was pronounced one of the very finest by lapidaries in France.

WHY? There are some newspapers, published in the interest of women, in the United States, that have never chronicled *one* thing in relation to the organization or work of the C. W. S. S. A but the moment there was an offshoot, like Decorative Art, Woman's Protective League, etc., there was swift mention made of officers and plans. We desire to inform such Journals that the Woman's Protective League has been dead and buried for months—and no one attended the funeral. The other two transplants are thriving and have the very best wishes of the parent society. Brother Horatio Stebbin's complex Social Science Association (our first born) is also in its cerements. Ira Rankin says it died of inanition. Our Social Science children that are so eagerly looked after, are not working for equal suffrage as Social Science—*straight*—is working for equal suffrage; therefore there can be no excuse in this direction.

No notice has been taken by these Journals, of the offer of a $100 prize for the most desirable reform dress, while the English Rational Dress Association's prize of £30 has been heralded time and again. Now, we are clanish enough to claim that American dollars, dimes, nickles and cents have as healthy a ring (when rung) as English sovereigns, pounds, shillings and pence, and now and here request those reticent *news*papers to stick a pin—and ring out the ring. Perhaps the opals and diamonds will be of more importance than dollars— *to the dumb.*

CASTRATION.—Numbers of unthinking, unreasoning, unprogressive people are saying "Stop the HERALD. I dont like the discussion of castration." This shows that "we are still groping in the midst of the physiological dark ages, and that society at large is not prepared to listen to the *naked truth.*" But every daily paper flaunts these "naked truths" in our faces, then why cavil at the discussion of a sure remedy for this most horrible crime? Which is the most valuable, the most sacred to society, our innocent dauters or the ungelded human monsters who debauch them? These mock-modest people are those who "have eyes and see not, ears and hear not."

It is a poor reformer that cannot look upon all phases of society, that cannot discuss every subject pertaining to the best good of humanity, without a guilty blush of shame. Out upon such willow-backed cowardice! Fathers and mothers write and say "As we have no children to *castrate*, you can stop the HERALD." Have they any dauters to debauch? The HERALD preaches the temperance of continence, and it is, therefore, stench in the nostrils of these poison-debauchee.

In '71 a man by the name of Quinn enticed Maggie Ryan, a child nine years of age, under the wharf, and filling her mouth with sand, with the assistance of his clasp-knife, brutally outraged her. She was dead when found. Our science of government and justice placed him in the penitentiary. He is now loose, a murderer, with all his faculties for rape and murder unimpared, and this "savage civilization" says *Amen!*

ALEXANDER HAY, a Cahuenga farmer, had two pistol-shots fired at him, on the 21st, by Ella Barrow, a farmer's 16 year old daughter whom he had chloroformed and brutally outraged, while she was riding with him in a lumber-wagon, on a lonely road, at night. The crime is doubly heinous for the reason that she was doing housework for his sick wife, and had gone with him to town, that day, to shop for her. —*Los Angeles Herald.*

This is the "protection" and "good pay" that attends upon domestic service for our daughters. Ah! girls, qualify yourselves for careers, as well as for household drudges, to be outraged and spit upon. Let men try *their* hands at domestic service for a while (It is the hardest work in the world.), and give women their fat clerical places. The wives of farmers will not rape their men-servants.

CLERICAL SHORTCOMINGS. Robert B. Morrill, ex-chief Auditor of the Philadelphia Gas Trust, for whose arrest warrants were issued on Jan. 24th, was captured, in that city, on May 17th, by Capt. Linden of Pinkerton's Detective Agency. The stealing has been going on since 1873, if not longer. Since that year, Morrill and five other employes have stolen over $100,000—Morrill, it is supposed, getting the largest share. The clerks stole the money, and concealed the thefts by making false addition, and Morrill, as Auditor, passed the accounts as correct. Of the accused, Charles Hooper is already in the penitentiary Henry Warren is lying paralyzed and at the point of death Morrill, J. Spencer Smith, Martin W. Culp and Major Goodman have been arrested, and ex-Assistant Auditor William Taylor is still at large. District Attorney Graham promises to bring the prisoners to trial promptly.—[X.

Men in places of trust have become such fast livers, they have so many *necessities*, necessities which a moral civilization winks at, so many ways for loose change to slip thru their fingers, for drinks, games, cigars and natty turnouts, that wise men should turn over a new, fresh leaf and employ women. They are, as yet, unsophisticated in masculine vices. Was there any thing (from the top thief to the bottom thief), in the daily round of business performed by these men that an educated woman could not have done as well as they did it—baring the stealing? Let every house infested with thieves change its base and employ women.

SANTA FE, New Mexico, holds its 333d Tertio-Millennial Anniversary, including a Grand Mining and Industrial Exposition, during the month of July. Santa Fé was settled by the Spanish, 75 years before the Pilgrims saw Plymouth Rock. Three distinct civilizations will be illustrated The Pueblo, or Village Indians—direct descendents of the Aztecs, who were found there in 1534, by Cabeza de Vaca—tilling the soil, and living under wholesome laws; the Spanish with their creeds and the Americans with their elements of social and industrial progress. The programme is a most inviting one, and will be a feature in history.

SCISSORS.

Fun and fact with scissors caught,
Have many a pleasant moral taught.

(*Un*) CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.—No woman need apply.

The Concord School of Philosophy will open its 5th annual session July 18th.

Maggie J. Chapman, of Topeka, Kan. is a successful insurance broker.

Trousers are the only form of dress worthy of the human form.

Miss Ella T. Greene is a successful commercial traveler for a St. Louis house, at a salary of $1,800 per year.

Rev. C. D. Barrows, first Congregational Church, San Francisco, declares himself a staunch woman suffragist, as well as prohibitionist.

No subject is injured by discussion unless founded in error or falsehood.

Miss Maggie Knoll, of Erie, Pa., is under an engagement to play cornet and violin solos in the Leipsic orchestra of Cincinnati.

Isabel F. Chase has been reappointed copying clerk in the Recorder's Office of Los Angeles, Cal.

Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed as nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

One can hardly conceive the wide-spread and terrible consequences of syphilis. It is a sin of the fathers visited upon the third and fourth generation. Once in the blood, it can never be eradicated. Dr. Gross predicts that it will eventually extinguish the human race.

If it is the duty of the girls to live chaste and virtuous lives, it is not right that the boys who are to be their companions, their husbands, and the fathers of their children, should be allowed a free range of unguarded pleasures, unbridled passions, and master vices.

Helen Wilmans of Chicago has two daughters residents of this city. One of them Miss FLORENCE BAKER has been for nearly a year past one of the attaches of this Journal. To her faithful and conscientious work much of the success of TRUTH is due. This is her obituary as Miss BAKER. She is now the wife of CHARLES F. BURGMAN, Truth's Business Manager.—San Francisco *Truth.*

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY.—At the graduating exercises, May 29th, the degrees of Bachelors of Art, were confered upon Florence Bartling and Arnur Carnall; Bachelors of Literature—Flora E. Beal, M. Frances Bracken, Lottie M. Hollister, Nannie N. Ridge and Ida B. Benfey; College of Civil Engineering—Millie Medberry. Flora E. Beal was awarded a special certificate of eminent scholarship. At the Hastings College of Law, Emily L. Buckhout and Josephene M. Todman were made Bachelors of Law, with the right to practise as attorneys and counselors in all the courts of the State. Since the opening of the University, thirty-eight per cent. of men students have graduated, and fifty-four per cent. of women.

MISS AUGUSTA STOWE, of Toronto, received the degree of M. D. from the Victoria University at Coburg, Canada, on the 16th ult. In presenting her, Dr. Ogden said she was the first lady who had ever taken a medical degree in the Dominion of Canada. Although she had received her instruction in a mixed class of both sexes, there had never existed the slightest difficulty in the class, owing to her presence there. Indeed she had endeared herself to the students to such an extent, that on one occasion, when an attempt had been made to create some disturbance, the entire class had come forward in her defence, and championed her cause so successfully, that the interference of the faculty had not been at all necessary in that behalf. The doctor added that some of her fellow-students had also sought to champion her for life. (Cheers and laughter.) Dr. Nelles, "How many of them?" (Renewed laughter.) Miss Stowe gracefully stepped forward amid loud cheers, and as she retired with her gloriously-won distinction, the entire audience sprang to its feet, and cheered vociferously for several minutes.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

Children's Corner.

"WE RUNNED AWAY."

Two little rascally darlings, they stood,
Hand clasped in hand, and eyes full of glee.
Stock-still in the midst of the crowded street;
Naughty as ever children could be.

Horses to right of them, horses to left,
Men hurrying breathless to and fro,
Nobody stopping to wonder at them,
Nobody there with a right to know.

O, what a chance for a full truant joy;
Earth holds no other equal delight,
Hark! it is over—a shriek fills the air,
A womans face flashes white:

"O babies! whose are you! How came you here?"
The busy street halts aghast, at bay;
Serene smile the infants, as heavenly clear
They both speak together, "We runned away!"

The crowd and the bustle swayed on again,
The babies were safe and had lost their fun;
And we who saw felt a secret pain.
Half envy of what the babies had done;

And we said in our hearts, Alack! if we tell
The truth, and the whole truth, we must say:
We never get now so good a time
As we used to have when "we runned away."

—Wide-Awake.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

"Dunno!" he replied without changing a muscle, and again relapsed into silence. Milly instinctively, crept closer to her brother, casting a furtive glance over her shoulder. Then the mother glancing at the troubled faces of her children-said softly—

"Did she die?"

"Dunno" came in sepulcral tones, and an ominous silence again fell upon the group. But Mrs. Breeze perseveringly enquired—

"What became of your wife, Bill?"

At that, he roused himself by a perceptible shake and continued the history.

"Wal, she got poorly and the neighbors sed heow'r she was flity, kinder, in her mind, arter little Glory wus *stole*."

"Oh! the poor little creature was stolen?"

"Yis, *stole*!"

"And you have never found her and don't know who did it?" continued Mrs. Breeze in a sympathetic voice.

"Redskins! they done it."

"And your poor wife, what became of her?"

"*Ded*! died o' grief! They sed it *broke* her hart." Arter that I could'nt stay thar an' raft logs eny longer, it hurt me here."

And again he laid a hand over his heart and spread the other over his face. A few large tears squeezed thro' his rough fingers and ran in little rivulets down the back of his hand, as he swayed back and forth like a storm-tossed bark. Mrs. Breeze rose hastily and crossed to where he was sitting and laying her white hand on his unkempt head, said hopefully—

"Trust in God my friend, you will yet see your daughter *alive* and *well*!" Startled by her prophetic words, he removed his hand from his face and exclaimed almost fiercely.

"What d'yeow know 'beout it?" while all the hunger of the starved soul looked out of his pleading eyes.

"Nothing," answered Mrs. Breeze, "only I have *faith*, and that heals a multitude of sorrow. *Hope* is a balm to the wounded heart, that none of us can safely refuse. Cheer up man! there is sunshine somewhere, else there would be no shadows on life's threshold."

"But it's so lonesome neow," he said, "an' we wus so happy tergether, niver had a ha'sh word—May and me!"

"But you committed a great wrong in the sight of heaven, by taking May away from her parents without their consent, and you think your punishment is more than you can bear." Bill groaned but spoke no word and Mrs. Breeze continued—

"God has commanded, 'Children obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' May disobeyed her parents in forsaking her home to marry you. God punished her disobedience with sorrow and death. And you, too, He has punished, for stealing the old man's daughter, by visiting you with a like affliction—only, that death came to your dearer-self, instead of that blessed forgetfulness that comes with that 'sleep which knows no waking' you must endure the terrible bereavement—alone—perhaps for years. You have been followed by swift retribution! But God is just and will hearken to the cry of the penitent heart. Remember that Glory is always watched over and protected by Him wherever she may be. The feeling is strong upon me that you will see her safe and well before many years."

"God bless ye mum! fur sich cumfurtin words," said Bill, as he raked the ashes over the coals in the kettle, to keep them alive over night; then he relapsed into silence and his old position again.

It being time to retire, a deep stillness pervaded the room, giving each soul a moment's communion with its divine source: then rose clear and sweet the song of praise, out on the evening air, and up to the stars ascended these comforting words—"Hope is an anchor to the soul."

Then they went quietly to their several couches and the god of slumber touched with magic fingers their weary eyelids. Bill had not stirred since the consecrated touch of a woman's hand had rested, like a benediction, on his brow, and her comforting words had pierced his heart with a ray of hope.

Long he sat there unconscious of the present and its responsibilities. He was living over the past. Thinking of May and her baby, recalling their picture just as they looked when he left them in the morning to go to the "flo," May standing on the door-sill under the morning-glories, holding little Glory in her arms, and looking just like a painting he once saw of the Madonna and her child.

The small bed in front of the house that he spaded up in the spring for May to sow her posy-seeds in; the quaint walls covered inside with stray news-papers and bleached cloth that had done previous service, and Glory's cradle made out of a section of a hollow log, with a board fitted in either end.

All this and much more passed in review before him as the lagging hours dropped noiselessly through Time's glass.

But there came a sound after a time that broke his revery and caused him to reach down and grasp "old charger" firmly by the stock. Then he bent his head and listened. He had not long to wait, for he could distinctly hear some heavy body dragging itself slowly along the ground, under the floor. He felt to see if his knife was in his belt all right; closely examined the lock of the rifle, and being satisfied that everything was ready, bided his time. He knew it was the bear, and knew, also, by its movement that it was no baby; but he was not frightened, he didn't understand the sensation of fear, even. He thought only of that mother and her babes sleeping on the other side of the room, and not of self preservation.

Did they not rest secure depending upon him for protection? What was his single, *blasted* life compared with theirs? His blood might run like water before a tear should fall from that woman's eyes, if he could prevent it. For a moment he was lost in thought. The next, he saw a dark object looming in front of him. Then there was a sharp click, followed by a loud report and a terrible howl of rage. Bill drew his knife and just as the bear reared and stood upon his hind feet, the sharp blade penetrated his body to the hilt.

Have Fewer and Better Children

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

"Home-Light.—The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays; so home-light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, and loving words."

Care Of Chickens.—It is much the better way to take the chickens from the hen as soon as they are all hatched. I have done so with all of mine this year, and have not lost one, so far. I have three tight coops, about three ft. square, with sash covers put on with hinges, so they can be raised at pleasure; the glass roof slants toward the sun. On the front side of the coop is a sliding door which opens into a runway made of lath. In the rear of one of the houses and attached to it, is one of the Petaluma mothers. I put all of my youngest chicks into this house, and for the first week, keep the mother warm nights, and cold or rainy days keep the lamp burning day and night. Care must be taken that the oil in the lamp is not allowed to burn too low; it is safe to fill it at night and in the morning. I put plenty of nice fine straw on the bottom of the patent mother for the chicks to sleep in. It is much less trouble to take care of them this way, than to let the hen have them. To be sure, it costs something in the beginning, but what good thing do we possess, that has not required effort and money, before we came into possession of it? It is advisable to put several hens to set at the same time, or within a few days of each other, so as to have a large number of chicks about the same age, then by the time another lot comes off, the older ones may be removed to one of the other houses. By the time they are three weeks old, unless it should be cold, they do not require any extra care at night; if it is cold, I put them in boxes with straw at the bottom, from fifteen to twenty chicks in each box, cover them over with a piece of blanket or sacking, close the slide door of the coop, and they are all right. They grow very fast in such warm quarters. S. G. S.

Health.—Health is the natural condition of every living thing. All creatures living in their natural condition have health. Health gives to us full and perfect developement of body and mind, with all the strength, activity, and enjoyment of life, which naturally belong to us. As health is the natural result of conformity to the laws of nature, disease, or the absence of health, must be the result of the violation of those laws; and to live a pure, healthy, and happy life, we have only to satisfy our natural wants—to live in harmony with the world around us. The basis of this harmony is the proper building up of the nourishment, and sustentation of the bodily life. All living things, vegetable and animal, are built up from minute germs, by matter which they gather from the world about them. The daily waste of animal matter by nervous and muscular action is repaired by food. Life depends upon diet. The character and perfection of life depend upon the nature and perfection of the diet. Health rests very largely on dietetic conditions; and the restoration of health depends upon the same principles as its preservation. When our domestic animals become diseased from unnatural modes of feeding, what is the proper cure? The usual one is to send for a veterinary surgeon, and have them bled, blistered, and drugged. The natural method is to turn them out to grass, and let nature cure them in her way, of the effects of artificial and depraving conditions. To keep well, or to get well, a man needs precisely similar conditions—the air, water, and food best adapted to build up and sustain his daily life.

T. L. Nichols, M. D.

Effects Of Tea On Skin.—If you place a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron—knife blade for instance—the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix tea with iron filings, or pulverized iron, you can make a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood, it forms with the iron of the blood, the tannate of iron. Take human skin and let it soak for a time in strong tea, and it will become leather. Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach, are rapidly absorbed by the venous absorbents of the stomach, and enter into the circulation, and are thrown out of the system by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, it is probable that a drink so common as tea, and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin, introduced with so much liquid-producing respiration will have no effect upon the skin? Look at the tea drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued the habit of drinking strong tea. Are they not dark-colored and leather-skinned?

Turning the Children out to Strawberries.—Mr. J. Crane one of the veteran fruit growers of New Jersey, says that the best medicine for sick or delicate children is strawberries. At a late meeting of the Fruit-Growers Club, he remarked, that whenever any of his children were taken sick in winter or in early spring, he tried to keep them along with as little medicine as possible, until strawberries began to ripen; then they were let loose in the patch, and all other medicine was immediately laid aside as useless

It is to be hoped that every man that lives in the country, has a strawberry patch large enough to allow his children a full supply of this healthy and delicious fruit.

Whipped Cream.—Place the cream over ice until thoroughly chilled, and whip with an egg-beater or whip-churn until it froths. While whipping, place the froth on a sieve, and return to the bowl to be rewhipped all that passes through. When cream is difficult to whip, add to it, and beat with it the white of an egg. Sweetened and flavored, this is a choice desert alone, but it may be served in various ways. Baked apples, peaches, fresh or preserved berries are delicious with it. Jelly-glasses one-third full of jelly, and filled up with cream, make a wholesome and delicious dessert.

To Cure Cold Feet.—People who write or sew all day, or rather those who take but little exercise, may warm their cold feet without going to the fire. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up from the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop, or jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe and remain standing on the points of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do, in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. Even the half-frozen car-driver can carry this plan out. It is one rule of the "Swedish movement" system, and as motion-warmth is much better than fire warming, persons who suffer with cold feet at night, can try this plan just before retiring to rest.

Capt. Hetherington, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., is one of the greatest bee men in the world. He has 2,000 swarms in his different apiaries—some of which are in his own orchards and others are in bee pastures that he hires. This year's crop of honey is said to have yielded him $20,000.

The vapor of burning sulphur is efficacious for the cure of catarrh and consumption.—N. Y. Sun.

A Word About Dogs.—If the farmers of the country who own worthless dogs—curs without any breeding—could be induced to destroy them and substitute one well-bred shepherd pup, not more, to each farm, the wealth of every farming community would be vastly increased in many ways. Farmers, with a little tact in getting along with a dog, would soon find the colly saving them many a step. Eager and anxious to learn, willing to do everything within his power, the young dog needs only a wise restraint, an intelligent direction, to become the most useful hand on the place. The colly is an alert and discriminative watch dog, answering for this purpose far better than the heavy, sleepy, stupid, savage bull dog or mastiff, who is liable to attack his best friends, or eat up a child. As a colly acquires age and dignity, if he has been well taught, he imagines that the whole business of the farm hinges upon the performance of his duties, and he becomes as punctual and regular as the sun. Canine companionship, if at liberty, has a bad effect upon the colly in most instances. Where an old and wise dog is used to tutor youngsters by good example while at work, it will do to have two or more together. The duties of the colly are practical and mean work; companionship means play and is demoralizing. Especially is this true of companionship with a hunting dog. The shepherd dog has enormous perceptives and is very imitative; he quickly goes wild over game when lead by a hunting dog, consequently neglects and shirks his work, and is spoiled.—*Breeders Gazette.*

A Simple Remedy for Small-Pox.—Edward Hine, a correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury*, in a communication to that paper, speaks as follows: "I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man, if the worst case of small-pox cannot be effectually cured in three days, simply by cream of tartar. This is the sure and never failing remedy: One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of boiling water, to be drank when cold at short intervals. It can be taken at any time, and is a preventive as well as a cure. It is known to have cured in a hundred thousand cases without a failure. I have myself restored hundreds by this means. It never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and always prevents tedious lingering. If the people will only try it, and report all the cures to you, you would require to employ many columns if you gave them publicity.

Pickled Beets.—Boil, and when tender, remove the skins and slice; take equal parts of vinegar and sugar, with one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and cinnamon, tied in a cloth, to each quart of vinegar, and pour boiling over the beets.

The Japanese are almost a race of vegetarians, depending mainly for their nitrogenous food upon the leguminous plants—some forty varieties of peas and beans which they cultivate. These foods are quoted by Mr. Van Buren, a consul to Japan, who has also noticed "an expression of good humor upon the faces of men, the amiability and sometimes real beauty of the women, and the comfortable, open-eyed serenity of the babies."

To stop the flow of blood, even from a severe wound, bind on the wound the fine dust of tea. After the flow has been staunched, laudanum may be applied with advantage.

A forty acre orchard, on the river six miles above Oroville, has just been leased to Chinese for the next year at $5,700, or $67.50 an acre.

Friends and Sisters of the Order.—Recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be thankfully received for this department. Address S. Gertie Smyth, 653 Montgomery-st. San Francisco.

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—o—

THE PEOPLES GROCER,

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WHIPPING CHILDREN.—A parent who cannot govern a child without whipping it ought to surrender the care of that child to some wiser person. Sportsmen once thought it necessary to lash their dogs in getting them ready for the field. They know now that the whip should never be used. Horsemen once thought it necessary to whip colts to teach them to start at the word and pull steadily. They know now that an apple is better than a lash and a caress better than a blow. If dogs and horses can thus be educated without punishment, what is it in our children that makes it necessary to slap and pound them? Have they less intelligence? Have they colder hearts? Are they any lower in the scale of being? We have heard many old people say: "If we were to bring up another child we should never whip it." They are wise but a little too late. Instead of God doing so little for children that they must be whipped to goodness. He has done so much for them that even a whipping can't ruin—that is as a rule. But alas, there are many exceptions to this rule. Many children are of such quality that a blow makes them cowardly, or reckless, or deceitful, or permanently in temper. Whipping makes children hate their parents. Whipping makes home unpleasant, makes boys run away, makes girls seek happiness anywhere and anyhow. Whipping is barbarous. Don't whip.

A Louisville physician, who analysed a sample of the "cream candy" sold there, found that more than one eighth of the entire bulk was terra alba, which is not any more deadly than sand or brick dust, perhaps, and yet may not be a pleasant thing to eat.

Hens are early risers, and do not like standing around on one foot waiting for their breakfast. The morning meal with them is the most important one of the day. Boiled potatoes turnips, carrots, anything in the vegetable line, mixed with bran or shorts, seasoned with pepper and salt and fed warm, will make any well regulated

LITERARY NOTICES.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS. A manual of suggestions for beginners in literature, comprising a description of publishing methods and arrangements, directions for the preparation of Mss. for the press, explanations of the details of book-manufacturing, instructions for proof-reading, specimens of typography, the text of the United States, copyright law and information concerning international copyrights, together with general hints for authors. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Bancroft's, San Francisco. $1.

This book supplies a long felt need. In it is to be found both encouragement and ballast for the young aspirant for literary achievements. As a text-book for beginners it is invaluable. The author, fully understanding that the printer's art is one of the *exact* sciences, has been concise, painstaking and thoro. He (we think it is masculine) modestly witholds his name, but every publisher, compositor and printer who reads his production, will thank him, as well as the grateful *literati* that is—and is to be.

LECTURE ON THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF LIFE AND HYGIENE. A general outline of diseases peculiar to females, embracing a review of the rights and wrongs of women, and a treatise on diseases in general, with explicit directions for how to nurse, nourish and administer remedies to the sick, (*Illustrated*), By H. S. Cunningham, C. M. M. D., Geo. F. Borst & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. Cunningham is deserving of the thanks and patronage of every true woman in America, for evolving from his fertile brain so valuable a book. It is for prevention that the world is suffering. One iota of *prevention* is worth tons of cure. How to keep well is the question. How to keep in a normal condition, avoiding the necessity of having poisonous drugs tearing thru the delicate tissues of our bodies, is, or should be, the first and paramount lesson of life. If the Doctor's lectures were made a text book in our public schools, and half the cramming rubbish thown out, we should need fewer Medical Colleges and Hospitals.

We would advise young girls who are ready to fall into the matrimonial noose of the first roue they meet, to read the lecture upon "Wild Oats Sowing," and note what the harvest will be; and the same advise is given to young men who have not commenced sowing yet. The author wields a fearless scalpel among the rotten bones of a debauched civilization. Per. example:

Oleomargarin is often made of rancid and rotten tallow and lard, cooked up with chemicals, and made to appear identical with that oily substance which we get from cream, and which deserves the name—butter. And right here, among the adulterated articles of food, I might also mention the long list of impure and poisonous beverages, both distilled and fermented. When taken to excess, or to any great extent, they are highly pernicious to health. Scarcely less so are some of the popular temperance drinks, one of which is called soda water. What a mockery it is for the dispenser of this stomach-gnawing slop to ask you, "What syrup will you have—vanilla, pine-apple, strawberry peach or raspberry?" Do you not know that these villainous compounds are born of chmeicals of a poisonous nature, and that they do not contain even a particle of the fruits they are employed to represent? * * * Do devote a little time, and open wide your eyes to the laws and principles of life and health. Nearly all, if not all of you go to church on the Sabbath, once or twice at least—to regular service, mass or prayer meeting—in order that you may die in the fear of the Lord—piously and religiously—and whilst this is all proper and right, I ask, can you not also devote at least one hour each week to learn how to live and make home happy? * * * When man has the boldness to touch upon matters pertaining to the improvement of man, or upon the laws of procreation, and the influence of the mental and physical condition of the parents at the immediate time that procreation takes place, they are denounced, or their theories are trampled upon.

Why should man frown upon any writer who wishes to bring nature's laws before the people relative to the best mode of improving our race, when to understand nature aright will assist in banishing immorality and vice from the earth? Many deny that the mental impressions of the parents at the time a being is procreated will have an influence upon their progeny, but that such is a fact is as true as the book of nature, and the very mental influences that are at work upon the minds of the parents, for good or evil, will frequently be transmitted to their children, procreated under these influences. Nature's laws are fixed and immutable by the God who rules over all; and if so, why should false modesty or false teachings deter us from learning all we can pertaining to the laws that govern our lives, and thereby assist in shaping our destinies, for greater perfection and happiness, both here and hereafter? Why should we look upon the procreative act as being purely accidental, or the will of God? Does God will that bad men and women should be born? When we recognize the importance of investigating and obeying nature's laws with respect to the improvement of our stock, or of utilizing electricity in disease, and in telegraphy, or in the illumination of our cities, then why not also learn and obey her laws with respect to our organizations? All mankind should know how to procreate or bring into the world children mentally and physically sound and well balanced. Paupers beget paupers; thieves beget thieves, and murderers beget murderers. These are fixed and immutable laws. The farmer well knows if he sows bad or defective seed, he can not expect good crops; so throughout all nature.

Let us study nature's laws and obey them, and ere many generations have passed away the human race will so far outstrip the present race, that we shall be regarded as pigmies when compared with them.

But few females, especially girls, know that men suffering with secondary syphilis—*pox*—which they contract through their own licentious habits, or, as it is commonly termed, sowing their wild oats, can and do transmit the poison to their wives, should they become *enceint*—pregnant—as their systems are poisoned with that greatest of curses known to man. Every drop of blood which flows from the mother to the fœtus, again returns to the mother, to her heart and lungs, and passes on through the great *aorta* and its branches and ramifications, and so again returns to nourish the fœtus. Thus you can see at a glance that whatever poison was contained in the *spermatozoa*—germ—must necessarily be carried throughout her entire system, and poison every tissue of her body. This is now admitted by most pathologists to be a fact. I am aware there are those who will doubt this doctrine, on the ground of the infinitestimal nature of a *spermatozoa*—seed of the male—which you here see illustrated. You are all aware of the small amount of vaccine virus which will produce the characteristic poc upon a person, and often so completely influence the whole system as to act as a *prophylactic*—preventive or modifier of that terrible disease, small-pox. If such is admitted can we wonder or doubt the former proposition?

Hereditary syphilis often shows itself in the teeth of the innocent babe, and tells its painful story as surely as a sign-board on the cross-roads points to a town or village. Mothers often ask the doctor how it is their children have such notched and deformed teeth. Ah! mothers, this is one of the signs that you read of in the Bible where it says, "The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation."

The "Family Physician" is a 425 page octavo, sold by subscription, therefore the price is not given, but judge that $2 will pay for the *cloth* bound volume, and that two dollars may save hundreds in dollars and physical suffering. The book should be found in every household and library in the land.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY and the cloth-bound volume of this valuable book will be sent from either this or Dr. Cunningham's office on receipt of $2., and the calf-bound for $2,50.

CASTRATION.

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

For the Herald.

"But you need not have injected THE ALPHA (for February)—as it seems to me—the article (Mrs. Slenker's) headed "Assertions and Replies." This you could have omitted, and are responsible for reproducing. Its general points may be quite correct; but is THE ALPHA going to adopt and applaud her vindictive spirit, her bloody-mindedness, her savage and revengeful mode of remedy? The whole piece seems to me a stain on your paper, a contradiction to the high, humane, and self-contolled spirit, which has marked, and does mark THE ALPHA'S own utterances."

P This is only one out of numerous utterances that have eminated from good kind and noble men and women—concerning my position on this question of Castration—a position I have only taken after a careful, thoughtful and earnest investigation of the whole subject.

To the above request, Mrs. Winslow of THE ALPHA thus makes reply: It is well known that I agree with Mrs. Slenker, and believe when a man or woman makes of any gift or liberty an abuse or a damaging use to others, they should be legally deprived of volition in the matter. So far from being an act of cruelty, it would be a most humane measure to many a poor wretch. It would be like casting devils out of his soul and make it possible for him to lead a useful, orderly and comparatively happy life, and be a most effectual means of cutting off the "generation of the wicked;" eventually we predict legal enactment will sustain this proposition. And to her wise remarks I add, "Amen!" and will say in addition that I have received many letters from poor suffering victims of a lustful inheritance, inquiring for a skilful surgeon who would be willing to perform the act which would rid them of a miscry that none save those who have experienced it can measure. Of course I could not refer these correspondents to any such Medical man, and therefore I advised them to try hygienic diet and hard work; advised them to read and study up some special art or science, and to try and interest themselves in something else so earnestly as to take their thoughts mainly off the subject that was to them only a source of pain and misery. And let me add some of these have written to me that they have been greatly benefited by this advice, and hoped, in time, for a permanent cure.

It is only when a man can not and will not restrain himself, when he willfully debauches helpless girlhood and innocent womanhood, that I advocate *force* and *compulsion*.

It is only when mild and humane means fail that I demand Castration, demand it not in a "Vindictive" spirit, demand it not as an outcome of bloody mindedness, but as the *protection* of the helpless ones from the unbridled lust of the unprincipled. None of real principle would allow themselves to so injure and wrong another, even to gratify an almost uncontrollable passion. I say almost—for I believe all passions, tastes and appetites are controllable if we only so will. Better a continual warfare against our strongest passions, than yielding to them and doing to others irreparable injury.

We should do all we can to educate the race into sexual temperance and purity. This one reform is the greatest ever placed upon record. General information and instruction on the Matural Laws of Reproduction and Sexual Commerce is the one great lesson now needed for humanfty.

We must demand plain talk and thorough investigation into all the pros and cons of Hereditary Procreation and all else that relates to sex.

We shoot the robber who breaks into our house, we slay our enemy in war, and we destroy the wild beast and venomous serpent, and no one calls us "bloody minded" or "savage" but attempt to rescue injured innocence by depriving an insane lecher of a little bit of his flesh and blood, a tiny portion of his body that is far more torturous and terrible to himself, than an aching tooth which he so gladly parts with, and we are at once called by all sorts of savage and brutal epithets.

Now dear Sisters and Brothers, I ask you in all earnestness, if it is not time something sensible was done as regards this great evil. And to do this something, we must each take hold and perform some part of the labor ourselves.

Once prove the general inquiry and the success is offered. No reform was ever inaugurated that did not end victoriously.

Remember we only plead for Castration as a means to a better end. As the prelude to that higher education which will lead to temperance, charity and purety. If confinement, or sequestration from all women, will *better* avail to check the evil, so be it. All we ask is to make innocence secure from insult and injury.

For the guilty or the would-be-guilty, we have only pity—infinite, tender and true. We would give them peace, wit, hope, joy and all that is possible, consistent with the welfare of the great world outside of them—of physiology from top to toe, I sing—

"Not Physiognomy alone, nor brain alone is worthy for the muse;
I say the form complete is worthier far
The Female equally with the Male I sing,"

Snoville, Pulaski Co., Va.

WOMAN,S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

THE CAUSE SUBLIME.

Along the battle's flaming van
We mark the tried and true
Defenders of the cause of woman,
A chosen, peerless few.
Born to their mission and inspired,
Oh! should they fall, we feel
No spirit would like theirs be fired,
No hand could wield their steel.

Yet one by one they step aside,
Or on the red field lie,
And still their places are supplied,
Still rings the battle cry;
Still o'er the hoary wa'ls of Wrong
Truth's startling missiles fly,
And still with steady step and strong,
Her hosts are marching by,

And so it shall be evermore
Until the Truth is known,
Proclaiming Wrong's hard rule is o'er
And Right is on the throne.
Oh! fear not for the cause sublime,
Let hate do all it can,
For in the darkest coming time
The hour shall bring the Woman!

"RING OUT THE OLD."

ANNA STONE WHITE.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new"
Our nation calls for woman true.
To place with man's her honest hand
Upon the level of the land,
And by her touch the soiled machine
Of government, lifts up and screens
From that which now obstructs its wheels
And unjust legislation deals.

Cast into Marah's bitter sheet
The branch that grew to make it sweet,
That thirsty Israel may drink
The purer waters from its brink;
That Jacob's daughters, with his sons,
Come out like liberated ones,
And be compelled no more, by law,
To furnish bricks without the straw:

For what was tyranny of old,
Is tyranny a hundred fold.
Since added wisdom fights the way,
Revealing God's more perfect day
And right is might, which in the end
All baser powers must comprehend,
And in its faithful ministry
All nations shall exalted be.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Toledo, May 11–83.

Dear Friends:

You will be pleased to learn that Augusta Stow, of Toronto, Ont., has passed a successful examination, receiving her M. D. C. M. from Victoria University, of Toronto. She is the first Canadian woman with a title or degree, obtained within the Dominion of Canada. Miss Stow also passed the examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Her mother, Dr. Emily Stow, though a practitioner, of many years standing, of the same city, did not obtain her medical degree in Canada, through which fact, she has had to fight the battle of a pioneer, not only of techical difference of training, more restrictive professional courtesy, that prevails in Canada, but the harder one of sex predjudice, and conquered under almost insurmountable difficulties to her present success. This daughter, her true child, though small of statue, young in years, inherits the persistent courage and greatness of heart of her maternal ancestor. Dr. Augusta has need of these qualities to sustain her through the trying ordeal of student life, in her chosen discipleship of Euculapius. We believe she is shortly to be united in wedlock to a graduate of her own profession. The happy pair then go to Europe to further prosecute their professional studies. We wish prosperity may attend them, with a hearty good will.

E. Sulley Fray.

Los Angeles, May 10-83.

Dear Sisters of the Order:

Enclosed please find $2. One for Social Science membership and one for the Herald. I read every number with increasing interest. How much just such a paper has been needed in this state, none but women can tell. The greatest need of the hour is remunerative work for women. New avenues must be opened for our daughters, now that the Chinese are no longer prized in "man's-work," they are turning their attention, more and more to woman's labor-world; therefore it stands us in hand, as women, to make a new path for the energies of such women and girls as prefer to carve out a career for themselves, rather than be hoisted upon the overcrowded marriage mart. If there was nothing else in your paper but the record of what women are doing industrially it would be worth the small sum of one dollar. I am deeply interested in the revival of the Dress Reform movement, and hope it will blossom in success. I resolved myself into a committee of one, as requested, the other day, and tried to awaken an interest in the subject here. What the result will be I leave for future solution.

I go further than any of the Sisters have gone, in my approval of castration as a sure cure for rape. I would have all weak-minded and deformed children castrated. It is often necessary to keep male idiots in close confinement, owing to their ungovernable amitiveness. What a merciful operation castration would be to them and their keepers. Surely no one could object to life-entombed prisoners being relieved of the maddening desire for the gratification of their passions. *My* sympathy goes out to the ravished innocents, and not to the abnormal function of depraved masculinity. And so I say to all sisters of the Order: Let us exchange views upon this question, which is brought to our hearthstones, daily, by the general press of the Nation, without fear or favor, not knowing which of us will furnish the next victim to man-protected desperadoes.

Ever yours for humanity
Mrs. C. T.

Indianapolis May 5-83

Mrs. J. W. Stow.

Dear Madame: I have read your article on your imprisonment, and the outrages those scoundrels imposed upon you. It is not strange, however, that such a state of affairs exists, when we take into consideration that *ward bummers* are usually the delegates to our nominating convention (of both parties) for our city officials and said bummers receive appointments as policemen or other minor positions as a compensation for their honorable(?)political manipulations. When the glorious day arrives, *and it will*, that women can vote and help make and execute the laws, poor *fallen* women will *not* be dragged through the streets, (often in a half nude condition) to the station house, which is now a common occurence in most cities, *not* for morality's sake, but for the sole purpose of replenishing the coffers of a set of vulgar and inhuman officials, while the male associates (of those abandoned outcasts) often of the first families(?) in a financial way, and not unfrequently married, go scott free, by being permitted to slip away, or at most register under assumed names, and pay trifling fines without ever appearing in court. Such is American Chivalry and Justice. When the shackles of slavery shall fall from the arms, limbs, and hearts of women, the men who have robbed innocent girls of their virtue, and caused them to become outcasts from society and too often from their own parental roof, will no longer be permitted to poison decent society by their presence, which is the social(?) custom today, but will be found behind the prison-bars, or classified with murderers. The street corner *hoodlums* and la-da-da young men, will be compelled to find better employment than to stand upon the public thoroughfares and insult ladies by staring at them or making indecent remarks in their hearing. Ladies may then give such scoundrels a good castigation with a rawhide, without being considered vulgar or immodest, or if these roughs are brought before the courts, they will be punished according to their offense, regardless of their social standing or station in life. In conclusion, I will say, I like your style of writing, and your determination to aid your sex, and the poor and oppresed of earth. I hope we may soon see the day when women can vote, and you and all our good and noble women. can mount the rostrums and appeal to our American women, as only women can do, to rally around the polls, and vote for women, and men who will make good laws, and execute them, regardless of the position of the offender.

H. S. Cunningham M. D.

Bakersfield, Cal. Mar. 10-83

Editors Herald:

I have just had the pleasure of receiving copies of your interesting Journal for May, devoted to the cause of reform and finding therein my article on uncooked food selected from the Laws of Life, I will pen a few lines in answer to your query in regard to scientists recommending cooked food for cattle, chickens etc, having at one time been a strong advocate of feeding all farm animals on cooked grain, fodder and as were many of my enterprising neighbors of Chester Co. Pa., who reasoned logicaly that if it was best to cook for man, it must be for the lower animals. We had a steam boiler fired up for the purpose, but afterward went back as I believe all the rest did, to a more scientific and less expensive way of feeding for all general purposes, though if one wanted to make a lot of poor lard, or puff up an animal for show cooking, it would aid him, especialy if he had to do it with coarse feed. As I understand the definition, a scientist is one who knows by actual demonstrations; so the one who is the true scientist in this case is he who by actual experiment has found out and proved the truth of his theory even though not posted in all latin terms used in some department of mental research. It is a fallacy that should be exploded that because a man is well posted in Anatomy, Physiology, etc., it is necessary to think he knows the truth in regard to every or any other subject. My friend here, who had the ague contracted as all sickness is, by violation of the laws of health and cured himself ,as has been done before, simply by a week of fasting, is now more of a scientist as regards that disease, than the much(mis) read M.D. who gives calomel and quinine as most of them do until nature rallies to the rescue and throws off both medicine and disease, or the patient dies; but as to cooking food, if you want to make pork rapidly, without regard to the quality, cook the grain, but all experienced farmers know that all such slopfed hogs, must have dry raw grain, for two or three weeeks before they are killed, or the qork will not be good, and cows fed on cooked food may look sleek and give more milk, but it will be deficient in quality and they will not thrive long unless health is reinforced by uncooked food, as grass or hay. A horse may in time improve in appearance, but he wil not long compare with the hard grain fed animal at work, and we want men as well as animals so built up that they are ready for work at all times, not up to day and down to morrow. I lost in weight and looked thin the first six months on the uncooked diet but gained in ability to do, improved in feeling, and now have regained my old weight made of muscle twice as hard as that I used to have, but there is much other experience as good as mine: let me quote a few lines from the letter of a friend, who, with his wife, adopted the uncooked diet as an experiment, about two months before he wrote, "Hardly a meal time passes that we do not think of your instrumentality in bringing us to the light. The liberatum is so much, and so great, that one does not get over the wonder at it, and the gratitude to the power behind you that opened our eyes. I would not return to the mixed diet, we are both so much happier, healthier, lighter in heart, limb stomach; lighter too in spirit, that we *can arise to our best nearly all the time.* "The new diet, new to us, is a step in the right direction. It not only lightens our bodies of the old surplus ballast of flesh and stomach, but it is hardening our muscles, and filling us with electric force. It is a fact that my wife, who, with heavy indigestion weighed steps, could walk but slowly on a level, now climbs these steep hill sides like a girl." Another friend says: "I could not cut a stick of wood as large as my arm without being exhausted. On Feb. 1st. 1883, though full of flesh, and living on beef, and other cooked food, the best the market afforded, I made but little headway toward getting able for work and was going to try a change of climate, when, at the urgent request of Mr. Rumford, with almost no faith in the correctness of his theory, I agreed to try living strictly on the uncooked diet, for one month, not tasting salt, sugar, or condiments. The remarkable result was, that in three weeks, I could cut and haul wood by the wagon load, and am now fully convinced that it is the best way to live for health, and I enjoy the living, as well as uses of the cooked food, since becoming used to it. Dr. C. E. Page, of Biddeford, Maine, has been living on the uncooked food for years, in perfect health, and has written some valuable experience in feeding horses, that would make my letter too long to copy, but he is a ready writer who devotes his life to reform and will give, as he has done before, much scientific truth on this subject, if you will send him a copy of your Journal, with a request to do so.

Yours truly,
Isaac B. Rumford.

WOMEN COMPOSITORS.

New Northwest.

Not many years ago, when women first claimed the right to work at the printer's trade, there was great consteration among those who have steadily opposed the enlargement of woman's sphere of usefulness and activity. All sorts of reasons were advanced for resisting this attempt of women to engage in lucrative labor, and the main objections were identical with those now put forward by two or three papers in Oregon and Washington, as excuses for denying woman her right of suffrage.

How short the time seems since it was declared that women who entered printing offices would be irretrievably lost! It was claimed that composing rooms were not fit places for decent girls, and that women, instead of being able to improve the condition of print-shops, would suffer positive degradation. It was predicted, with all the confidence of supreme egotism, that those who entered the fatal printing office would lose their delicacy, forfeit their self respect, and eventually become outcasts. It was dogmatically asserted that "woman's sphere is the home," and there was an abundance of pointless talk about "neglect of her natural duties."

All this, and much more, was urged as a reason for shutting the print shop in the face of woman, and it came from those who are still resisting with all their might, the further progress of the rights of women. But, thanks to the courage and faith of the woman Suffragists, small numbers of girls and women were taught the printer's trade, and, as they gave satisfaction, and the public became accustomed to the innovation, more and more of them sought work at it, until now there are thousands and thousands of them throughout the Union. Perhaps the great majority of them know nothing of the fight that was necessary to open the offices to them, and are not aware that a dozen years ago they would have been classed as bold and brazen for seeking to learn the trade, and in all probability, would have been turned from offices where they are now employed. It is probable that comparitively few know of the abuse that was heaped on the suffragists for "seeking to degrade their sex," and it may be that some of them have been led to look with scorn upon those who endured obloquy to open that and other avocations to women.

That women have done well in printing offices, all are agreed. They are far more reliable than the average printer of the other sex, and have had a decidedly beneficial effect in the composing-room, where the deportment of the men has been vastly improved, and the language greatly purified. And none of the results predicted by carping conservatives have come to pass. In fact, many of these same persons have taken advantage of the good resulting from the new departure which they tried to prevent, and are now employing girls. But they have learned nothing from past experience, and are fighting the further enlargement of woman's opportunities. They have simply transfered their old objections from the printing offices to other places, and are ever ready to shout their "reasons" for opposing all efforts to better the condition of women. An easy and rational solution of any further change is cast aside for imaginary results that might occur under the most improbable conditions. But their opposition makes no great difference. The suffragists blazed the way, broke down the barriers, and pushed back the doors of the callings now open to women, in the face of bitter opposition, and will continue the battle. They have had to fight for all that has been gained, and expect their progress to be contested at every step, until they have beaten down the last barrier to woman's rights of labor, property and citizenship.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.

Agents Wanted.

SHORT ARTICLES are solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

A MEMORY OF PAREPA ROSA.

The season of music was closing. Satisfied with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand" was about to enter her carriage when "Please, mi ladi," in low, pleasing accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street singer, with his violin under his arm; but the face upturned to the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager and wistful light in the great, brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea. "Well!" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please," in sweet broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up the fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart. "Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was his answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?" "Mi ladi I hid under the stair. Twas yesterday I heard the voice, Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips, passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in those soft, dark eyes in a flame and in the sobbing, broken words, "mi ladi, Oh! mi ladi—I could die." "Child," and her voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at 5," and holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphal chords and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook and a look so wrapt, so intense, came in his face, you knew his very heart was stifled. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by the little Elfin, the Italian musician. Long and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, as wall as by the power of her sublime voice. She stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain, of "Farewell Sweet Land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close, then a shout went up that shook the mighty pillars. A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few had opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, and they call him to play before princes.—*Mary L Wright, in Peoria Transcript.*

WANTED—A lady physcian, without encumbrances, to assist in making a summer school, in the country, for women and girls. One who is nonsectarian, and ready to consecrate her life to the work and also put from $3,000 to $5,000 into the school, to be *given* in perpetuity for the same. Address this office.

WANTED—Lone widows, or ladies who prefer an independent career to marriage, to become co-operators in small farming. Ladies who have from $500 to $5,000 to begin with. Address this office.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 2.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.
For the Herald.

In the first of the fashion resistance all, or nearly all of the N. Y. city papers approved the movement, and some continued to after the fancy goods scare ran high, and mean tricks to deter change were resorted to in most towns; but suddenly all turned to sarcasm, or were silent, the last one saying as a last word, "wel, you who like the reform, go on and be stil about it, why continue agitating noise." Dr. Jackson took pains to sift the change of favor, for some ridiculed strongly as they had praised, and he was sure that bribery had been active in the interest of dry goods dealers; and those who scorned reviling were induced to silence. In a village of my acquaintance, merchants hired odious characters to dres in the improved style made of bright, party fabrics, and parade main streets in it at a given signal, when all were out, and loafers ready to swing hats and shout. At the time, fifty women in town were making reform suits, and none had the firmness to finish them, never deeming they imitated in fashion worse and more public characters, or that they were dupes of husbands' sordidnes. When I published the exposé, news came from other towns, showing it a widely concerted plot. At a 4th. of July oration on Bunker Hil, some fat, old colored folks were arrayed in white with ribbons flying, and hired to move among the audience, then walk the avenuees. I must point to some appaling facts here, lest some readers fail to note the tame, servile state of women's minds which men count on in their mode of influence. Is not the truth that we are known and treated as such senseles vassals, enuf to jar into action the latent energy of trampled independence? And what hinders the rising and asserting of true womanhood, but weaknes, languor and fear, caused by compressed vitals, swathed and weighted limbs that waste more force in an hour's locomotion, than would serve twenty-four hours, in proper dres. All other causes, including men's ever enacted dread of our competition, showing them as childish as they make us; and women's inherited submission of thousands of centuries, are smal compared to the constant burden on the body. Had due physical protection bin rendered, sparing the sicknes that entails depravity, wronge clustering like night damps, would ere this era hav bin banished and half forgotten; and men as much more ennobled as women. When men could sacrifice the sound qualities of humanity to enlarge busines incomes, they started the monopoly system, and the great power in a few purses, wrecking the nation to-day, as naturaly rises from the smal ones of the same sort, stil increasing, as like transmits in anything. Yet the myriad smal tyrants cry against the large ones, as if they were not their greed-begotten monsters. It is wel to note this here, in connection with the other tricky phase of basenes issuing from it, for it is the weighty warfare against women's reforms and ethical culture, continuing the farce, and wil repeat the tricks soon as considerable numbers practise good motives in discarding fashion: and the memory of pretentious frowns and vicious slang instigated by old children who poison the young, wil help fortify courage in the coming women when there is manhood grand enuf to bid them come.

When a system of wholesome garmenture makes such progres that fashion plates cease to be fancy fanes indicating the wils and folies of women, an era of happy prosperity wil be dawning: that era wil come, or the dark age of war and deadly tyrany again wil blight and blacken a nation replete with material for all blessings. No other reform has begun purification at the heart of corruption and base of need, like this mind-regulating and health-producing effort to make sound and consistent the always wronged half of humanity. Women's whole treatment has bin false and excessive. Enslaved and adored—ground down and dandled as a toy—fooled and flattered—worked to death and dwarfed with idlenes—made a scape-goat and given no ground for responsibility—made mothers and not owners of their children—earners and not owners of money—draught animals to lng and waste fine goods that misers may hoard the golden price, and they lose all they get, ease, peace and power, besides, in the tug and strain—bondage all thro', and no freedom! This is literal truth. A scientific costume to free tortured bodies, proposes to redeem their native qualities, restore them to nature's intent, qualify them for the liberty, equality and joy that all the universe declares is their heritage. Who is ready to turn from senseles barbarism called civilization, and enlighten avarice and vanity into right pursuits and reason's glorious realm? Men hav too long dragged each other and women thro, pollution and misery. Evolution has wrought the power and knowledge for a purer plane of life; and elements in semi-chaotic disintergration await the human wisdom to change, transform and energize, under natural methods and scientific order.

Among staunch advocates of the laws of sound heredity, hygienic dres and diet, temperance and honesty, Dr. R. T. Trall was thoro' and faithful. In the early part of the reform, his Therapeutic College was on Laight St., N. Y. City, later at Florence, N. J. The many physicians he qualified for practice were, I think more than half women; and being wel cultured in the knowledge of proper costume, used and taught it in their practice; some of them do so stil. In Boston, Dr. Dio Lewis kept a health school many years, in which gymnastic costume was much used, and hygiene taught. His paragraphs in the journals were always for mending habits. The National Dres Reform Association held together, had occasional conventions, and interesting ones, as late as 1864 when it convened at Middletown. N. Y.

NERO'S PALACE.—The porticos with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, 150 feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout, and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and perfumes on the company; the principal *salon* had a dome which turning day and night, imitated the movements of the terrestrial bodies. When this palace was finished he exclaimed: "At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with finest wool, and the attendants wore necklaces and bracelets of gold. Five hundred she asses followed his wife, Poppæa, in her journeyings, to supply milk for her bath.

The Duke of Cambridge has raised the question in England, whether ladies should be permitted to be present at public dinners, by declining to take the chair at the Caledonian Asylum dinner because ladies were to sit down with gentlemen at the banquet.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the above Costume for the last 32 years, everywhere."

ABBIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Whshington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no etticoats) for many years, everywhere.

MARIETTA L. BEERS-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S. Costume: Trousers cut just like a man's, kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S. Costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress, worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. REESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 20 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

AN EIGHT-ROOM COTTAGE.

Messrs. Palliser, Palliser and Co., of Bridgeport, Ct., the well known Architects and Publishers of standard works on architecture, have lately issued 'a sheet containing plans and specifications of a very tasteful modern eight-room cottage with tower, and also with the necessary modifications for building it without the tower, and with but six rooms if desired. In its most costly form, the outlay is estimated at $3,000; without the tower it has been built for $2,500; and if only six rooms are included, the cost may pe reduced to $1,700 or $5,000. Details are given of mantels, stairs, doors and casings, cornices etc. The publishers have found it the most popular plan they have ever issued, and state that it has been adopted in more than five hundred instances within their knowledge. The same firm issue Specifications in blank adapted for frame or brick buildings of any cost; also forms of building contract, and several books on modern inexpensive, artistic Cottage plans which are of great practical value and convenience to everyone interested.

PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(Fourth Edition.)

THIS is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated. —*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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WOMEN AS FRUIT GROWERS.

BY MISS M. F. AUSTIN.

Herald of Health.

Hedge Row Vineyard is situated three miles from the town of Fresno, in the California Central Colony, and comprises 100 acres of light ash soil, originally destitute of trees. It is a part of the great San Joaquin valley, and is almost a desert for seven months of the year unless it is subjected to irrigation. In 1876 the first canals were built, bringing the water over twenty miles of desert plain from King's River, a large stream having its source in the snow-clad Sierras. The land was divided into twenty-acre lots and sold for actual settlement. At that time we, four lady teachers, bought each a colony lot, to which twenty acres more have been added.

The history of the first three years of mistakes and disappointments lies in the past. In 1879 two of us took up our residence on our acres, to see what women could do in managing a farm. We had then two hired men, one white man and one Chinaman, but only a small part of the original eighty acres was then under cultivation.

During the last four years we have put nearly all the remaining land into permanent improvements, consisting of twenty-four more acres of grapes, making in all forty-two acres of the vine; eighteen acres of alfalfa, and nearly forty acres of orchard, consisting of apricot, nectarine, prune, plum, peach, pear and apple trees.

The cultivation of a fruit farm, when irrigation is practiced, involves a great deal of hard, muscular labor, and though a woman's brain may direct the work, she finds it necessary to employ the stronger sinews of a man to guide the plow and harrow, to gather fruit when it is measured by tons' weight, to make hay and garner it into barns.

We now keep three white men and one Chinaman for the regular work, and employ transient gangs of Chinamen for fruit picking.

The picking of grapes alone occupies from eight to ten men six weeks. We also gathered from our trees during this last year seven and one-half tons of apricots, six tons of French prunes, eight tons of peaches, one ton of nectarines, and a ton of other fruits, besides seventy tons of grapes.

But if we find our feminine strength unequal to this amount of labor, there are many smaller, out-door duties upon which we women exercise our skill and muscle. Thinning of the ornamental shrubbery, setting strawberry plants, caring for blackberries, as well as taking charge of curing and packing the raisins. This year we made ten tons of them, and employed nine women in packing.

The home of a lady farmer can be the centre of refinement and culture. She only enlarges the boundaries of her knowledge. It need not unsex her to know the conditions of moisture and cultivation that a growing orchard or vineyard requires to make it yield a bountiful harvest, and why should she not know the mechanism of a cultivator or reaper, which she may not have the strength to use, as well as the sewing machine, which is better adapted to her power? A life out of doors is what a woman needs. In the open air, among the beautiful greenery of God.s world, she loses her sick fancies and morbidity, and becomes a broader and happier woman. She also achieves independence, the first element of rectitude of soul.

We enjoy our green fields and blossoming trees. They are an ever recurring miracle. We live among them, and they have almost a human interest for us. We know the individuality of our vines and trees, and so love to know the conditions of the best good. It is a noble employment for women as well as for men. God's first historic man and woman were placed in a garden, and I am sure it has always been a good place for the human family.

WANTED MEN.

We take up the paper daily, and casting our glances down the long column, we see many persons asked for after "Wanted." Cooks and chamber-maids, coachmen and butlers, clerks and porters are needed here and there and everywhere.

And yet the greatest need of the nineteenth century we do not see advertised, and if we did, all that could conscientiously apply would find room for employment, and still there would be acres, at least, of unoccupied space.

Men wanted. Men who are honest and pure. Men who are wholesome and truthful. Men who will not be bribed. Men who are like fair refreshing fruit, sound to the heart's core.

Men wanted. Men who are unwilling to eat the bread of idleness. Men who will scorn to wear what they have not honestly paid for. Men who know what ought to be done and will do it. Men who are not egotistic, but rather have the courage given by the spirit to do and to dare. Men who will give good counsel, who will set a good example for emulation, who will sympathize with the grieving, and succor the distressed. Men who will scorn to do a base thing, even in their zeal for a friend; for as Jeremy Taylor says, he that does, "burns the golden thread that ties them together." Men who know how to obey, before they take the command. Men who do more than they talk. Men who do good to their friends to keep them, and to their enemies to gain them. Men whose hearts compare favorably with full pocket-books—who believe in systematic giving and advocate it. Men whose hearts are touched by the sadness of others, who are moved by a little hungry face and cold bare feet.

Men wanted. Men who are brave and tender, who are not ashamed to wipe tears away. Men whose acts will bring smiles to wan faces. Men who hush lamentations, and are rewarded with sweet songs of thanksgiving. —*Sherman Democrat.*

WOOD FIRE.—What a pity it is that in a country covered with wood a wood fire should be an expensive luxury, for there is nothing like it to make home attractive! It burns up many a quarrel and morbid speculation, rights many a wrong, and promotes peace.

No picture is so utterly cheerful as that of the family gathering around it as evening falls. No conversations are so fresh as those which go up with the sparks. No companion is so lively and invigorating to the invalid, the recluse, the mourner, or the aged, as a wood fire. It is the most healthful of all ventilators, the most picturesque picture, the most enlivening suggestion of energy and thrift.

"Hand and foot plates for swimming," are a recent invention by Mr. R. H. W. Dunlop of London, Eng.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.

For the Herald.

Is it not madness to say we will not keep abreast of the spirit of the age? For the wheels of progress are ever forward in their steady roll, and there comes a time when opposition ceases to clog and willing hearts and hands propel them forward. Witness the great demand for women in the profession of medicine. Women thirty years ago, were struggling against great misrepresentations and cruel prejudices: and now they more than hold the position! They are welcomed and approved by the most learned in the profession.

Thus the conceded enlargement of the womanly sphere has already borne fruit a hundred fold (for the planting) in splendid womanhood, endowed with broad culture, and character at once strong and sweet, worthy of the reverence of the best men, and the companionship of the wisest. These form a nucleus to which gravitates all that is aspiring in woman, all that seeks a higher development and a kindlier recognition for either sex. But while the new impulse gives woman new fields of industry, new powers of creating wealth and a career, the old disabilities to a great extent stand unrepealed, and the wealth wives acquire they never represent, though taxation is promptly served upon them. Their useful lives in higher departments of competitive industry are clogged and hampered with the old restrictions that were less felt when education was less general—nothing prepares a subjective nature so well for larger duties, as the imposing of them upon it.

The education for a career new and noble is best obtained by plunging into and working definitely up to its higest requirements. Are we not all private sovereigns in the empire of our own souls with final responsibility to God? Standing before the supreme all creative power, man and woman are subject and alike under obligations to the highest, He who has in his providence and in his holy word maintained but one code of laws to his human creatures—men and women. The external laws or principles of justice aer not new, and yet they must be the foundation of every new bulwark of liberty, to guide and direct every new departure for the furtherance of human welfare, and the perfection of civil constitutions. With unloving power, mere force is not and was not and never can be the exponent of just rule. It never did govern but by ursurpation and despotism. Lovless power has only blasted where it has touched: it is everywhere a tyrant, and its subjects, in turn, become imbeciles, cowards and knaves.

While loudly asserting the great character of human equity, the right to life liberty, and the peaceful pursuit of happiness, this nation almost paralizes its own moral nature and imperils to the very verge of dissolution its own civil existance, by writing the word *male* in the statute books. No nation can practice, in daily denial of its principles, without loosing the keen and delicate suggestions of its moral sense. The duplicity of the mind unconsciously extends to the whole conduct, and political dishonesty culminates in a general lowering of the moral nature of society. Such is the inevitable result of talking great truths with the tongue and utterly ignoring them in practice.

With the ballot the women who have so long labored in temperance and other extensive and magnificent charities of the nation, will be armed with power to do, where now they can only plead and serve, serve without a voice to turn the arm of law to prevention, and so strike at the very root of the evils they can now but ameliorate. The noblest and truest defenders of home sanctities and liberal institutions of learning and industries will find their unflinching allies in the enfranchised woman. We women ask for suffrage in the name of justice and the conceded fundamental laws as expressed in the Constitution of the United States. In the name of Honor and Truth both violated by practical contempt of the fundamental law of our government and the laws of God expressed in our common humanity, we plead and shall never cease to labor and to pray for equal and impartial laws, believing that in our Christian dispensation there is neither Jew nor gentile bound nor free, neither male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus.

Our law makers profess to legislate for homes, and the great excuse for war is the protection and establishment of homes, but as our government sanctions the sale of rum and tobacco and is largely supported by revenue or tax on the same, I contend that the sins of and the suffering caused by the sale of brain poisons as beverage, is a wrong imposed on the people, by our law-makers, and indirectly if not directly, by the indifference of the various so called churches, hence it becomes a national and social wrong, and deals its heaviest destruction on the homes and hearts of women; therefore we are bound to pledge all the powers we possess to influence these two responsible bodies in its overthrow. We, as women, deprived of the natural right to the ballot, (that greatest lever of power for good or evil in this country), feel in regard to government that our hands are tied, that we are partially paralized by custom and ignorance due largely to the apathy and indifferance in the pulpits of our churches, therefore nothing is left us to do, but while we send up strong prayers and tears to Heaven, labor by example and pleading words, for the salvation of our homes, our sons, husbands and brothers. The homes are becoming less in number, and less sacred, as rum and tobacco desecrates and demoralizes all that makes life desirable or happy on earth.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Miss Willard and Miss Gordon have gone to Oregon, with the best wishes of all order loving Californians.

The Brotherhood of whiskeyites are on the war-path. It is a large Order.

The rich, *licensed* rumseller is a valuable church member, but his poor, *unlicensed* patron, is an *expelled* member. Curious isn't it?

The raping of defenceless women, girls and infants, by human monsters, is fearfully on the increase. What is to be done? Here is temperance work in the germ, for pulpit and rostrum.

To-day the Brewers' Congress forecasts, at every session, the decisions to be ratified at the next United States Congress in all legislation that affects the brewers' interests. To-day the Republican Governor of the Crusade State is a man publicly endorsed by the liquor dealers as their friend and favorite candidate. To-day America stands in the arena of politics and around her, reel and struggle the hordes of ignorance and sensuality which, by their blurred and muddled ballots, bring dishonor to her bright escutcheon and shame upon her flag.

With imploring look she turns to us, patriots as we are, and daughters of her glorious heroes. On some of us, at least, she shall not cast that look in vain.—MISS WILLARD.

The term "dudu" is now applied to those dandified young society chaps in New York who are "just too ncei for anything." The word is changed from dodo an extinct member of the duck species, the peculiarity of which was its ridiculously small wings and tail on a big, puffed-up body.

A CHARMING HOME.

Burlington is a beautiful city, and the most lovely spot among its rugged bluffs, towering high above, and overlooking the "father of waters" is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Boecklin—the nearest approach of paradise on earth, it has been our lot to see, being a facsimilie of the plans of the celebrated architect Dowing—this home of art and cultnre is constantly streaming the most radical thought and literature tending to society reform, and its occupants are thoroughly enlisted in their self imposed work. Capt. Boecklin has distinguished himself as a radical writer, and knows by experience, the sacrifice necessary to the publication of progressive thought. His poetic satires have brought about some wholesome reforms in that community. Mrs. C. Boecklin, one of the most talented and cultivated women in this country, is also a radical dress reformer—wearing costumes entirely of her own design and make, in which she looks the most charming and amible of women, disenthralled from the unhealthy entanglements of skirts. Those costumes seem to be the acme of comfort, elegance, and artistic effect, and the furthest possible removed from anything vulgar or immodest. It would be a pleasure to us to more fully describe their home, without a particle of paint (everything finished in oil); waxen floors shining like mirrors; a library full of the best works in political economy, by all writers in modern languages; their tasty grounds, baths for birds, etc, but are afraid to weary our readers.

F. A. S. in *Radical Review*.

WHAT A FARMER'S WIFE CAN DO.—Mrs. Williams Hatcher writes to the Woodland *Democrat* from Mission Ranch, Yolo county, showing what a woman can do on a farm; "Now, my readers, I will give you the figures of my past year's labor. The 1st of last January I took an invoice of my fowls.

I now have a better stock. My fowls consist of Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans, Bronze turkeys and Toulouse geese. I have sold eggs amounting to $93.54; fowls, $181,56; cheese, $143 07; butter, $533 69; total for my year's labor from my fowls and cows, $951.56. So, you see, my dear readers, how a good wife may be a helpmeet to her husband. Let us all try to do something to fill up our mission here on earth, as God has given us to be helpmeets of man. Let me advise all who are doing a little business of this kind to get a book and keep your sales, and at the end of the year report to the paper.—X.

Over in California women are not only honored as school teachers, but also as school superintendents. At the recent election in Mono county, for instance, Miss Naomi Angell, formerly of Silver City in this State, defeated Mrs. C. W. Sullivan for County Superintendent of Public Schools by 400 votes. The San Francisco POST commenting upon this fact says: "A young lady with a name like that ought to have received every vote in the county, and probably would have done so were it not for the fact that she is rated as an old maid." The POST is a little off on the proposition and not well posted. That 400 majority was given entirely by rebellious married men. When their wives canvassed them to vote for Mrs. Sullivan, they replied "nay, O my angel," and went and voted that way.—*Austin Reveille*.

The longer I live the more deeply I am convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination; a purpose once formed, then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in this world, and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.

Capersauce.

Don't waste time with the flies, when the business end of the hornet is approaching.

A Boston paper is in "favor of women voting if they want to." A Western paper "would like to see the man who could make them vote if they did'nt want to.

A soft answer; "My dear," said a husband to his wife, "what kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I'm gone?" She answered coolly: "Brimstone, John."

A trade paper called the *Corset*, is talked of. It will, no doubt, "come to stay."—N. Y. *News*. Of cor-set will "squeeze" through.—*Proof Sheet*. It must be "laced" tight to do it, tho'.

Recipe for Angels: "Mamma, what makes angels?" asked a little boy, who had been reading of the Heavenly inhabitants. The mother glanced out into the orchard, and, with a warning look, solemnly replied: "Unribe fruit, my dear."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

HOW TO ANSWER CHILDREN.

One day I sat in a car seat on the Eastern road, behind a pale, careworn lady, who was taking a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What is that? Auntie," the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the care worn lady.

"What's hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is hay made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does he make it in the day time, or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?"

"O, I don't know. I'd keep still Willie, that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining silent a moment little Willie broke out.

"Where do stars come from auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me."

Another short silence when Willie broke out again:

"Benny says oxins is an owl, auntie; is they?"

"Oh, perhaps so!"

"I think a whale could lay eggs—don't you, auntie?"

"Oh, yes—I guess so," said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"Oh, I guess so!"

"Where?"

"I mean no. Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

"Oh, dear! you ask so many questions."

"Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes, dear."

"Where?"

"Willie sit down on your seat and be still or I'll shake you. Now, not another word!" And the lady pointed her finger sharply at the little boy as if she was going to stick it through him. If she had been a wicked woman, she would have sworn.

There are eight million little boys like Willie in the United States and half as many in England.

The Plymouth Lapboard

Is conceded by every one who has seen it, and especially by every lady who has used it, to be the most convenient, and in all respects the most desirable article of the kind that has yet been placed upon the market. The peculiar felting finish upon both sides, effectually prevents the slipping of the work from the board, also the slipping of the board from the lap, thus entirely overcoming two great objections to wooden or other boards with a smooth surface. It is manufactured from a material specially adapted to this purpose. It will neither warp nor crack, and with proper care will last a life-time. The graduated scale entirely does away with the need of a yard-stick or tape-measure. C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Grocers, 215 and 217 Sutter St., San Francisco, Sole Agents for Pacific Coast, will forward samples to dealers on application. with particulars and price to the Trade.

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Woolen Dress Goods, 45 in. Wide,

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Agents, Agents, Agents,

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Probate Chaff gives the merry side of a dark picture. It is illustrated with 200 cuts. These valuable books will be forwarded, post-paid, to any one, who will send $10 and twenty names, subscribers to the Herald.

PROBATE CONFISCATION $2

PROBATE CHAFF ..... $1.50.

Send in your orders to 304 Stockton street, San Francisco.

If the books are not desired *The Woman's Journal* ($2,50) or the *New Northwest* ($3) will be sent for one year, insteap, as premiums. For $7 and ten names the same premiums are offered for the year 1883. A copy of either ene of the papers mentioned, will be sent with the Herald for THREE DOLLARS for one year.

Why people should take the Herald of Industry. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

The Herald contains more valuable reading matter than any other first-class paper in the United States—for the same price. The information that will be given under Resources of California will, of itself, alone, be worth the price charged for it.

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Fancy Pottery, Antique Ware, Rustic Paskets, Garden Trellises, Lawn Mowers, Garden Hardware, Etc., Etc.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 8. San Francisco, California, August, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW,
...EDITOR...

S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, MARY E. TILLOTSON, ELMINA D. SLENKER. SARAH KNOX-GOODRICH, occasional corrisponeent.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.
PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

S. S. S.

ORDER AND TRADE MARK.

BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left breast with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.
Officers badges, $1, members 50 cts., post-paid.

Kate Kane has heroically served out the thirty days in jail for expressing somewhat too plainly her honest contempt for a contemptible court. When she was released, prominent ladies of Milwaukee met her with a carriage, flowers, and with a warm-hearted reception, testified to the world that women will stand by women, and courts must make themselves respectable if they would be respected.

"The Woman's Mutual Insuranee and Accident Company," the first of the kind in the world, has just been chartered at New York, where its office is located at No. 281 Fourth Avenue, with officers, all women, as follows,—Mrs. Elizabeth B. Phelps. President; Mrs Margaret Holcombe, Vice-President; Miss Fanny Gerard, Treasurer; and Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, Secretary. Cornelia Kamping will fill the post of Actuary, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi that of Medical Examiner.

Miss Annie Pixley, a California actress, who has achieved a national reputation in her profession, has returned from the East and is at the Baldwin.

CAMPAIGN SUFFRAGE WORK.—Mesdames Dunnaway and Loughary are doing grand service for humanity in Oregon, where the splendid work of years is now being harvested and gathered into sheaves. Sheaves of staunch men and true women ripe for the pending amendment. Church and court-house doors fly wide open to these evangelists of the new faith—faith in women. O for a D. and an L. in lukewarm California!

SAN FRANCISCO MINISTERS—Some of them are opposed to muscular christianity. *Young* men of the Y. M. C. A., are to be denied the healthful recreation and muscle and sinew begetting exercise of the bowling alley, because such things as these tend to lessen spiritual grace. Physical and spiritual grace are to be divorced. In what direction are we moving?

SUBSCRIBERS who do not receive the HERALD *promptly, should notify the* OFFICE *at once.*

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE-RING, opal and diamonds, for the handsomest dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the
FIRST GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE
of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco. the first week in September, 1883.
All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OFFERED.

The Herald of Health, for life.
WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, for life.
This prize list is now open to any and all contributors.

THE FIRST GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE of the American Social Science Sisterhood will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of September 1883, in San Francisco, California. Dress Reform Exhibition at 2 P. M.

Societies are cordially invited to send delegates, and individuals, both men and women, are cordially invited to be present and take part in the exercises.

AUGUST 1883 will be a gala month in the history of San Francisco. What with the usual attractive Mechanic's Fair, we shall have the Knights Templar Grand Triennial Conclave and the California Mineral Exhibition, which will be commensurate with the mineral wealth and limetless resources of the State. We extend a cordial invitation to all. Come and see one of the most beautiful and wonderful cities in the world; test the hospitality of Californians and stay over to the S. S. S. Grand Triennial Conclave, Sep. 4th.

A new horror has been added to the cigarette in California. "Leprosy," says a San Francisco physician, "is revealing itself about the lips and tongues of boys who smoke cigarettes made by Chinese. The disease, though fatal, is slow in giving tokens of its first approaches." No less than one hundred and seven cases of infection by cigarette smoking has come under the physicians' notice.

These leprous coolies are allowed the freedom of the city; to roam where they will, on street cars, ferryboats, railroads, steamboats, everywhere they are permitted to mix with clean people. Is there a civilized nation under the sun that thus introduces and fosters pestilence? We hope not!

ERRATA—In the May notice of the Chicago *Weekly Magazine*, the names of the accomplished editors, William A. and Helen E. Starrett, were left out. The Magazine Co. is fortunate in securing the services of this efficient husband and wife. Sister Helen is an accomplished speaker, versatile writer, in prose and poetry, and last, but not least, president of the Associate Social Science Sisterhood of Illinois.

HE-ISM.— The Boston *Traveller* calls California *he*. What next? We shall soon have the Goddess of Liberty clothed in a coattail and girt with a sword.

"CHIVALRY."—Our sister editors of the *Sunny Clime* talk of *chivalry*. It is not "chivalry" that you want from men, girls, but fair, square dealings. In subscribing for or advertising in your paper they get *guid pro quo* for their money. It is a business transaction in which "chivalry" should play no part.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD of Bloomfield, N. J. our brilliant corresponding editor, has invented and pattented the "Acme Book Brace," which is sent by mail, post-paid, for 30 cts. It is a marvel of convenience for music books and every other kind of books, large or small. It preserves the binding of books and the good temper of those who handle books.

Not a single paper edited by woman is in favor of anti-Chinese legislation. It is also true that women were the first to move for the abolition of negro slavery.—*Our Herald.*

Sister Helen is mistaken. WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely anti-Chinese.

A SOCIETY EVENT.—Miss Augusta Stowe, the accomplished dauter of John Stowe, L. D. S. and Emily H. Stowe, M. D., of Toronto, Ca. was recently joined in wedlock to John B. Gullen, M. D., son of the late Judge Gullen, of Quebec. The wedding was largely attended by the *intellectual elite* of Toronto, and by the bride's aunt, Mrs. Judge Tilden of Cleveland O. Both bride and groom graduated together a few days before their marriage, at the Toronto School of Medicine, and Dr. Augusta may be congratulated on being the first Canadian lady graduate in medicine, who has received her education in her native country, and has opened the door of Canadian co-education to her own sex. We are also happy to state that immediately on the reception of her diploma, Miss Stowe was offered the position of demonstrator of anatomy in the new Medical College for Women, about to be opened in Toronto, by some of her old professors, and that she has accepted it. No small honour for so young an M. D., and a lady.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of Dr. Cunningham's "Family Physician": A grand book which should be found in every library, public and private, in the land.

FELIX ADLER and Mogan Dix believe in the utter routing and annihilation of the Divorce Law. These progressive gentlemen would people the earth with ravishers, drunkards, lunatics and paupers. What matters it to them so long as *women* are the principal sufferers? Wives have their unwilling bodies freighted, at conception, with embrio ravishers, thieves, drunkards and vagabonds, and these men would have the only door of escape, Death's door. O women! wives and mothers, rouse yourselves and look these Social Science Questions squarely and fairly in the face. Do not wait until your dauters are ravished, and your sons go to perdition—wild oats sowing; do not ignore this momentus question, of castration as a sure cure for rape; teach your children the marvelous mechanism of their bodies and the sacred, pure and beautiful functions of each member. Remember if you fail to do this, you are *criminal* mothers, and if your children go down to ruin and moral death, that the mark of Cain is upon your brows, not theirs; remember ever and always, that *ignorance* is not *innocence*. Women can no longer shirk the social science question and be guiltless. Moral reformers have got to clean out the loathsome cess-pools and gutters of society, and the plumbers and fitters must show where the repairs have got to be made—bad smell or no bad smell.

"INDIANAPOLIS UNDER THE GASLIGHT," published in the *Iconoclast*, of that city, has been denied the use of the mails. Why? Let every one in love with purity of life send to the *Iconoclast* money to enable its editor to issue and express a supplement containing the embargoed article. Let us have this Social Evil Question, which is eating out the vitals of the nation, dragged from the depths into the full glare of noonday. Hiding and suppressing have had their day.

"WAR TO THE KNIFE."—If the wolves who are opposed to the cleansing art of surgery, keep out of the sheep-fold they are safe, for the lambs do not go in search of the wolf and invite him to eat them. Mark you! how tender and humane "J. L. F." is. Not one word of pity does he express, for the ravished women, girls and babes. No human sympathy warms his breast for the innocent. Only the guilty inspire him with compassion. The hardened debauchee, the vilest of the vile, that nothing but cremation can purify; a human monster that is capable of ravishing a dozen women in *one* day and 3,380 in *one* year, if he could gratify the extent of his desires, and to whom castration would be a *merciful* operation, is not to be summarily delt with. He is to be kept in perfect physical condition, in order to beget ravishers and terrorize society. Thank Progress! all men are not of this stripe of Social Scientists.

SCISSORS.

You must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
You must either serve or govern,
Must be slave or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge.

Every country is civilized in proportion as it honors women.—*Ingersoll.*

A lady belonging to Liverpool, England, traveled from that city to New-Castle and back, 102 miles, on a tricycle in 16½ hours.

The Winneshiek County Bank (Mrs. H. S. Weiser & Co.,) is the oldest bank in the State that has had a continuous existence under the same name.

Women are employed in the Bank of France to the number of 160 and in the Credit Froncier to a large extent, the highest salaries being $800 a year.

Mrs. Stow, of the *Woman's Herald of Industry*, is still finding fault with the name of the newspaper organ of the National Liberal League—MAN. Now, all this is trifling. Man is the common generic name of the human race—*Kansas Liberal.*

The *Continent* has offered three prizes—of $50, $40, and $25—for the best specimens of wood engraving from the members of the classes in engraving in the Philadelphia School of Design for Women.

Mrs. Augusta Tabor, the divorced wife of Colorado's Senator, was given a reception by 200 of the wealthiest and most respectable people of Denver a few days after her return from a California tour. Meanwhile, Denver society studiously ignores Mrs. Tabor No. 2.—*Denver Tribune.*

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe realizes $1,500 a year from her Florida orange grove of one hundred trees.

MISS LELIA STOUT, of Argos, Ind., is acting as night operator for the Peru and Chicago Railroad at that point, until she attains her majority, at which time she is prepared to be admitted to the bar as an attorney-at-law.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is said to have learned Greek after she was fifty years old.

MRS. CARRIE BURNHAM KILGORE, wife of a prominent Philadelphia lawyer, recently graduated from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and has been admitted to the bar.

MRS. MARY KROM, principal of the Denver School of Mines, is making a tour of California. Mrs. Krom has the distinction of being the only lady assayer in the country.

Mme. Johanna Wagner, a niece of the great composer, has been appointed Professor of Singing at the Munich Conservatoire. This is the first time such a professorship has been granted in Germany to a lady.

A number of Knights Templar have already arrived in San Francisco and many are now sight-seeing all over the coast.

Mrs. M. G. Williams is the President of the State National Bank, of Raleigh, N. C. Mrs. Frances S. Cook has been for two years, president of the First National bank of Rochester, Minn.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS, the live men and women whose advertisements appear in these columns. Mention, when you make your purchase, that you saw the advertisement in WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MISS ADDIE BENNET, of New Albany, has been appointed telegraph and assistant railway agent at Jasper, Ind., and Miss Fannie Fowler, also a New-Albany girl, has been appointed railway agent at Milltown by the same company.

A woman writes to the Boston *Globe* that finding she could earn more in business than her husband, they reversed the usual order of things. She now goes to business, and he does all the home work, and does it excellently. The plan works very satisfactorily.

Miss Lilian F. Smith, of San Jose, Cal., is only eleven years of age, yet she is the champion rifle shot of the world. She has the record of breaking 323 glass balls thrown up by the hand, when she only had her rifle a year. She can now break 20 glass balls in one minute, with a single loader, and do all kinds of fancy shooting, that is done by professionals.

Children's Corner.

SHE WAS "SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a Winter's day;

The street was wet with the Winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for amid a throng

Of human beings, who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For she's old and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

—*Home Journal.*

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Mr. Breeze had leaped out of bed at the first sound, seized the ax and stood before his family ready for the worst. Mrs. Breeze was kneeling beside her frightened little girls and asking succor from a higher source.

"Quick, a hand here! knock 'im on the hed!" came feebly from Bill. Mrs. Breeze seeing her husband waver cried out—

"Go for God's sake, or we are lost!"

Mr. Breeze hesitated no longer but sprang down into the unfloored space, the arena of conflict, and struck the monster repeated blows on the head with the ax which caused him to relax his hold of Bill (they were struggling together on the ground) and roll over in a death agony.

Bill did not try to rise, but lay still with closed eyes and heaving breast. Mrs. Breeze came forward, pale, but firm, holding a bottle of camphor in her hand, with which she bathed his face, and then examined his wounds. She found the left shoulder and arm badly bitten and the blood flowing from a gash in the breast, just over the place where he had said the pain hurt him.

"There is no time to lose," said she to her husband who became faint at the loss, or *sight*, of blood. "Get me the roll of old linen that's in the top drawer of the bureau! Terry, light two more candles and fetch a bowl of water; Milly, reach the shears from the nail! Now all take hold and we'll lift him out of this place, (which was slippery with blood), and lay him upon the trundle-bed, where his wounds can be dressed to better advantage."

With much exertion the difficult operation was performed, for Bill had fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood, and as a dead weight was difficult to handle. After he had been to bed bed, Mr. Breeze scraped lint; Terry, instructed by his mother, prepared the bandages, while she bathed the wounds and Milly held the basin. Etta with Puss in her arms, sat in the big bed a silent spectator of the midnight carnival. Mrs. Breeze was a woman who possessed the valuable qualification of doing well whatever she undertook. Her husband often remarked that "Lois could rub two sticks together and provide a better dinner than most women with a full larder." Therefore, when her impromptu surgical operation was finished it was well done, notwithstanding the limited appliances. Bill, apparently, was unconscious during the dressing of his wounds. A look of suffering on his face and a low moan now and then, as the work proceeded, were the only signs of pain manifested. But when it was finished, as Mrs. Breeze carefully lifted his head and smoothed the pillow under it, he opened his eyes and enquired:

"Is he *ded*? Did I *kill* the murderin sarpint?"

"Yes!" she replied, "he *is* dead and *you killed him*, but you must n't talk, for you were badly hurt in the encounter. You must let me do the talking since you so heroicly did the fighting. She longed to tell him how thankful she was, and how she should ever consider him the human savior of her little flock. One who had willingly thrust his own life between herself and danger. But knowing that he needed perfect quiet, the most of anything, both physically and mentally, she simply laid her hand on his brow until he fell asleep under its soothing touch, thinking it was May's loving fingers pressing lightly on his throbbing temples.

Etta was coaxed into lying down and going to sleep, but the other members of the family entirely ignored the thought of such a thing. The bear was measured and proved to be of large size, and was in "splendid condition for steaks," Terry said, who was longing for some kind of *fresh* meat. But the question at once arose how he was to be skinned.

There was not a knife in the house stout enough to cut his thick hide. However that difficulty was soon removed by the finding of Bill's hunting-knife, an ugly looking weapon, buried to the hilt in the monster's body. Then Terry and his father rolled up their sleeves and went to work with a will. The skin was soon peeled off and piled in a huge heap in one corner, and topped off with his bruised head out of which the red tongue protruded. Terry, laughing said, "That he lolled because it made him so warm to see them making too free with his bear-ship and couldn't cry *quarter*!" When he was *ready* to be hung up, father and son looked at each other, as much as to say: "We're at the end of the joke now, for how can we ever lift such a weight!" But again Mrs. Breeze came to the rescue, with her woman's ingenuity in an emergency, and said dryly: "Quarter him!" at which Terry sang out "Capital! we must follow our general's commands, although our motto is no quarter to the enemy." Then they divided him into four parts and throwing a stout rope over one of the beams, on which the chamber floor was to rest eventually, they hoisted each quarter into the air to cool.

Faint streaks of light began now to appear in the East, the welcome forerunners of day. Bill moaned uneasily in his sleep, and Milly nodded in the depths of the barrel arm-chair. Mrs. Breeze raked open the banked up coals in the kettle and filling the skillet with water, set it in their midst to boil. When it began to sing and bubble over into the coals sending up little jets of steam and ashes, like a miniature volcano, she lifted the lid and dropped in enough "Old Hyson" to make a good strong cup of her favorite beverage. After it was sufficiently steeped, she removed the skillet and stirring up the half-deadened coals, laid on some dry sticks and pieces of wood. Soon the cheerful blaze shot up its grateful tongues of light and warmth, chasing away the shadows, and filling each heart with courage. "Wont we have a nice breakfast though! said Terry to his mother, and surprise Bill! I know the lettuce will do to pick, the radishes are large enough, and you can boil some rice and potatoes. I'll broil a nice juicy steak for his breakfast, while the cake is baking. Can I mother?"

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMITH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes. Address care 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

DISEASES OF CHICKENS.—Since the last issue of the HERALD, my chickens have been attacked with Enteritis a disease common to this coast, and in less than a week's time have lost over fifty. I give the symptons as described by Mr. Miles, Symptons—Diarrhoea, and the fowl mopes and stands with its head drawn in, often a thin pinched look in the face, the droppings become green, and are sometimes of the color and consistency of yellow paint. Give the fowl an ounce of strong alum water twice erery day, and feed soft, stimulating food; in which has been mixed some of H. Bowman's Poultry Powder, or Imperial Egg Food; if neither one of these is obtainable use cayenne pepper, and confine in a dry warm place. If fowls are confined in yards, the first symptoms of the disease may be noticed in the droppings, when alum water may be mixed with their soft food. The proportions I use are a pound of alum to a gallon of water. But an ounce of prevention in this matter is worth many pounds of cure, and the disease may generally be prevented by the following method. Add to the soft food to be fed in the morning about one half pint for each one hundred fowls, of the following mixture. One pound sulphate of iron (green copperas), and one ounce sulphuric acid dissolved in four gallons of water. Once a week, when boiling meat for poultry add one gill of crushed alum to the liquor, thicken with bran, making a feed for two hundred fowl. This disease results from too much sameness in the food, fermented or unwholesome grain, stagnant or sun-warmed water, too close confinement, or some neglect which deteriorates the system and produces an abnormal condition of the liver. If whole flocks are attacked, seek the cause, alter the food, clean out the houses, and disinfect them, change the location, both meat and add alum-water and pepper to the liquor, in which mix bran and shorts and feed hot every day, I have a fine Langshang rooster sick and am treating him with homeopathy. I feed him in the morning with boiled mashed potatoes seasoned with red pepper and salt, and thickened with middlings, given hot; soft stimulating food the rest of the day. In the drinking water, I mix eight drops, number three dilution of arsenicum, in one pint of water. He has been sick three days but but seems better to day. If he lives it will be due to homeopathy. Yesterday I tried as an experiment pulverized charcoal mixed in soft food a table-spoonful to a dozen or more chicks, and they are better to day. I got half a sack of charcoal for two bits, and pulverize it myself, so it is not expensive. The Douglas Mixture given above is a bracing tonic, and will, in a measure, guard against roup, gapes, and diseases of the bowels. It is said to be especially good during moulting season. It may be added to the drinking water of all fowls and chicks in the proportion of a table-spoonful to a quart of water. The water will assume a rusty appearance, but that is of no consequence. The mixture can be made and set away in demijohns to be used when wanted.

S. G. S.

Dust the breeding hens occasionally with sulphur. Grease the heads of newly-fledged chicks with a very little lard. In preparing a nest for setting hens, always sprinkle the eggs with sulphur.

Feed your poultry on raw onions, chopped fine, mixed with other food, about once every other day. It is better than a dozen cures for as many different diseases.

HOW TO RAISE TURKEYS.

About the time the young turkeys are due outside the shell, it is a good plan to look after the mother hen a bit, and if she is inclined to be restless, fussy, and careless, remove the young turks from the nest, as soon as dry and keep in a warm place in the house until all are out. But if the hen is quiet, don't seem inclined to tramp about in the nest, and in every respect behaves as a hen with a family under her feet ought to, let her alone until the young turkeys are twenty-four hours old. Handle the young turkeys carefully and as little as possible, for they are delicate and many are killed by too much handling. Never touch a young turkey except when absolutely necessary, and then handle as quickly and as carefully as possible. A strict adherence to this rule would save the lives of many infant turks. When the eggs are set under turkey hens you need not trouble your head about the young turkeys. I never knew a turkey hen to tramp one of her children to death. When the poults are twenty-four hours old all that will ever amount to any-thing will be tolerably strong on their feet, and ready for the coop and their first meal. And mind that you don't feed them until they are about a day old. After turkeys once get in the habit of eating, there is but little danger of hurting them with food—provided the food is of the proper kind—but if fed too soon after they leave the shell, they will be very apt to quit living before they are a week old.

The very best food that you can give the young turkeys for the first two weeks of their lives is hard-boiled eggs, stale wheat bread-crumbs, moistened with milk, and curds. Yes, I admit that it is some work to boil eggs and make cottage cheese, especially if you happen to have a hundred or so young turkeys on your hands, but then it pays. And mind that those eggs are hard-boiled eggs. If you boil them five minutes you will simply make them tough and indigestible; but if you boil them half an hour they will crumble like a baked potato, and be easily digested. The third week is the time to commence feeding cooked corn-meal, and see that you do cook it—merely scalding with hot water is not cooking. Mix the meal into quite a stiff dough with skim-milk or water, a pinch of salt and a bit of soda, and bake until it is thoroughly done. This bread will keep sweet for three days in the hottest weather. Don,t soak this bread—unless the crust needs it—but crumble it just fine enough for the turks to swallow. More work! Yes, but after you have tried to raise turkeys on raw food, you will conclude that it is cheaper to bake bread than to have yonr turkeys die of indigestion. After you begin on the bread you need not feed it all the time, but vary with boiled potatoes, curds, and occasionally a meal of cooked rice, stale bread, etc. After the boiled eggs are dropped from the bill of fare, a very little cooked meat (beef) may be given two or three times a week until the poults begin to forage for insects. Never give any uncooked food until after the poults have thrown out the red on their heads. Raw corn-meal and sour, sloppy, uncooked food kills more young turkeys than anything else, except chills and cramp. Season all the food with salt, exactly as you would if you expected to eat it yourself, and use pepper once a day. Unless they can get plenty of young, tender grass, give onion-tops or lettuce chopped and mixed with their food once a dav.

Give some milk to drink. Once a week give bone-meal, a tablespoonful to a pint of food. For the first few weeks young turkeys do not eat much at a time, but they must be fed often—five or six times a day until they are three months old. If you expect to have fine, large turkeys for Thanksgiving market, you must keep them growiug right along. Turkeys that are well fed during the first three months will weigh from three to six pounds apiece more in November than those that were half starved to begin with. No amount of cramming for two or three weeks just before killing time will make an extra fowl of a turkey that lived chiefly on faith during the first three months of its life. After they are three months old turkeys will, if insect forage is abundant, thrive on two meals a day—a breakfast of cooked potatoes and meal, and a supper of cracked corn, oats or wheat.

Young turkeys must be kept dry and warm. The mother hen and her brood must be confined to the coop and pen nights, rainy days, and mornings until the sun has dried the dew off the grass. The coop must be of a fair size, slant roof tight enough to shed rain, and have a floor covered with dry sand or gravel, which should be removed often. When the ground is dry and gravelly, and the coop can be so placed that the rain can not wash under it, the floor will not be necessary, but the coop must be moved every day. In front of the coop make a pen by placing wide boards on edge and fastening in position.

For the first three days confine the hen to the coop and do not allow the poults outside of the coop and pen; then when the weather is pleasant open the coop after the dew is off and let them wander until night. A hen mother will come home at night, but the turkey mother will be very apt to squat down just where night overtakes her, and you must drive her to the coop and fasten her in. Sometimes an extra intelligent turkey will come home regularly with her brood, but generally speaking, you can not trust them. If your turkeys get caught out in a shower before they are fully feathered, you must turn out and get them to shelter as soon as possible. If they are chilled take them to the house, warm them thoroughly, and give them a warm meal with a liberal dose of ginger in it. When they are so chilled that they seem almost dead, give them a teaspoonful of whiskey as soon as they get warm enough to swallow.

After they are fully feathered and have thrown out the red, turkeys are quite hardy and may be allowed free range in all kinds of weather; but it is a good plan to see that they come home to roost. If always fed at night they will come home almost as regularly as chickens.

There! I have given you very minute directions about turkey-raising, and now if you don't succeed it certainly will not be the fault of—*Fanny Field, in Prairie Farmer.*

GIORDANO BRUNO.

[Burnt for asserting a plurality of worlds.]

"With greater fear ye now pronounce my doom
Than I unyielding take it from your hands."
He stood before them in the council room,
Erect and free, despite their iron bands.

No cause he pleads upheld by people's voice,
No fiery impulse heats a martyr's brain,
Alone, and calm abides he by the choice
Of weary years of bondage and of pain.

A page divine lay open at his right,
He found the Truth because he questioned,
And it was writ in characters of light,
A mighty marvel on the midnight sky.

He followed Truth, proclaimed his purpose high,
With constant lips and with unfalt'ring breath,
And in his deep devotion dared to die;
And Thought immortal triumphed over death.

Some had supernal joys before their sight
And felt a savior's hand within their own;
But he unswerving fought the final fight,
And went into the darkness all alone.

Raise high the fagots! ye would "shed no blood,"
But only murder with a smiling face:
Thought ye, as mid the raging flame he stood,
This damning lie would shield ye from disgrace?

[—L. J. Nicholson, in London Progress.

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Parents who have no fortune to leave their children should consider whether, instead of giving their daughters a smattering of music, French, etc., it will not be wiser treatment on their part to have them thoroughly trained in some technical, industrial art, by which they can, if it ever becomes necessary, earn their living in their own homes.—*Youth's Compnion.*

Martin Luther once said," Almost all men condemn the tartness of my expressions; put I am persuaded that God will have the deceits of men thus powerfully exposed; for I plainly perceive that those things which are softly dealt with in this corrupt age give people but slight concern, and are presently forgotten. If I have exceeded the bounds of modesty, the monstrous turpitude of the times has transported me. "

Catharine Wolfe, the £16,000,000 New York girl, has, on an avarage, one matrimonial offer a day the year round, nearly all from utter strangers.

The Second Annual Congress of the International Association of SHORTHAND WRITERS of the United States and Canada will meet at the Rossin House, Toronto Ont., August 19th, at 10 A. M. Reduced rates have been secured from Railroads and Lake Steamers.

The Canadian shorthand writers have signified their determination to give their American brethren a hearty welcome, and they promise to use every effort to make the event a memorable one. All shorthand writers are cordially invited to be present at the meeting, whether members of the association or not. Papers will be read by well known stenographers, on subjects of interest to the profession.

BROWN & HOLLAND.

50 Dearborn Street, chicago, Ill.

Mrs. S. D. Barrows lately achiaved a remarkable feat in stenography, taking down in English a sermon deliverd in German, translating it mentally and writing it down in shorthand at the same time.

IS MARRIAGE DOOMED?

Juliet H. Severance, M. D., of Milwaukee, does not believe in the sacred ordinance of Marriage. Why? Will women be lifted up or down when they are no longer loved and honored wives and mothers? When they make their own homes and select this or that man to sire their offspring, will life become a pathway of roses to their feet? Does she claim that the subtle ties of love will bind heart and soul firmer and stronger than the law and gospel, and that homes presided over by one *true* man and one *true* woman will adorn the love-sterile places of earth? There are rare cases of such homes, as there are rare minds—gems of faultless luster, but the people of the world have got to be born again before the many will be purified. A holocaust of lust-exterminating flame has got to sweep thru the veins of men—and woman—ere this millennium will dawn.

I, personally, have known several cases of this unique form of marriage, where neither priest nor justice presided at the marriage feast; where no note of discord has ever vibrated along the high-strung, harmonious life-chords. I will give but one: A Southern youth was sent to Paris to be edcated, and a fair young girl, but one year his junior, was given him to keep his room, apparel, etc., in order, and while away his lonely hours. She was as bright she was beautiful and desired to study with him, and her quick mind kept pace with his in every branch pursued. During his four years of college life there was born to them two children, and when the time approached for him to leave Paris, he wrote his proud parents just how he was situated, and prayed them to consent to his marrying the only woman he ever loved, or ever should love while she lived. But the answer was "Come home, at once, and we will settle an annuity upon the woman and her children, sufficient for a handsome support for them. Disobey, and you are disenherited."

He had been lavishly supplied with money and anticipating what the end might be, hoarded it with jealous care. With this money he returned, with his family, and settled in a Northern city, where he built his own princely fortune, and reared his four children as daintily as he had been reared—and no one ever knew that he and his lovely companion had never stood at the hymenial altar. With them not a breath of discord has ever swept across their summer sea of happiness. This o'er true tale I had from their own lips. Dr. Severance will say: "He followed Nature and received herbenediction—in the following words:"

"A contract of true love we celebrate;
May you find that she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her; and may you
Beyond all limit of all else in the world
Forever love, praise and honor her.
She with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom, gives her hand,
And your wife, in plain, holy innocence
So perfect and so peerless—created
Of every creature's best—shall not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor in imagination form a shape
Beside yourself to like of."

But this state of things can never obtain until we have entered upon the the age of continence. So long as the procreative function is prostituted to pleasure, must the ordinance of marriage be the one divine fetter, that holds the homes of the world in equipoise; that keeps women from the gutter and children from the poor-house.

There are women— and *perhaps* men—born as chaste as Diana to-day, but they are very rare exceptions, in this world of flesh-eaters and wine-drinkers. In the pictured halls of memory one face beams out like a star, and because of her marvelous beauty and queenly grace, she shall speak to you as she spoke to me one night, as I sat on a low ottoman at her feet with her warm, magnetic hands clasped in mine and only the moon and stars to hear and give light. She said—

"I shall never marry and yet the desire to be a mother is all-consuming at times. I would give a thousand lives, had I them to give, could I clasp a babe to my breast that had sprung to life beneath my heart."

"But why have you determined not to marry?" I questioned. "Surely you were born for love and to grace a lovely home."

"Have I not a lovely home?" she said, with an imperious gesture. "I could love a man if he were not passion's slave. But they are all alike. Thru every masculine vein 'hot passion rages, firing every thought.' Story speaks from out his own mad nature when he says it. They are all alike, and the grasp of their fiery hands, send there poison daggers thru all my veins. I hate the means that crowns me Mother. Oh! that I could be vivified as the rose and the lily are vivified, that *I* might have an immaculate conception?"

"But what of the speach of the people! You could never make the long-eared, long-tongued Grundies believe that the South wind and the bees were as kind to you as they are to the virgin flowers."

"What care I for the tempest of tongues? My own innocence should be my shield, and with my babe clasped to my breast, I should be so rich in happiness that I could *defy* the proud world's scorn."

Will Dr. Severance, and others, speak, and define this paradise of singleblessedness for all Eve's children? Light is wanted on all unsettled questions. We wait with baited breath.

MRS. STOW.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES!

Dear Sisters:

For three years past, we have been publishing the *Anti Polygamy Standard*, a monthly journal devoted to the object of suppressing polygamy in Utah and other Territories of the United States. During this period we have labored under many disadvantages in not having printing material and presses of our own, yet in spite of many discouragements and obstacles, working right in the heart of the enemy's camp, we believe, we have succeeded in arousing public opinion throughout the country, against the monster iniquity of the Mormon Church, and the danger which menaces the Republic in the constant spread of this dire enemy to the unity and purity of home. This labor we desire to continue until that vicious doctrine is completely exterminated, and the women now held in such revolting chains, be loosed from their shackles.

To enable us to accomplish this end, we desire to place the *Standard* upon a more permanent footing, by purchasing such material as is necessary to conduct the business of the paper, and without which, it cannot be carried on successfully.

You will understand the urgent necessity of maintaining the paper, when we tell you it is the only medium by which we can make our influence felt with the people of the United States, from whom the remedy for the evil is to be obtained. Until the people are fully educated to the importance of dealing with Polygamy, Congress will never enact any adequate laws for its suppression.

In addition to its main object, the *Standard* will be an organ for the local Temperance and Benevolent Organizations, will also devote considerable attention to the educational interests of the Territory, and will aim in every number to furnish something that will tend to elevate and Christianize the homes of Utah.

We now appeal to all friends of morality and progress, and to lovers of American Institutions, to aid us as liberally as they can, both by making donations to the printing fund and sending subscriptions for the paper, which is only One Dollar a year. We want to raise outside of Utah, about $1500, the balance needed, will be furnished by the Gentiles here, who have already been taxed far beyond their means, in maintaining this unequal conflict for so many years. We trust, dear Sisters, you will respond to our appeal at once, and let your individual amounts be ever so small, remember our object is, that the breaking of women hearts, and the destruction of the purities of homes might be made to cease. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary of the STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Box 453, Salt Lake City, Utah, who will send receipts for all amounts received.

We remain, Cordially Yours,

MRS. SARAH A. COOKE, President.
MRS. JENNIE A. FROISETH, Sect y.

I commend this good work to all those to whom this appeal may come. A work greater than any elsewhere, is to be done here. Help to do it.

ELI H. MURRAY, Governor of Utah.

We heartily join Gov. Murray in endorsing this appeal, the object is one which all Christian people should aid.

ARTHUR L. THOMAS, Secretary of Utah Territory.
THOS. W. LINCOLN, Principal, Salt Lake Seminary, M. E. Church.
D. J. McMILLAN, Supt. Presbyterian Schools and Missions.
G. D. B. MILLER, Head Master, St. Mark's Episcopal School.
D. L. LEONARD, Supt. Congregational Home Missions.
L. SCANLAN, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Salt Lake City.
THOMAS C. ILIFF, Supt. Missions Methodist Episcopal Church, Utah.
DWIGHT SPENCER, General Missionary of A. B. H. M. Society.

June 1883.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Vol. 1. No. 1. *Scientific Californian.* Monthly. Devoted to Science, Art, Hygiene and Humor. W. O. Thrailkill, S. M. M. D. D. D. S., Editor, Oakland, Cal., Price $1. A timely journal. The age is dryrotting for scientific facts. The California Social Science Sisterhood bespeak for this new-born child a prosperous future. If the first issue is a foretaste of what is to follow, the liberal and progressive people of the coast may rejoice. The doctors views upon cremation, school-room ventilation, care of teeth etc., have a healthy ring.

The HERALD welcomes among its exchanges *The Forrester's Gazette* a new San Francisco venture, devoted to the interest of the Ancient Order of Forresters in the United States and British Columbia. By-Monthly. R. N. McLennan. Editor. Price $1. This is an eight-page ably edited readable paper, which is sure to have a warm welcome in the many homes of the Brotherhood.

The Liberal, Vol. 1. Nashville, Tenn. Wm. S. Bailey Editor. Price 50 cents. This, "Way Down in Tennessee" four-page monthly newspaper is small but spunky. Mr. Bailey manages to get in a good deal of "say" in a limited space, and to hit the giant head of Evil square at every blow. We like it, place it on file and hope its shadow will increase.

Truth with a babtism of smoke and smell of fire, and brimstone, comes to us from Pittsburg, Pa. A four-page monthly. Price 50 cents. Jones and Co. Editors and Proprietors. Its motto is "Universal Mental Liberty," and its aim is to better the condition of the toiling millions. The combination wields a fearless quill and agitates, and *agitates* and,—EDUCATES.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.—A pamphlet by Alfred E. Giles, Hyde Park, Mass. Mr. Giles is a firm believer that marriage should be entered into and annulled by mutual consent, as they now are in some parts of Switzerland; that it should be an individual contract, without the interference of either church or State. He claims that every child is *legitimate*, else it would not have been born: that "*love* in marriage cannot live unless it be mutual, and where love cannot be, there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husks of an unholy matrimony, as undelightful and unpleasing to God as any other kind of hypocracy."

DEATH AND FUNERALS.—A 50ct. essay by Joseph Henry, Salina, Kan., who treats his subject in a masterly way, quoting largely from renowned authors in support of his theories, which claim that all true scientists die without fear, and that only relatives or immediate friends should be present at funerals.

We acknowledge receiving *The Herald of Health*, Organ of the London, Eng., Society for the abolition of compulsory vaccination. Also, tracts, leaflets and reports, of the labors of the Rescue Society, London, in its heroic efforts to annul the infamous Contagious Disease Act.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE HERALD.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

[Decoration Day, 1883.]

Here bring your purple and gold,
Glory of co or and scent!
Scarlet of tulips bold,
Buds blue as the firmament.

Hushed is the sound of the fife
And the bugle piping clear:
The vivid and delicate life
In the soul of the youthful year.

We bring to the quiet dead,
With a gentle and tempered grief;
O'er the mounds so mute we shed
The beauty of blossom and leaf.

The flashing swords that were drawn
No rust shall their fame destroy!
Boughs rosy as rifts of dawn,
Like the blush on the cheek of joy

Rich fires of the gardens and meads,
We kindle these hearts above!
What splendor shall match their deeds?
What sweetness can match our love?
—*Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Santa Barbara June 15, 283.

Mrs. Stow,

Dear Frend: I enkloze $1.00 for wun years sub. tu your W. H. I. S. S. A. name tu long tu rite. I am greatly in favor of dres reform, and I am sori tu aknolej that I have not ofered you asistans and enkurejment before this time. I hav too ekskusez tu ofer: poverti and travel. I travel and teach fonetic speling. I show Dr. Mary Walker'z Fotograf everihware I go.

W. H. H. Gra am.

Bakersfield, June 12-83

Mrs. J. W. Stow.

Your letter was one of three, all from social reformers, each telling of the grand work they were doing, not only in the Edenic diet, but in aiding women and children, the establishment of communities and schools of art and how the world moves with so few of the millions comprehending its motion but they will in time. Yes, if we would succeed in reform, as well as in physical work, we must supply the body and brain with better food than the de-vitalized or cooked food, that is left after true food has been subject to heat. As the greatest truths are the simplest, so it is in living; the simpler we live, the more natural, the better we are off; try everything by this test; have you used any such things as are described Gen. I, 59? It says fruit, nuts, grain or product of tree and herbs—nothing of cooking of milk or making butter—an abominable compound—nothing of making sugar nor of salt, soda or of anything that goes to stimulate to excess. If we would make better men, we must give better living. Let me regulate the food of all mankind, and I will agree to fight at least half of all the battles of reform, for the cause will be half won. I will answer some inquiries about diet, quantity, etc. The rule is for each one to eat what can be assimilated; *more*, is harmful to spirit and flesh. I can eat but two or three table spoonfuls of oat-meal at one time. It has been necessary for me to eat the fruit, whatever it might be, an hour later. In my case, it does not need much setting of tables, and clattering of dishes. We each board ourselves, taking what fruit may please us. To-day, we all eat around the wagon load, as it drove in with a fresh supply of oranges. I could hardly count my number. We have a growing boy that lives on fruit, and vegetables, with but little grain. Some of us eat the same quantity each day, which is best to do. We have a correspondent whose supply is daily—¼ lb. grain whole, and 3 or 4 lbs. fruit, saying that is enough for literary work—was once a dyspeptic—is now in harmony.

Oatmeal is the most nourishing food I know of. I like just the cracked article but it will slip down before being chewed enough. Will you not like it better than wheat? Try raisins with it, as it may not be to rich for you. You are probably overworking, or put yourself too much in your work—get well established in health and you can work the longer. Uncooked food is so vitalizing, one needs to eat less in quantity, than of cooked, which continually alloys the system, with the extra quantity. Who need overwork or stand in all the land? but it will be long before the pampered appetite of the masses will learn to eat for use, and let the spirit have a chance to grow above the flesh. It has taken me long to learn. We all have a work to do indeed! to live, and teach to live for *highest uses.*

Yours for Progress,

Isaac B. Rumford.

Berlin Heights Ohio.

Editors Herald:

The strongest proof of a woman's inferiority is the meekness with which she wears her chains. Think of a *mans* being content to make the march of life tied up in a *bag* flopping about his heels at every step. In this as in most else, woman's worst enemy is woman. A few years since the women who wore the short suit in this town, could be counted in scores; now Anna Perkins is *alone* in her glory, while the women who thought it a virtue in them to wear it, call her persistence unwomanly temerity. In Cleveland a while since, she was offered good pay and a satin suit by a showman, to carry a lantern thru the streets, *a la* Diogenes in search of an honest man or perchance an honest woman. But as an Abbot refused to advertise himself as a "Reverend" "even for a shilling an hour" and notified all men "Post no bills on my person;" so Anna said: "Post no bills on my short dress sir." A reporter of the *Leader* however, took her in and under the head of "What is it?" told his story so well that the Chicago *Tribune* copied it, and Anna went the rounds as Queen of the Gypsies, or leader of the Free Lovers and what not. All parties were in counsel. The Jews demured, saying to the pilate of the *Leader* say not she *was* but *say* she *is* our leader. Anna said it is a dam-a-ging lie-bel sir, I dont lead poltroons. Both Mrs. Tillotson and Mrs. Bloomer are mistaken as to the origin of the reform dress. The socialists of England adopted it nearly fifty years ago. A picture of Robert Owen and community hangs in the house of F. P. Wright of this place, having a man and woman on each side of him, the woman in short dress and trousers, with the inscriptions "Succeed to *truth* without superstition, mixture of error, or fear of man" and Man's character is formed *for* him and not *by* him." Oneida doubtless got her "inspiration" after a square look at that picture. Let every woman learn to carry and use a dirk or a pistol, if needed. I cannot say *seriously* that it is any greater wrong to castrate than to hang or imprison for life the man who *has* committed rape. When the *sober* proposition is made to castrate in *advance* of crime the poor human "who might, could, would or should" become criminal, I confess that while I *should* feel outraged and alarmed, I am hugely *amused* instead. I am so pleased at the *progress maternalism* is making in the line of "Prohibition;" there is no room left for indignation. Every link in the logic has been a guide board to this goal, and now that their reasoning is *applied* so clearly and so vigorously *to this end*, let all Democrats rejoice. Several will fall out of line when they get a fair look at *Rome* a little ahead. The proposition of Mrs. Stow and sister Wicher to destroy the possibility of crime in those who are tainted, and "show a superabundance of the animal" make it clear that if *prospective* crime should be thus treated all men should be castrated. Three cheers for Prohibition!—a prohibition which prohibits. There is one little *crook* in the corollary, however. It is not man but woman who should be prohibited. She is the *tempter:* she keeps the grog shops; it is her seductive influence in which I or which all men in their passionate insanity get drunk. No man *could* commit rape, but for the presence of this whiskey. Take the veil, ladies; keep off the streets and out of the world, or eschew your logic.

But before you strike your tent Sister Stow, become reconciled to Brother Tucker. He is not a tyrant, does not discriminate against *woman* suffrages, but opposes all organization. Had he fallen or been pushed into a river, he would let one man haul him out, but would drown rather than have two or three organize and cry out "he o he" over him. You similarly situated would object, not to the help, but to the *Man-agement* in the refrain, and cry out "we've had enough of this *He, O! He!* business: sing a different tune or leave. So yon two and all of us cranky cornets have points in common. Let us at least be just and tender of ourselves and each other. Truth is many sided, and it takes many to represent her.

Yours for America,

C. M. Overton.

Agitate, Educate, Organize.

Toronto, May 31-83.

Editors Herald:

Some one has sent me a copy of the June "Woman's Herald of Industry." In it certainly, there is plainness of speech and vigour of expression. You will probably therefore feel neither surprise nor disgust if the criticism aroused isequally plain and vigorous since it proceeds from one of those beings, against whom you declared war to the knife, viz. a man.

The aim of your paper seems to be the stirring up of strife, the inauguration and perpetration of class warfare between men and women. Since it is at least a popular superstition that even *men* were framed to live in peace and concord, it is difficult to see how it can ever become an acceptable idea that men and women must live in perpetual strife or, when united, in a sort of armed neutrality, ready at any moment for defence or defiance. Is such an attempt particularly wise? Are women certain to conquer in such a struggle? Does equality of right mean an equal right to fight and struggle, and make one's self an emphatic nuisance to all with whom one comes into contact? If so then Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, and many another man, earnest advocates of equal rights for men women, aye and children too, have been altogether wrong in defining "equal rights" as "freedom for each to exercise the faculties so long as each does not interfere with the like liberty in others." One infinitely greater than they must also have been mistaken when He laid down the perfect law of liberty in the words "as ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them." Equal rights among men do not mean powers given to one class to inflict *wrongs* upon another—power to embitter and destroy life or any of its faculties, instead of power to heal and save. Yet so hideously, savagely ignorant of these well understood principles, is that portion of the sisterhood of humanity represented in your journal as to urge castration as a penalty for vice and a preservation of virtue. No doubt to the savage beast, to which the music of love is a stranger, and powerless to soothe, it is the simplest method of cure to cut off the hand which steals, to gouge out the eye which winks or leers lasciviously, stop up the ears open toward sounds of evil, transfix the tongue which utters deceit, or sever the head, into and out of which flow thoughts unwelcome or injurious to what is deemed the general good. But men at least, are not all savages even if women are, (which I beg leave to doubt) and equal freedom does not mean deprivation of the faculties or of the means by which they express themselves in action, but rather their direction and training toward true uses which injure none but benefit all. The world has already strayed too far from the sphere of savagery to welcome this ancient and almost forgotten diabolism of "The Woman's Herald of Industry." Heart and head alike recoil from it: the heart because cruelty and brutality have ceased to be attractive—only the few gloat over the tortures of a criminal—the head, because the dark records of history and experience have proved how impossible it is to do anything else but brutalize a people by brutal laws and brutal penalties, that aim, not at reform but vengeance. If your lady correspondents would read history instead of writing the cruellest kind of "cant"— the cant of materialistic science, they might come gradually to realize that there are moral and mental or spiritual forces within man which physical mutilation can neither kill nor cure. The castrated man, however impure or passionate, is not purified by the process as is the horse or the mule. He remains as devilish as ever, for aught that the surgeon's knife can do. The eunuchs in the East, in the past and present day, can still find pleasure in plotting and planning for the destruction of virtue in others. The fires of vengeance and hatred lit within, and set glowing like a furnace seven times heated by the cruelty and outrage perpetrated upon them, will still resort to cunning, and laugh with glee to behold the calamity they are able to call down upon the young and innocent by corruptly pandering to the evil desires of evil man. A passionate lustful devil, left entire, but carefully guarded for life, is far less hurtful to society than the same devil castrated and let loose to find seven devils more wicked than himself to aid him in his vengeful war upon that humanity which has treated him brutally. To hang him even is equally useless. To send him out of this world into another, neither kills him nor brings his evil to an end. He is the same devil still, and his evil influence more or less reverts upon this mundane sphere. The only *radical* cure is, *radical* reform, from the heart outward through all his faculties. Revenge and brutality of penalty, whether exercised by society or individuals, never yet touched the heart, or waked it to love of others. Love begets love. Hatred begets hatred.

The open, vulgar and almost obscene advocacy of castration in your columns is however powerless to turn from the work one who for fourteen years has lent himself more or less actively to the cause of "equal rights" for men, women and children. On the contrary it is a further proof how hurtful and degrading to some woman such deprivation has been. Slavery creates slaves, and perpetrates savagery. This is the only excuse conceivable for such views as are set forth in your columns. While such Satanic thoughts are possible in the mind of any woman, it is best they should be given free utterance that they may be met, and shown in their true colors. It is only freedom of thought and a free and equal share in the responsibility and care of government, which can demonstrate to those who hold them, the opposition they would meet, and the evils to which, if practicable, they would lead. To brood at home and in silence over wrongs which they are powerless to right till all the devil within evolves into some cherished idea of gratuitous and useless cruelty, is not so wholesome or civilizing and enlightening in its tendency, as is the effort to combine with others on an equal footing for the accomplishment of practicable reforms.

It is doubtful however if all will view your advocacy of castration in this light. As vulgarity and indecency will shock many, and give added force to the old cry that women are not fit to be trusted with any governmental powers either over themselves or others. Heaven help the children governed by women who advocate such heathen brutality as castration! Who looks after their rights, their protection and defence from slavery's weapon the lash wielded by those whom slavery has in turn so brutalized as to dream of enforcing virtue by surgeonry?

J. L. F.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

Every woman of the age of 21 years, who has resided in Utah six months next preceding any general or special election, born or naturalized in the United States, or who is the wife, widow or daughter of a native-born or naturalized citizen of the United States, is entitled to vote at any election in the Territory.

We are in receipt of a Draft Bill to remove the disabilities of women with regard to inheritance of property and the guardianship of children. This bill is from Pravada, Manchester, Eng., and is another proof that English women are as busy as possible in "having their disabilities removed."

The First Congregational Society of this city, at its annual meeting, unanimously adopted an amendment to the constiiution, admitting women to full membership and giving them a right to vote and hold office in the church and the society. Thus "Woman Suffrage is an accomplished fact in the First Congregational Church of Portland."—*New Northwest,*

The movement in favor of woman suffrage in England appears to be gaining strength. A memorial to the prime minister is signed by 108 Liberal ministers, including the "most cautious Whigs and most gushing Radicals," by a dozen members of the Administration, and by Sir Stafford Northcote and several Conservatives.

Seattle, W. T.—An equal rights association has been organized in this bright, wide-awake town, with the following officers: Mrs. Jones, President, W. H. White, Vice-President; Mrs. Giddings, Treasurer; Mrs. Hall, Secretary.

Italy is leading other countries in the matter of the political emancipation of women. It proposes the reorganization of the provincial and district electoral laws with a view to giving women the right of suffrage. Candidates must be 21 years old, have the possession of full civic rights, be able to read and write and be subject to a minimum tax of five francs.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.

Agents Wanted.

Short Articles are solicited upon Dress Reform. Whoever wears any sort of a Reform, or knows of one being worn, will confer a favor by giving the desired information.

AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.
Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 3

By Mary E. Tillotson.
For the Herald.

The last convention which I attended, of the National Dres Reform Association, was held in Gothic Hall Middletown, N. Y. It was well filled, and many of the ladies wore the reform dres. I do not know how much longer the annuals were continued. Such meetings were held in Ohio about that time. But from 1860 to 1870 was the dullest period of the reform. The Laws of Life were circulating somewhat, but had mainly ceased to interest in the costume phase. A few Healing Institutes East and West, in which the reform prevailed, were quietly active. When we reflect that the movement started rapidly without previous agitation or theoric ushering, when physiological science merely commenced receiving public attention we perceive a lull in its progres would naturaly occur in the allaying of first sensations; even if milliners and merchants, aided by newspapers, had not mobbed the cause with slang bombs, sly thrusts, and ready shot thrown at all measures good enuf to antagonize speculation and dissipation. It has only shared the fate common to worthy efforts; and in view of the greatnes and goodnes of the object, and the sordidnes arrayed against it—of the thousands stil faithful to the practical aim, and the immense growth of reasoning and conscientious conviction, prepars tions for practical action, it proves to be blindnes that supposes uncommon relapse came upon it. Of course sustainers must expect to stand firm and parry sordid shafts sometimes, when commercial, social, and superstitious usuages are arrayed to mutualy aid the fashion grasp, including its twin guile, called respectability. Yet, present science compeling assent, present reason shaming the cause of disease and vice, in the light of known violations, wil roll back flooding shams faster than seems possible, when directed by ability and influence of the ablest minds. And until men of mind sustain in a radical change, the women victims to long polluting customs and causes, the forces of science cannot be exerted legitimately, but ar reversed in personal human processes, and in social, civil and financial *derangement* now passing for administrative rule, and called crisis conflict. It is the culminating of evils that wil hav either chaos or revolution. Our cause tels which.

At the time the pres affected the laugh of contempt, and leaders left the exemplars post, I was absorbed with the care of my baby and sick husband, but spared sometime to plead for persistent courage wherever a friendly open column was discovered; for any lapsing disaster in such a reform seems to me like a cyclone mid June roses. Rapidly our numbers lessened til all had left who become identified for other than principled motives; and slowly new experimenters adopted the reform—and slowly some who felt it their main life and comfort were driven by various pressures back to diseasing burdens. Stil, scattered over the States, in towns and rural districts, were many firm wommen lightening domestic labors, teaching, factory work, and some arts, in garments that acknowledge the rightful use, and natural method of locomotive organs. And firm women continued on more or less, to the present, bearing no comparison to the whole, and having no influence in cities. With people of any character for goodnes or honor, the reform and its isolated devotees hav ever bin respected. Many never go from their neighborhood, many curse their bodies with shackles when they go; no effort was made to show the numbers til 1872. It has bin the fate of many of them to be "alone in life." I account for this by their better opportunity for selfcontrol. Mrs. Michner of Indiana traveled considerably between home and Cal. in the reform without encountering an uncivil word or act. Miss Fowler of Vineland who was always very feeble til the reform gave her a human chance, traveled alone to Fla. a few times without trouble except in Baltimore, where her quiet presence and the tender police had some mutual disturbance. Dr. Mary Walker went thro the war of the rebellion, as a surgeon, unmolested, and has since dwelt in Washington respected; but when her courage commensurates with busines and need takes her thro N. Y. City the police usually molest her; yet; knowing her orderly in W. it is presumed the fault is not her's. Dr. E. B. Harmon whose dres is radical is seldom annoyed by strangers, but the Baltimore police failed to tolerate her or Dr. Walker. I hav bin alone twenty-five years, traveled considerably, and seldom was annoyed, save by childen's curiosity, til the recent N. Y. Society for suppressing physiological literaturebegan to persecute innocence, since which policemen ar instigated to keep me out of the sight of other women. Readers wil see their object. At first, among relatives, I had one attendant—my husband who was also a Tillotson—when he failed, my brother, Edwin Tillotson, who was as faithful and universal a reformer as I, was my escort, while I staid in N. Y. my father and oldest sister sustained, but were not situated to accompany—younger sisters and brothers would not be seen out with such eccentricity: mother who was goodnes itself, missed my early reputation, and shuddered when strangers saw me. People solicitous of reputation always over do the care of it; my stylish sisters did, for those they sought to please were displeased by their shuning me in company. Since the public esteems me, they dispel fear which then was the negative side of pride; its exit now leaves the positive assertive, and they declare they ar proud of me and all my labors.

After many bright, reformatory women turn their care and pride from life-consuming fashions to their own and the world's wel-being, improved impetus and influence wil appear in various departments of society sooner than theorists anticipate. When fear gives place to resolve, faltering to fearles benevolence, individuality wil round into grand poise, and past life wil be called the incubus which it is. While they ar under the feeblenes of dependence, effect of ages of transmitted submission to the place and pursuit men elected for them, to the teaching pressed upon them by the persecutions of those manifesting strength of mind, they are not aware of the extent of their weaknes, of body or mind, or of the amount of their capacity; and they wil be surprised at their own bravery if they live to reform. Only now is knowledge of equal rights and duties so diffused that liberty can stand mid tyranic bigotry and pride of the state, and petition for universal liberty. All usuages, from national administration to smal habits, stil conform to the old superior and inferior; master and servant regime; and wil, til thro' health and consistent habits women appeal for power they ar qualified to weild. Inherent and cultured selfishnes blinds men to their best interest after seeing their own health lost in the common drain, and all welfare imperiled. The state must grow worse til women ar reclaimed and aid in reversing and revising customs. Falsenes so blends with all pursuits, and shows so plainly where it originates, and how it coheres, that it is difficult for a mind that sees its ravages, to narrate a line of events thro' it without pausing to moralize. But I wil break away. In the course of a half dozen years from the rapid start of dres reform, the city women who led the adoption, wearied with annoying opposition, concluded its personal benefits did not compensate for public inconvenience; and, apparently unmindful of the general need in improving health and character, resumed fashionable styles, shocking the friends of progres, delighting speculators, in gew-gaws, and encouraging tricksters and street-screamers to redouble abuse on those remaining firm. Whatever their reflections, they evidently knew if they had reasoning foresight, the course would discourage many les public women, check the advance of the great humanitarian movement, and in that check of body and mind-gaining power for women, be detrimental to the gaining of women adherants to the woman suffrage cause they laid the main stres on. Their answer to questions sent them, implied that they tho't the check favorable to that cause, and their course since apparently confirm it. So if we admit sincerity they were doubtles disappointed in the lack of public approval thus early given the suffrage reform. Mrs. Stone replied, "til suffrage is gained, it is first, last and main." Mrs. Stanton said "let us get suffrage, then I wil adopt a stil more radical style." A dozen years later at a suffrage annual she deplored its prospects, and said, "there ar no women to-day." I tho't it a pity that she ceased to aid when remaking them commenced. Fortunately none could undo that beginning. Soundnes of health and character is the argument for fitnes to place and trust; but as men ar as lacking in this as women, they hav no apology for a sex discrimination. A good reason has never bin given for sex caste.

Vineland, N. J.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

The drink bill of Boston last year was $51,000.

In Georgia, out of its 130 counties, 75 have voted "no liquor."

There is not a brewery or a distillery in the State of Mississippi.

Prohibition, thru the instrumatality of the Republican Party has become law in Iowa.

While crazed with drink, Charles Pollock shot and killed his young wife at Vincennes, Ind., last week.

The vote in the British Parliament on local option in April 1883, was 228 to 141, a majority of 87. In 1880 the majority was 26; in 1881 it was 42, which indicates a rapid advance in intelligence in that body.

Frances E. Willard commenced her philanthropic labors in Oregon in less than five hours after stepping ashore after a rough and tedious voyage from San Francisco. Liberty hall was crowded with a very appreciative audience, and her very first utterances commanded an earnest, eager and expectant attention which was maintained until the end of her able address of an hour and a half.

One of the stipulations of the civil service reform bill is that the use of intoxicating liquors to excess bars appointment and is sufficient cause for removal of government clerks. That's the kind of prohibition which counts.

How women can live with men and love them when they are permeated, saturated and soaked with tobacco, I cannot understand. I pity them; it is said cannibals refuse to have anything to do with persons who use tobacco. I do not see why we should not have a little of their daintiness.

Virginia drinks up her entire wheat crop annually, and it is stated that the liquor drank in Louisiana costs $47,000,000—$2,000,000 more than its combined cotton, sugar and rice crop.

The people of Illinois pay $12,000,000 annually for schools and $20,000,000 for whiskey.

Mary E. Tillotson's Science Costume.

DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

Mary E. Tillotson. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Scientific Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

Abbie Knapp, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

Emeline A. Prescot, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

Celia B. Whitehead, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

Anna Perkins, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

Cornelia Boecklin, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

Alexis Le Beuf, San Jacinto, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

Jennie A. Doane, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

Mary Walker, M. D., Whshington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no etticoats) for many years, everywhere.

Marietta L. Beers-Stow, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S. Costume: Trousers cut just like a man's, kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

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Amelia Bloomer, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress, worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

Caroline B. Reese, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

Martha S. Severance, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

The southern papers tell a laughable joke on the editor of the Augusta Chronicle. He attended preaching at a colored church in the country, and had in his pocket only a silver half-dollar, just the ticket-fare to Augusta. At the conclusion of his sermon, the minister ordered a collection for his own benefit.

"Of course," said he, 'I 'spects every pusson to give somethin'; but I'se told dat Mr. Thomas up the lane yander, had some turkeys stole Friday night. I don't want any man who had a han' in stealin' dem turkeys to put any money in de hat." When the hat reached Randall, not a man had denied, and the preacher's eyes were on him. His half-dollar went in the hat.

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PROBATE CONFISCATION.

By MRS. J. W. STOW.

(*Fourth Edition.*)

This is a work of intrinsic value. It touches upon a vital question—the laws affecting the property gathered in wedlock. Ignorance of these laws adds immeasurably to the pauper and criminal classes. It is a book for the home and fireside. It gives the written laws which control dead men's and living widows' estates to-day. It shows the practical working of these laws in the courts. It shows how, under the sounding title of "*justice*," the widow and the fatherless are often made a target for thieves. It is written to rouse the popular heart, to stir the dormant reason, to quicken the sense of right, and to get the whole question upon the wave of discussion and investigation.

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS BY THE PRESS.

With the keenness of a cimeter-blade Mrs. Stow dissects the incongruities and useless formalities that for centuries have cumbered the practice of courts, many of which have no further reason for their existence than that the dust of ages has sanctified them.—*Evening Post*, Dec. 30, '76, (San Francisco).

Mrs. Stow vividly portrays the operations of the law in regard to widows, and cites instances where the whole substance of estates has been swallowed up by post-mortem litigation, and where the red-tape circumlocution, tedious delays, and extraordinary expenses have left nothing for the support of the widow and orphans.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The probate system in all the States is nearly identical, and seems to have been framed with the express purpose of promoting litigation, and enabling parties to become rich by plundering the dead, and impoverishing the living. Mrs. J. W. Stow has written a book filled with powerful arguments against this corrupt system, and in support of a much-needed reform. If successful, Mrs. Stow will achieve a greater good for man and woman than has been, or is proposed to be, achieved by any of the army of reformers now displaying their banners in the field of progress and advancement.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Women who wish to understand what every woman should understand—the laws that most nearly concern their personal interest—should have a copy of this book.—*New North-West* (Portland, Or.).

It is a comfort in these days, when there is so much that is commonplace and tedious in the line of literary issues, to meet with something which bears evidence of having been written with a purpose; whose words come hot from the heart, as it were, and retain their heat after being placed on paper. Such a book is "Probate Confiscation," whose author is well known to many of our best citizens.—*Boston Transcript.*

The work has a decided value, because it calls attention to a great system of wrong which exists in every State, and which cannot bear the light of day. It should be widely read.—*Woman's Journal* (Boston).

Incidentally the whole system of marriage is considered in its bearings upon women, both in regard to their property and their position generally under existing laws.—*Boston Globe.*

The volume is crammed full of truth, and, to a just man, altogether unpalatable truth. It is an engine, an instrument in a crusade which the author has undertaken—a war which she opens single-handed, but in which she is sure to be soon surrounded with earnest followers. It deserves to be read, for it touches upon subjects which lie close to the heart of every father and mother, every husband and wife in the land. No loving father wishes to leave his children unprovided for and houseless; no loving husband, his wife to be worried to death in courts, appealing and begging for what no one, not even judges, deny to be her honest right. Widows are often treated in probate practice as rebels are in times of rebellion. Confiscation is often the lot of both. Mrs. Stow goes to the root of the subject, and, when she has a hard name to call, she does not mince matters, but "*speaks right out.*" It has been a pleasure to read a book with such snap and point to it; and all who take it up will probably agree with us.—*Boston Traveller.*

The work has the merit of frankness and sincere conviction, and of going directly to the point. It should be read to be appreciated.—*Eastern Argus* (Portland, Me.).

Mrs. Stow makes a stirring appeal for the protection of the widow and the fatherless; and all right-minded people must sympathize with her earnest efforts in their behalf.—*Patriot* (Concord, N. H.).

The author's purpose is, broadly, to improve the condition of women in respect to property rights; and in this she will have the sympathies of all just men. The work is of more than ordinary merit.—*Hartford Courant* (Conn.).

Mrs. Stow is smart enough to review the whole subject of estates and probates regardless of fear or favor, brave enough to tell the whole truth, and has suffered enough under the system to make her arraignment of the laws and processes of probate stinging and terrible. We wish her godspeed in her good work.—*Providence Press* (R. I.).

Mrs. Stow exposes the injustice and waste of property during probate adjustment, which ought to go to widows and orphans, in the most glowing light, and makes the reader of her book to sympathize with her and wish her all possible success in her effort to reform our laws. She is going to visit all the northern States and prove what an energetic woman can do for the benefit of widowed women and fatherless children. Her book is full of natural eloquence, combined with piquant illustrative anecdote and warmed up by occasional bitter pungency, that is worth paying for and reading as a literary work, without reference to the motive, for it shows remarkable cleverness.—*Evening Bulletin* (Phila., Pa.).

Probate Confiscation is a spicy, energetic volume. It is a protest and outcry against the injustice of the present probate system, which is the cause of the financial ruin of hundreds of widows and orphans yearly. Mrs. Stow is trying to effect a reform in this direction. Her object is a noble one.—*Buffalo Courier* (N. Y.).

We heartily commend the book as one worthy of careful perusal, and commend the author as an estimable lady, earnestly at work in a most worthy cause.—*Commercial Advertiser* (Buffalo, N. Y.)

The book is informed with zeal and with a vivid conviction of the truths it presents. It abounds in powerful passages which must arrest the attention and quicken the conscience of all who read it. We can heartily commend the work as one calculated to do great good, and as an effective adjunct to the mission to which Mrs. Stow has devoted herself—the reformation of the statutes that deny the natural and equitable rights of women.—*Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's pen is dipped in liquid fire. Her words glow and burn over the pages of her book. She shows practical knowledge in the vigorous, fearless manner in which she handles the subjects treated. If women wish to understand their rights under the law, let them purchase and read this book.—*National Citizen* (Syracuse, N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow's account of her long and maddening experience with the "law's delay" is highly interesting, as showing what utter *cussedness* prevails under the mantle of some of our courts of law. It stirs one's hottest wrath to read the author's story, which is told with startling vigor. She calls a spade a spade, and spares not. Many a woman would have sunk into her grave or gone insane under such trials as this lady suffered, but Mrs. Stow is made of sterner stuff. She has not only written this book, which holds up the probate court system to the scorn of every person with a sense of justice, but she is laboring to bring about legislative reforms in the different States, in the manner in which dead men's estates are administered. Such legislation as she is striving to secure deserves prosperity if any cause ever did. Mrs. Stow's book incidentally touches on many of the social questions, and she tells many truths, which are too often avoided by social teachers, in a sharp and forcible manner. The volume deserves general circulation.—*Troy Times* (N. Y.).

Probate Confiscation is a more scathing piece of composition than one often meets with. Mrs. Stow certainly makes out a strong case against the probate laws as usually administered; and no argument for their repeal could be stronger than her own story as she tells it.—*Albany Evening Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is written in a style differing materially from the productions of ordinary authors. The language made use of is that of an injured woman possessed of ability to paint the picture of women's wrongs. Mrs. Stow speaks with a frankness that is refreshing. While her arguments are clothed in good language, her words are of burning significance The work is one which will greatly interest every woman. Mrs. Stow has entered upon a crusade in behalf of women, in which she needs the united support and encouragement of her sex.—*Albany Knickerbocker* (N. Y.).

Mrs. Stow has shown much true literary talent in her book *Probate Confiscation*. It exhibits great cleverness and humor in an unobjectionable way.—*Albany Law Journal* (N. Y.).

The *third* edition of this book is proof of its merits with the class of readers to whom the graver subjects of a legal and moral kind are of interest. The volume is not intended to tickle the fancy or to please the prejudices of any class. The writer sets her face against the wrong and injustice of the probate law with the energy and zeal of one who has been scourged by the system.—*Brooklyn Eagle* (N. Y.).

After carefully reading *Probate Confiscation*, we give it our hearty endorsement and Godspeed. Mrs. Stow's appeal for the protection of the widow and fatherless is one which should arouse the sympathy of all fair-minded people.—*N. Y. Palladium.*

Mrs. Stow recites the story of her wrong with passsonate eloquence.—*New York Tribune.*

The book will not be found hard reading. It is no "kiss the rod" affair. It is a swift burning word, the inspiration of a passionate heart, the "*No*" of a strong will outraged in the holiest instincts of affection and justice.—*Home Journal* (N. Y.).

The book is well written, and so forcibly pointed in expression, that none can mistake the author's meaning or spirit. It should have a large sale.—*Chicago Legal News.*

Aside from the injustice and inequality of the law, the book abounds in valuable information to all classes. The smallest number of women know what rights in property they have under the law. The book is well written and will touch the popular heart. No man desires other than good to his dear ones when his arm ceases to protect them, and a rigid review of the laws bearing upon their rights will not be amiss.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The reform in the laws which Mrs. Stow contemplates, is a matter in which every woman is vitally concerned. There have been many instances in this city of late of women who have thought they were robbed by their husbands' executors. How vital an interest every woman should take in a movement for the change of the probate laws! If the cause can be made to succeed through perseverance and energy, Mrs. Stow will in the end, we feel sure, succeed. Meanwhile, the book should have a large circulation among women. It is entertaining reading from every point of view, and it advocates a great principle.—*Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 6, 1879.

There should certainly be no obstacles put in the way of procuring a uniform probate law throughout the United States. Mrs. Stow's book is a very vigorous presentation of the widow's case, and will hasten the accomplishment of a joint, generous, and a disinterested aim.—*Chicago Times.*

The book tells its own story, and tells it with power. It sets forth in terms which cannot be surpassed in strength and fire, the injustice of the law toward widows and orphans. It affords food for reflection on the part of the law-making power, and calls loudly for a reform that will secure to the widow some guarantee of protection for her rights—*National Republican*, D. C., Nov 29, 1879.

A strong, eloquent book, by the hand of a woman who means business and knows what she is talking about.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Mrs. Stow is the prophetess of the widows and orphans. Her voice is like one crying in the wilderdess among a horde of men so savage still that they prey upon everything weaker than themselves. She cries for simple *justice*—that is all. In all the chapters of her book she puts the case of the widow and orphan before the probate judge strongly, and finds their cause contraband and their fate confiscation. Mrs. Stow uses plain language, and tells flat-footed truths without any mincing of the manner. Her book is intended as an agitator, and its style is well suited to the purpose. There is nowhere and never any doubt that she is thoroughly in earnest in her mission, and conscientious in her work, and her sincerity always wins the respect of the reader. Under the circumstances, her warmth of style is perfectly natural, and she often drops words and sentences that stick in the memory—food for thought—and ready for use. This quality and effect prove the correctness of her treatment of the general theme. The Legislatures appear to be not yet prepared to embrace Mrs. Stow's views in acts, but the book and agitation of the subject are making public sentiment, and the consummation of the work may not be far in the future.—*St. Louis Republican*, Mar. 27, '80.

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SCRAPS.

Miss Addie Bennett has been appointed telegraph operator and assistant railway agent at Jasper, Indiana, and Miss Fannie Fowler has been appointed railway agent at Milltown by the same company.

At the gigantic store of John Wanamaker, in Philadelphia, four of the largest departments are presided over and managed exclusively by women. There are also three women cashiers, and women book-keepers who are unrivalled in their vocations.

Miss Minnie Canfield, who is in the Treasury Department at Washington, having been examined and found qualified, has received her first promotion from a $900 grade, to a first-class clerkship at $1,500 per annum.

Seven Indians, at Brule agency, raped a white girl 15 years old last week. A deputy marshal has gone to make arrests, and bring the parties to Yankton for trial. The penalty under United States laws is death.

For a man or woman afflicted with an incurable disease, which may terminate his or her life any day, to become again and again a parent, is in the highest degree unfeeling and immoral, and toward the child or children it is nothing less than a *crime.*

There are Indian girls in the Indian Territory University who are studying German, French, Latin and Greek; geology, moral philosophy, political economy and other branches of the college course.

Mrs. Townsend, of Pendleton, Oregon, a lady now seventy-nine years of age, is worthy of special mention as a champion carpet-weaver. The year she was seventy-five this ambitious woman wove nearly 2000 yards of rag carpet, besides milking a large number of cows, and making the butter for market.

A newspaper is a window through which men look out on all that is going on in the world; without a newspaper a man is shut in a small room and knows little or nothing of what is happening outside of himself. In our day the newspaper keeps pace with history and records it. A newspaper will keep a sensible man in sympathy with the world's correct history. It is unfolding, an unbound book, forever issuing and never finished.

It has been said 'Woman will have to fight every step of the way to suffrage.' She has fought for every advantage she has thus far received—for her right to enter schools and colleges, to enter the trades and professions, the lecture field and journalism—and gained what she fought for. She is contending for her right to self-government and that first supreme duty of every human being, self developement, and will surely win again.

Dr. Mary Safford, sister of ex-Governor Safford of Arizona, has taken two hundred acres of land near Tarpew Florida, where she intends to plant a colony. She has an idea of establishing a Sanitarium in that colony to which invalids will likely be attracted from all parts of the States. Dr. Safford is an energetic, shrewd, and brilliant woman, highly cultured and exceedingly able in her profession. She has traveled extensively in foreign lands, also among other places, and visited Utah, when we had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with her. Her views upon the woman question are broad in the extreme and she intends putting them in practice, it seems, by founding a colony. X.

An ideal city will enforce laws that are enacted against vice because vice makes poverty. An ideal mayor and ideal city council will attack vices as Hercules attacked harmful monsters—as George attacked the dragon of Asia Minor.—*David Swing.*

The Freethinkers of the City of Rochester, N. Y., have raised $150 with which to pay for the finest hall in that city for the Freethinkers' Convention (which will be in session five days, commencing Aug. 29), and also money sufficient to pay a magnificent quartette of singers for the occasion. The following local committee has been appointed to take charge of all the local arrangements, viz: Moses Hays, chairman; C. F. Farlin, secretary; C. H. Gault, treasurer; Austin C. Allen, Mrs. C. Austin, Mrs. E. H. Gault, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. A. C. Allen, Mrs. Dr. Butterfield.

If the Protestant ministry is to hold its own in the modern world, it must have, and be believed to have, freedom of growth.—*President Eliot.* Precisely so: it would be well if all Protestant churches would encourage free-thinking, in which case they would all, sooner or later, develop into useful institutions.—*Radical Review.*

Health reformers are the most radical of all temperance advocates. Teatottalism in its broadest sense is the true temperance platform. And in this sense the term is made to cover, not only the use of alcoholic liquors, but the use of tea, coffee, chocolate, opium, and tobacco. The two last-mentioned articles are never employed as drinks, yet we speak of them in this connection because their influence upon the system is in many respects identical with that of the other articles mentioned. Tea, coffee, tobacco, opium, and alcohol, are all stimulants. In other words, they are all poisons; for every stimulant is a poison. Pure alcohol is deadly. Opium is often fatal, even in moderate doses. Caffeine or theine, the poisonous principle of tea and coffee, is also a deadly poison. Nicotine, the active constituent of tobacco, ranks next to prussic acid as poison. Tea and coffee are less injurious than opium, tobacco, or alcohol; but they lead to the use of stronger stimulants, and so, in connection with tobacco become the stepping-stones to drunkenness and opium eating.

Early Marriages.—Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pastures without any yoke on them. They marry and have children before they do mustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are the proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the young girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have cut all their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen-house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be girls to go around, and then they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook-stove or a bedstead they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there, there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll baby.—*Rising Fawn (Ga.) Gazette.*

There is in Roumania a valley, known as Kezanlik entirely given up to rose culture. During the flowering season it is, from the top of the hills on either side, one mass of flowers. So saturated is the air with the perfume that it clings to the hair and the clothes, and the scent remains for days on the latter.

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It is thoughtful, practical, entertaining in every paragraph.—Hartford *Globe*.

The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal*.

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"CASTRATION" ONCE MORE.

For the Herald.

DEAR FRIENDS: Please dont think me "cruel" or "vindictive" that I advocate castration for the heinous and unpardonable sin of rape. I feel only pity for a world so sunk in lust, that only such apparently barbarous measures will save our women from the ravages of their male companions or associates, in the deadly moments of their insane passion: We hesitate not to confine the madman and lunatic, and deprive them of all power to commit future crimes upon society, and why then be so unwisely merciful to the rapist, as to allow him to retain liberty and power both? when we well know that he cannot restrain his passion. I say *cannot*, for there are men who will face any danger, any risk, to gratify this strongest appetite of humanity. With almost sure death staring them in the face, they will perpetrate this foulest crime upon the calendar, just as the starving wretch, confined in a dungeon, will sooner knowingly partake of poisonous food than endure the pangs of starvation. My friends, even while you shudder with sympathetic horror at the bare idea of rendering these passion-curst men safe and harmless, the poor victim of lust is himself begging for the blessed boon of relief which no skilled physician dares to bestow upon him. Many have in sheer desperation mutilated themselves rather than longer bear the weight of misery, mental and physical, that was such a blight upon their lives. I myself have had pitiful letters from men deploring their heredity of lust, and asking where they could go to have this barbarous(?)operation performed upon them; these men were good, grand, and noble souls, too, who trembled with the dread that in some weak moment they should be so over-powered with passion that some woman or child would be the victim, and thus a crime be accomplished that would make their every thought in future, one of horror, shame, and anguish. Think you that I—a quaker born and bred, who would not kill the bee that stung me, plead for castration from a feeling of "revenge" or bloody-mindedness" toward the poor unfortunates thus cursed with so wretched an inheritance as to make life itself a burden to them? No! it is from a sense of infinite love and pity for the criminal(?) as well as the victim of his lust, that I advocate castration as the remedy—as a temporary remedy, that by sly education and a higher state of civilization, will render useless. When men and women learn that the sexual act is *only for Procreation*, and all indulgence as a means of pleasure, as even a love-act, is lust and prostitution, *then* no harsh means will be needed. *Then* even a husband will find a surer, better and more lasting satisfaction in embraces, caresses and loving words and deeds, than in the momentary gratification he now indulges in, when he makes this propagative-act the highest outcome of his affection. *Then* he will cease to waste the vital forces which are needed by brain, blood and body, in this unhealthful and abnormal manner.

Mothers, and sisters and wives I plead with you, each and all to think and study upon this subject. Remember that the men are what *we* make them! We are the mothers who 'rock the cradles" of the father's. We are too willing to shirk our responsibilities and then blame the men for being what we are helping to make them. We are all linked in one great sisterhood and brotherhood; and must each and all do our share towards elevating, purifying and civilizing humanity. We must circulate books and papers, we must write to friends, talk to neighbors and sow the good seed in all ways possible. Begin now—dont wait one day. Strike while the iron is hot. If you feel that you are not able to do any of these things, then send on the "sinews of war" to those who *can* and *will* do them. Remember that Marietta L. Stow can do more good work with 25cts than many of us can with 25 dollars, and therefore when you are longing to push on the cause of purity and woman's equality, faster and surer, just give her *money*-help and it is done. It is easier work to earn 25cts at the wash-tub than to write scathing burning telling truths that seethe and boil brains and blood ingenerating them. To pen words that are incisive, that reach the brain and heart of the reader, you must *experience* what you write. Cold platitudes waked up into the most beautiful periods, never do the work that rough, sharp telling words do, when coming strong and true from strong true hearts and fiery-feeling, brains.—

"After all not to create only, or found only,
But to bring perhaps from afar what is already founded
To give it our own identity, average, limitless, free,
To fill the gross, the torpid bulk, with vital righteous fire,
Not to repel or destroy so much as accept, fuse, rehabitate,
To obey as well as command, to follow more than to lead,
Those are the lessons of our New World;
While how little the New after all, and how much the Old, Old World!"

Friends who wish to educate above and beyond castration, and learn better and surer methods of exchanging magnetism with the other sex than the propagative act gives, will please send 25cts for "Diana" or one dollar for "The Alpha" and study up these all important subjects from natural and scientific stand points. And by lending the books and papers they can help others to see the light.

Address ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.
Snowville, Pulaski Co, Va.

RAW FOOD.

There are quite a number of raw-food disciples in California. Some I regret to say, are retrograding, and I will give their Why? in their own words, feeling that no light, or darkness, should be hidden under the bushel, reticence.

"When I last wrote you I think we had been living for about four years on food that was untainted by fire, since that time we have somewhat departed from that system of living, with some benefit to the body in its strength, growth and development, but with corresponding weakning, in all probability, to the mental and spiritual departments of our life, although it is somewhat difficult to decide in what way or to what extent the food a person partakes of, influences the mind. We know *positively* that it greatly effects the sensuous nature of human beings. We are experimentalists, seekers after truth. We adopted the uncooked-food diet thinking that it was a great panacea for many of the ills that flesh is heir to, and believe so still individually speaking, but there are others of our family who hold contrary opinions so that each must be fully persuaded in their own minds: the perceptions of the mind, the light that is in people have more to do with dietetics than dietetics have to do with the mind, so I firmly believe. Let a person firmly believe that raw or natural food is the best for them and in practice to a large extent it will be so—other things being equal. Let a person take a dislike to it (as some of our people did) and it will do them little good. As a matter of choice, bringing as it does so many benefits and emancipation from inordinate toil, worry and physical slavery, I, for one, prefer it and would not hesitate to permanently adopt it for all time, if I could affiliate with those who lived likewise and who were not a burthen but helpful supports in maintaining such a system in good report. Since departing from an entire uncooked-food diet some of us, as an experiment, tried to use cooked flesh, or animal food, such as our restaurants supply and found its effect to be very pernicious, stimulating the amitive nature to an irrepressible degree. The system that had become purified by a long course of natural diet free from any animal substances responded more readily to the stimulating action of flesh food and the product was *lust*—finding which we quit it forever and so we settled in our own mind the impropriety of human beings eating flesh meat who are striving to purify themselves in every departmnet of their life. It seems that flesh food acts upon the system pretty much as alcohol does when the body is free from it and has not been addicted to its use, its power and effect is greatly intensified.

At present we have made a compromise (how long this will continue I do not know) we use no flesh food, take the life of no animal or anything that is created alive, some of us eat eggs others do not. We use milk and butter and cook our cereals, partake largely of fruit and bread as a basis for nearly every meal. We are now on the eve of a change however in which I hope eggs, butter and milk will be discarded and the chief of our food, if not the entire of it, will consist of articles that we can grow or raise ourf selves, for this is domestic and social economy and science of the highest order. A community should produce within itself all or nearly all that it requires for the uses of daily life. I have a profound impression that for those who can put away from themselves the selfish gratification of the appetite, the Edenic or raw food system (I rather object to the raw food however as a designation, it should be natural food; all cooked food being artificial) is the best, being productive of an intensefied mental and spiritual activity and productive of less corporality less animality. It must be obvious to all that to strengthen our higher nature and subdue the lower will be productive of the most desirable results, continence being one of its expressions, also a mild, peaceful, contented, happy state of mind; in a word harmony must be its inevitable result in course of time, all things being equal. I feel sure that the practice of using flesh meat for food will keep the world in darkness and contention so long as it exists and those who mostly use it will be most discordant and contentious to which there will be few exceptions."

In answer I said: "If I could eat the raw foods I would do so, but I cannot. I only eat meat once a day, but if I do not have it once, I feel an all-goneness that is unendurable. Salt I must have. If I did not use it I should be filled with parasites. It is meat that makes the living body the abode of parasites, the dead body a crawling mass. *True*-non-flesh eaters must have never tasted meat. True reformation must commence with our sucklings, and then, it will take generations to eradicate the carniverous element out of the human family—believe me. When Dr. Winslow preaches this doctrine she will have more *continence* converts, than she now has. I am a staunch beliver in her gospel, and feel that a woman after she arrives at pos-maternity is more than defiled who indulges in the procreative act for pleasure. Surely at that age she should move into the upper chambers of her being, and enjoy intellectual pleasures, which are much more refined and real pleasure-giving than the amours of youth can possibly be."

MARIETTA L.

Edison says the Water falls of the country can easily be used as power for generating electricity which can be carried in 25,000 horse-power quantities 20 miles, easily.

Strength and beauty ought to increase up to thirty-five, at least, and beauty should be retained until death, as it will be then of the right kind—that of the spirit, not of the flesh.

Live in peace! Fretting, worrying, borrowing trouble, giving way to temper, and holding long, bitter grudges; all these affect the liver, poison the blood, enlarge the spleen, carve ugly lines on the face, and shorten life! Try to be half as wise as that little creature, the bee, who takes all the honey she can find, and leaves the poison—[Mrs. E. J. Leland.

A Vassar club of girls have challenged a boys' school in Poughkeepsie to play a game of football. The fair Vassar maidens have been practicing for several weeks.

HAVE FEWER AND BETTER CHILDREN

Capersauce.

"Tickle the public and make it grin—
The more you tickle the more you'll win.

The latest *ism*—"Christian Socialism."

On being asked what he thought fireflies were made for, a little boy answered, "I think God made them for candles to light the little frogs to bed."

"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "'Twouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith, "I'm a married man."—*Boston Transcript.*

A gentleman saw an advertisement that a cure for dyspepsia might be had by sending a postage stamp to the advertiser. He sent his stamp, and the answer was, "Dig in your garden and let whisky alone."

The Elmira *Gazette* tells of a woman who applied for the position of a street-car driver. She was asked: "Can you manage mules?" and replied, "Of course I can. I've had two husbands."

"If Your Honor please," said Mr. Hart, rising and addressing Judge Brady, "this whole proceeding is actuated by spite and spleen. I have been brought down to this city from Boston, at the loss of a week's salary of $100; and, as to undue influence, there is no undue influence in the case—there is no Returning Board here. [Great laughter.] I deny the allegation and defy the allegators, as we say in our 'Leg of Mutton Trial.'"

THE NEXT THING.—An Alumnus had been endeavoring to teach his little boy his prayers. After several lessons he thought he would test the youth's progress, and the following is reported to have occured- Father—"Now I lay me down to sleep." Son—"Now I lay me down to sleep." F.—"If I should die before I wake." S.—"If I should die before I wake." F.—"Well, what next?" S.—"I guess the next thing 'd be a funeral."

The small advertisements of a contemporary, of which it is so proud, announced this week the loss of a dark brown boy's overcoat. What kind of an overcoat a dark brown boy wears is not very plain at first sight, and it is equally obscure as to whether a dark brown boy is a creole, mulatto, gypsy, quadroon, or an African. Dark brown boys ought to be more careful of their overcoats, even if they were accustomed in their infancy to wander about in a state of nature under a tropical sun.

GOING TO HEAVEN.—A well known and eccentric minister of Newburyport was many years ago being ferried over to Ring Island to see a sick brother. The night was very stormy, and the timid divine was praying audibly, when the ferryman said, "Parson, I shouldn't think such a good man as you are, would be afraid anywhere." "Good gracious!" said the minister, with considerable display of temper, "you don't suppose I want to go to Heaven by water, do you?

DUDES AND "OLD HENS."—The "old hens," as they are called—the elderly members of the New York clubs—have long been in the habit of occupying the chairs near the windows of the club houses, where they can see all the pretty women as they pass up and down the avenue. Lately, however, the dudes have come early, taken the seats, and made the "old hens" roost further back. The "old hens" stood this as long as possible and then invented a scheme for emptying the chairs. They enlisted several lady friends in the scheme, who consented to send in perfumed notes at the right moment, to the addresses furnished by the "old hens." These notes invited the dudes to an interview on the opposite corner. Dude pops up, goes out, and an "old hen" takes his place. In a short time half a dozen dudes are routed out by this ingenious arrangement.

The Plymouth Lapboard

Is conceded by every one who has seen it, and especially by every lady who has used it, to be the most convenient, and in all respects the most desirable article of the kind that has yet been placed upon the market. The peculiar felting finish upon both sides, effectually prevents the slipping of the work from the board, also the slipping of the board from the lap, thus entirely overcoming two great objections to wooden or other boards with a smooth surface. It is manufactured from a material specially adapted to this purpose. It will neither warp nor crack, and with proper care will last a life-time. The graduated scale entirely does away with the need of a yard-stick or tape-measure. C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Grocers, 215 and 217 Sutter St., San Francisco, Sole Agents for Pacific Coast, will forward samples to dealers on application, with particulars and price to the Trade.

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PROBATE CONFISCATION $2
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Send in your orders to 304 Stockton street, San Francisco.

If the books are not desired *The Woman's Journal* ($2,50) or the *New Northwest* ($3) will be sent for one year, insteap, as premiums. For $7 and ten names the same premiums are offered for the year 1883. A copy of either one of the papers mentioned, will be sent with the HERALD for THREE DOLLARS for one year.

Why people should take the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

The HERALD contains more valuable reading matter than any other first-class paper in the United States—for the same price. The information that will be given under Resources of California will, of itself, alone, be worth the price charged for it.

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AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 9. San Francisco, California, September, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW,
...EDITOR...

S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

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S. S. S.

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BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left breast with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.
Officers badges, $1, members 50 cts., post-paid.

AN IDEAL WOMAN.

She was my peer;
No weakling girl, who would surrender will
And life and reason, with her loving heart,
To her possessor; no soft, clinging thing
Who would find breath alone within the arms
Of a strong master, and obediently
Wait on his will with slavish carefulness;
No fawning, cringing spaniel to attend
His royal pleasure, and account herself
Rewarded by his pats and pretty words,
But a sound woman, who, with insight keen,
Had wrought a scheme of life, and measured well
Her womanhood; had spread before her feet
A fine philosophy to guide her steps.
Had won a faith to which her life was brought
In strict adjustment—brain and heart meanwhile
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm
With the great scheme of God's great universe
On toward her being's end. —[Holland.

No straight, healthy, well-formed girl should ever wear a corset. To put girls into stays is a great hygienic crime, and no *sensible* girl unless *deformed*, will consent to wear them.

Hattie Hutchinson a girl of ten years, is operator of a telegraph office, while a girl of fourteen has charge of seven switches on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

The International Freethinkers Association Convenes in Rochester N. Y. on the 29th of August, and holds a five day's Congress. The most eminent women and men of pulpit, rostrom and literary fame in the world, are announced among the speakers.

There is one question which has been discussed in the HERALD for several months and which has "horrified" the dainty sentimentalists, roused the tiger in the breasts of others, while a clean far-seeing few have approved the method of effectual cure recommended for one of the most revolting crimes. We leave the subject in obeyance for the time being, having sufficiently, perhaps(?), ventilated the pros and cons.

THE CALIFORNIA
WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

PRIZE-RING, opal and diamonds, for the handsomest dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FIRST GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in San Francisco, the first week in September, 1883.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES OFFERED.

The Herald of Health, for life.
WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, for life.
This prize list is now open to any and all contributors.

THE FIRST GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE of the American Social Science Sisterhood will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of September 1883, in San Francisco, California. Dress Reform Exhibition at 2 P. M.

Societies are cordially invited to send delegates, and individuals, both men and women, are cordially invited to be present and take part in the exercises. For place of meeting, see dai lies under meeting notices.

San Francisco has put on her purple and fiue wool, in honor of her guests, the Knights Templar. We bid them welcome.

The San Francisco *Call* and *Bulletin* are well pleased with their efficient compliment of lady typos.

CO-OPERATION is the watch-word of the hour, the key-stone in the arch of Progress. It breaks ground in every fallow field of reform and plants its royal standard on the mountain tops of science.

THE RATIONAL DRESS ASSOCIATION recently held a most successful exhibition under the able leadership of its Hon. Secretary, Mrs. E. M. King. Prince's Hall London, Eng., was crowded for a week with people eager to learn a better way to to clothe the human form than has yet been *evoluted*.

COL. ANDREW'S BAL MASQUE, at the pavillion, was a grand success. The people owe him a debt of gratitude for informing them once a year that women have legs and feet as well as men. Nearly every dress worn by fancy dress costume maskers was short enough to show the legs nearly to the knees, and some were without any skirts at all and yet but one person fainted and that was a woman tied up in a long bag called a dress skirt and laced up in the deadly corset.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB of San Francisco is doing much towards educating the public to the importance of physical development. The exhibition at the Grand Opera House on the evening of the 26th was not only highly entertaining but showed that its members had, by careful training, acquired grace of motion, suppleness of limb and strength of muscle. The Indian club exercises by a class of girls, two little boys, and the King of Clubs, who swung to music in perfect time, were especially fine. Every woman can learn this health-giving art in her own home and teach it to her children. Physical culture is one of the watch-words of the hour.

AGAIN have the legal talons of the Nutmeg State closed about the withered form of Julia E. Smith—a woman almost a century old. This time they will have the whole loaf (cows, farm, *everything* but "two quarts of milk a day") instead of fragments in the shape of cows, pictures and sacred heirlooms. Shame! Connecticutt. Thank Progress! all your Blue Book blood is washed out of *our* veins.

TOKOLOGY.—Read the review on the third page. A grand book by a grand woman. "Home Gymnastic Rules" are worth double the cost of the the work.

For the finest photos on the coast go to Morse's Palace of Art, Market st.

U. S. GOVERNMENT LAND.

LEGAL CITIZENS of the United States are men and *women* who are of legal (21 years) age, naturalized aliens, or foreigners, men and women; and an alien woman, who is married to a citizen of the United States, is held, in law, to possess citizenship, in all matters excepting the elective franchise. She is classed with *idiots* when it comes to the ballot.

The following law applies to *every state in the Union*: Pre-emption claims of 160 acres costs $1.25 per acre, and if near railroads $2.25 per acre, and a *six months* residence upon the same. Homestead claim of 160 acres costs only the land office fee of less than $25 and a five years residence upon the land before the deed is given. The Timber Culture Claim, costs only land office fees, and the labor of planting and tending forest trees valuable for timber, commercial purposes, firewood and domestic uses. "Domestic uses" *should include orchards*. A patent-deed is received at the end of eight years, if the requisite *number of trees* are in a flourishing condition. The fees and commissions upon this 320 acres only amounts to $36—about 11 cents an acre. Pre-empt first and at the expiration of six months Homestead. Tree-Claim can be obtained at the same time the Pre-empt is filed.

Who may *Homestead*. All United States male citizens of legal age. All single women, widows and maids, of legal age, and *drunkards'* wives. If a husband is bedridden, a charge upon the hands of his wife, he must become a *drunkard* before she can homestead for him and her destitute babes. "*Science of Government*." Curious, isnt it? Where is Miss Willard?

HOUSES.—Where a party is very poor, a dug-out in the side of a hill, or a sod house satisfies all legal demands, and four pre-emptors may combine and erect a single house on the corner, common to all, but each pre-emptor must reside in his own part of the house. A single person may board with a married pre-emptor's family. In the event of four single women pre-emptors, they could have the dining-room in the centre and the table could stand with one leg on each of the four quarter sections and each pre-emptor could sit beside her own leg, and the requirements of the law would not be violated.

Now is the time to pre-empt and homestead, Sisters, for thousands of immigrants are pouring into the State every week, and all of the best land is being appropriated. One well, one pair of horses or mules, one cow, one hen and chickens will do to start in with.

We think four women, who are not afraid of roughing it, could begin, under these circumstances, with $300, or $500 apiece, especially if they are raw food or vegetarian disciples.

Address this office *enclosing stamp*. We are prepared to furnish all the information required.

A single woman who makes a homestead or timber-culture entry, or both, does not forfeit her rights by marriage, provided the requirements as to residence and cultivation are complied with; but if a single woman marry after filling her declaratory statement under the pre-emption laws, she abandons her rights as a pre-emptor. A party, while having an actual residence on his or her claim, may work elsewhere for other people a few weeks at a time.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is the only paper in the United States entirely edited by women and the mechanical work entirely executed by girls, excepting the press work.

THE EDITOR of this journal leads a busy life. She teaches type-setting, physical culture, reform dress-making, sets up the advertisements, edits, reads proof, and makes up the paper, invents and makes her own dresses (The Tripple S. Costume) bonnets etc., does her own housework, canvasses for the Herald and keeps up a large correspondence. She claims the "Woman Worker's Champion Belt."—Who will contest it.

SCISSORS.

Measure not the work
Until the day's out, and the labor done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,
Why call it scant; affect no compromise;
And in that we have nobly striven, at least;
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honor us with truth, if not with praise.

Three of the five American sculptors admitted to the Paris Salon are women.

MRS. M. H. COWDEN carries on a banking business in her own name at Forest Hill, Cal.

Every department of Cornell University is open to women except that of military science.

There are more than 600 girls in the mechanical departments of the Elgin watch works at Elgin, Ill.

London girls of the highest social position are making it fashionable to take lessons in dressmaking.

It is no slight thing to get out of the ruts of the past. To do so will require some very ingenious switching.

MRS. CYNTHIA LEONARD says we must have no accidental child, but every one must be a perfect piece of workmanship.

A young lady near Bainbridge, Ga., has about four acres in onions; and expects to realize $1,500 on the crop.

Dr. Dix was born into the world a hundred years too late. He belongs naturally by sympathy and conviction to mediæval times.

The trustees of the Ohio University at Athens, have elected Cynthia M. Wild, of Genesse, N. Y., to the Professorship of Rhetoric and History.

Over seven thousand copies of "Woman's Place To-day,"—the spirited reply of Lillie Devereux Blake to Dr. Dix—have been sold, and a second edition is in preparation.

Mrs. Margaret Hicks, a graduate of Cornell University, has adopted the profession of architect. She has recently published an able paper in the *American Architect* on tenement houses.

There is a female barber at Haley, I. T., who is earning from $40 to $60 a day. She charges four bits for a shave, while the male tonsorial artists are happy to receive two bits for the same kind of work.

Tiffin, Ohio, has three female lawyers, the latest addition to the list being Miss Edith Sams, who has formed a partnership with Miss Florence Cronise, under the firm name of "Cronise & Sams, attorneys, at-law."

The Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, Ohio employs only ladies as telegraphers in its offices, and has done so since 1876. Miss Delia B. H. Howard is at present manager of its office at head-quarters, and is assisted by five ladies.

Several New York shoe dealers are employing girl clerks to wait on lady customers. This innovation merits imitation generally. All modest ladies would prefer to be fitted by their own sex, and the occupation is well suited to women.

One of the most successful herders in Montana is a woman—Miss Jennie Carson, who owns the land on both sides of Hopley's Creek, in Meagher County. Her property is one of the best ranches in the Territories and is said to be admirably managed.

The Duchesse d'Uzes, who is probably the only lady in Western Europe who is the actual mistress of a pack of hounds, sends thirty-six of the animals with which she hunted last winter in the Forest of Rambouillet, and these hounds have been awarded a prize. The Duchesse d'Uzes can boast of having killed every stag she has hunted—for in the Forest of Rambouillet, as everywhere else in France, they hunt the wild deer.

Seventy-five thousand more women than men in New York, and Dr. Dix solemnly lays down the law that husband and home must be the sole occupation of these fair "odd numbers." The dear delightful innocent! Evidently a brother of the little girl who, hearing that people were dying for lack of bread, asked why they did'nt eat cake.

Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran, who, with ten other Americans, was elected a year ago member of the English Society of Painter-Etchers, would not have had that distinction had it been known the name was a woman's. There is no better etcher on either side of the Atlanite and so they did not turn her out.

Children's Corner.

CITY CHILDREN.

HATTIE TYING GRISWOLD.

Children of the squalid city,
With your pinched and pallid faces,
Lacking all a child's sweet g adness,
Lacking all a child's shy graces,
I have watched you as you wander
Up and down the fetid alley,
Little host of vagrant troopers,
I have seen you break and rally.

Not a rosy face among you,
Dimpled, laughing, fit for kisses,
Not a romping merry maiden,
Running over with sly blisses,
Only faces hard and common,
Sordid, set and sickly faces,
Telling clearly that thus early,
Want and vice deforms, debases.

How I long to pluck you children
Up from all these streets and alleys,
And to plant you on the hill-tops,
Let you down into the valleys,
Place you 'mid the dandelions
And in fields of snowy daises,
Watch your rapture in the forest,
As you tread its winding mazes.

Place you where the brooks are tumbling
Down the steep and stony places,
Place you where the fish are leaping
Showing off their finny graces,
Let you hear the plover whistle,
All the wild birds sing together,
Know for once the joy of living
In the matchless summer weather.

Show you all the world of mosses,
All the world of ferns and rushes,
All the nests of promise building
By the blue birds and the thrushes,
Let you hear the wild geese clanging,
Hear the merry partridge drumming,
Let you see the squirrels leaping,
Hear the drone of wild bees humming.

Let you see the great trees loaded
With the wild, black hearted cherries,
See the scarlet hedges blazing
With the ripe and juicy berreis;
Let you see the hazel bushes
Hanging loaded with their treasures,
Change and charm your pallid faces
With the country children's pleasures.

Children, children, could I take you,
How our hearts would leap with gladness!
Not a note in all life's chorus
Then would have a sound of sadness.
But with all things bright and glowing,
In the gleaming pleasant places,
Soon with tints of health and pleasure,
Then would glow your pallid faces.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

"Yes my son," replied Mrs. Breeze you may, we can hardly show enough gratitude to one so much a stranger, yet who has so bravely periled his own life for our protection, having twice saved some one of us, in all probability." "Yes mother," said Terry trying to steady his voice, for two loving brown eyes seemed to look reproachfully, as they rose in his memory. Eyes, that, for the first time, the day before, had refused to smile, when their owner was caressed by the hand of affection, and called by the voice of love; eyes whose light had gone out in the defense of those they loved.

Vain lavishment of love and grief! for he could not be awakened. Terry shuddered as he remembered how cold and stiff he was, and how supple and graceful he used to be in life, and how much he loved to lie in the warm sun-shine. He felt like a culprit when he thought of the cold, damp earth pressing him down forever, out of the warmth and light where no beam of day could ever penetrate his dark resting place. He did not remember then how the sweet-voiced birds were singing to him, and of the wild flowers that would deck his grave in the springtime. But he said softly to himself—

"We'll keep your memory warm and bright in our hearts, dear old fellow! I'll make a nice head-board for your grave and carve your name and age upon it." As he finished speaking he passed the back of his hand across his eyes and proceeded to make the fire by the stump.

There was no need of a written history of the devoted friend and companion, that was "*faithful in death.*" His deeds were engraven on more lasting tablets than wood or stone. Etta often solemnly affirmed that "In heben de dood Dod was teepin Towz fo' her." This beautiful thought of child hood was not suffered to be dispelled from her mind. There she expected to join Towz when she died, with puss and piggy, and roam through endless fields of clover, never again to be separated.

It always is such a joy to children, and takes so much from the terror of dissolution, if they are permitted to think that all the interesting things which make this work-a-day world a beautiful, attractive home, will live and love in the hereafter. To them a heaven without these dear familiar things would possess no charms. A little dying boy once said to his weeping mother, "Dont cry, dear mama! I shall go to God who loves me, and Flossy will be so glad to see me I know, for she must be *lonesome* without me, we were such friends. I dreamed I saw her last night and that she had the pretty ribbon round her neck that you gave her for a present Christmas day. She'll be company for me till you come mama!" His little dog, Flossy, had died but a short time before and he expected to find her waiting for him in heaven.

Bill wakened in time for his breakfast, feeling very weak and faint from loss of blood, but comfortable otherwise—thanks to his skillful hostess and general health, his wounds were not so troublesome as might be expected. His honest face lighted up with a happy smile, when she bent over him, with her genial countenance, and said in her pleasant way—

"You did nobly! and I shall ever owe you a debt of gratitude for saving our lives while jeopardizing your own. Such deeds are worth remembering."

"Dont speak out!" he replied, "I ony done what wuz my deuty under the sarcumstance, nothin more!"

"Your modesty equals your bravery," continued Mrs. Breeze, as she handed him a smoking cup of tea, Are you in much pain now?

"Wal no! I orter be well in no time, with sich nussin" he replied, gulping down the last mouthful of tea in the cup, which Milly said "sounded like swallowing an Island."

Etta who had slept until then, sat up in bed and took a quiet survey of the surroundings, then she reached out her arms to her father, who was just then feeling of Bill's pulse and said

"Peaze take me papie! I onts to dit up an' see de bar."

"O no! you don't want to see the naughty bear that bit poor Bill so badly, do you?" replied her father.

"Is I duz! he's ded now an' tant bite any mo'! I's dood dirlie, so I is! Papie, *pease* take up Etta"!

She spoke the last words so coaxingly that her father caught her in his arms, tossed her up on his shoulder, and going back, said to Bill,

"Was little Glory as large as this puny pigeon when you last saw her?

"Eny most! She was nigh onter three yer old. Her hair was jist the same color as that chil's, but it rolled over an' over, an' luked fur all the world jist like shining gold on her purty neck. I have a bit on't, what May cut off the day she wuz tew yer old, coz she wuz so proud, kinder, ov Glory—an' would keep this curl".

Then, after much fumbling in the depths of the same pocket where he kept his marriage certificate, he pulled out a netted purse made of fanciful silks, and handing it to Mr. Breeze bade him get out the little parcel lying at the bottom of it. When the tiny package was opened, there lay two glossy rings of hair. One a soft rich brown and the other golden and as fine and soft as silk.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents, without asking her what she is going to do with it.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.
Address care 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Careful gymnastic training is as useful and important to girls as to boys, and should be sought by women as well as men. The first thing to be attended to is the *dress*. The costume *must* be adopted to the occasion. The principal requisites in such a costume are, that it be as light as may be consistent with the protection of the person, and so fashioned as to allow perfect freedom of movement. One costume that we have seen is composed of a short dress reaching to the knee, made with a yoke and belt, and quite full; and trowsers of the common pantaloon form. The dress worn in Dio Lewis' Sanitarium is made of flannel reaching just below the knee; the trowsers are gathered into a band and show perhaps a finger's length below the dress, with a short space between the top of the boot and the band. We prefer a skirt and sack to the whole dress. At the Sanitarium in exerises upon the Pangymnasticon a dress without a skirt is worn, gathered in at the waist and full knickerbockers. Such a dress as this, or some other appropriate exercising costume should form a part of every woman's wardrobe, and should be worn a portion of each day; surely a woman has a right to wear what she pleases in the privacy of her own home. Says an eminent physician, "With the habits and modes of dress which now generally prevail among our women, a great number of the more important muscles of the body, especially those around the hips, can not possibly get their proper developement. The consequences are of the most serious and painful character."

Having secured an appropriate dress, always without the health destroying corset, the young girl or woman may commence her gymnastic education with the Indian clubs, or sceptre. They promote greatly the developement of the muscles around the chest, give strength and grace to the arms, and aid in the process of breathing. We greatly prefer them to the dumb-bells, so much extolled by some. They should not be too heavy, nor the exercises with them violent. To call into action and develop the lower limbs and the muscles apout the loins, the triangle may be used. It is a short pole or bar of wood suspended by a rope from the ceiling at the height of the head. The bar is to be grasped with the hands while various movements are executed with the feet, legs and body. Trall's Family Gymnasium furnishes numerous examples of the movements. We are greatly indebted to D. H. Jaques author of Hints Toward Physical Perfection, for the above article.—S. G. S.

A lady writes: "You say that girls who want to have good complexions should wash their faces with almost boiling water. Not only girls should do this, but women who do not want to have wrinkles. I am above fifty, and I have not got a wrinkle. This is due to my having washed my face night and morning with very, very hot water. The water tightens the skin and prevents it from wrinkling."

HOW TO WEAR FLOWERS.—Roses, carnations and the bouvardia, that spiked flower that looks like jessamine, never stain. Any or all of these placed on smilax, for instance, the ends wrapped in tin-foil, could be worn with safety, though a soft handkerchief might be placed beneath for protection. If the spray should be at all damp, laying it on white unglazed paper will soon absorb the moisture. Corsage bouquets are placed with the point down. With a little care those flowers could be worn on any dress.

MIRTH.—Mirth begets mirth, and it is an excellent promoter of health. It is true a man may live to be very old and yet have no mirth in his composition, but the world at large cannot get on well without it. When the people are depressed they think they cannot be mirthful, but this is not altogether true. Mirth in such cases can be cultivated. By effort, one can compel himself to be mirthful, just as he can compel his muscles to move about when he feels tired or lame. If one cultivates the habit of seeing the jolly side of everything and humor everywhere, he will be surprised at the ease with which he can drive the blues away and enjoy himself, even when everything looks dark and gloomy.

LAUGHTER.—"A laugh," says the poet, "is the ripple of the heart," and of such importance is it that dozens of ladies in this very city take lessons in the art. This ambition is gained by society people who are too often jealous of the accomplishment as displayed on the stage. If the instruction is required from one of those professors of the art of pleasing she has no hesitancy in divulging her crudeness, but these artists are as scarce as blue bottles in January, and $50 is not an infrequent sum to invest in merry ripples. So the sly maiden takes elocution lessons, and selects for study only such poems and recitations as require a great amount of laughter. Such practice, if assiduous, often produces very charming results, but such study is not recommended for young children, lest art destroy the spontaneity of nature. A voice must be a medley of sweet sounds to be loud. If produced with open mouth the coral and pearls must be superior to criticisim. It is considerable of an art to laugh audibly, merrily, sweetly, and not open the mouth wider than is necessary to utter the word "doh."—*New York Letter,*

NATURE'S LAWS.—The organism of the human body is a self-regulating apparatus. Every interruption of its normal functions excites a reaction against the disturbing cause. If a grain of caustic potash irritates the nerves of the palate, the salivary glands try to remove it by an increased secretion. The eye would wash it off by an immediate flow of tears. A larger quantity of the same substance could be swallowed only under the protest of the fauces, and the digestive organs would soon find means to eject it. The bronchial tubes promptly react against the obtrusion of foreign substances. The sting of an insect causes an involuntary twitching of the epidermis. If a thorn or splinter fastens itself under the skin, suppuration prepares the way for its removal. If the stomach be overloaded with food, it revolts against further ingestion.

These automatic agencies of the organism generally suffice to counteract the disturbing cause, and the sensory symptoms attending the process of reconstruction constitute merely a plea for non-inteference. The suppurating tissues push the thorn outward, and resent only a pressure in the opposite direction. The eye volunteers to rid itself of the sand-dust, but remonstrates against friction. The rum-soaked system of the toper undertakes to eliminate the poison, and only asks that the consequences of the outrage be not aggravated by its repetition. But if that plea remains unheeded, it finally takes the form of the emphatic protest we call disease. For, even in its urgent manifestations, the reaction against a violation of nature's health-laws is a cry for peace, rather than a petition for active assistance in the form of medication. "Accustom yourself in all your little pains and aches," says Dr. Jennings, "and also in your grave and more distressing affections, to regard the movement concerned in them in a friendly aspect—designed for and tending to the removal of a difficulty of whose existence you were before unaware, and which, if suffered to remain and accumulate, might prove the destruction of the house you live in—and that, instead of its needing to be 'cured,' it is itself a curative operation; and that what should be called disease lies back of the symptoms which, in fact, are made for the express purpose of removing the real disorder or difficulty."—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

AN ATTRACTIVE HOME.—The woman who does not have a tasteful and inviting home now must fail in this respect because she does not care enough about it to work for it. It is surprising how many things that are truly ornamental, and which brighten up a room, can be made with so little expense. A visit to the home of a country minister, a man whose salary of $800 supported himself and his wife and two children, was a revelation to me of what might be done with small outlay. A discarded dress of some heavy, black woolen cloth made coverings for several old chairs which had been stained and varnished to look like new. Cretonne figures were buttonholed and cut out and then applied to the black cloth; a pretty braid was made of old velvet ribbon lined with wiggan and decorated with silk, which, by the way, was sent for to some city store, and bought at a very low price, as it comes in packages, and is called waste silk, though of desirable colors. The lambrequins of Nottingham lace were lined with turkey red calico, and the cornice upon which they were tacked was made in this way: A strip of wood about six inches wide, and of the length of the top of the window, was fastened to the wall over the window by screwing three screw eyes into the board and then putting long screws through these into the wall; the lambrequin was tacked on the edge of the board, which projected over the window far enough so the curtain would clear the window and hang gracefully. The tacks were concealed by placing a plaiting of muslin over them. Tidies were made of Japanese pictures lined with cambric, with a border of velvet ribbon brightened with silk, and of common crash, with a sort of satin finish, and then threads were drawn out in such a way that squares of crash about three or four inches in size were left, and the few threads that were left were caught together with scarlet working cotton, and a few threads of red were mixed with the linen fringe on the edge. The one extravagance in the way of decoration was a handsome table cover; it was of olive felt: the edge was cut in points, and each point was finshed with a tassel made of olive crewel, picked out with a needle; on each point a pretty design was put on in applique with bits of velvet. These were round, and the ordinary shaped fans, crescents, etc., all made to look natural with the skillful addition of the embroidery silk. The atmosphere of this simple and unpretentious home affected those who breathed it to such an extent that at the holidays, instead of presenting their pastor with silver or china, a dressing gown and slippers, it had become the custom of the people to add something to the wealth of his home; in this way it happened that the few fine engravings in plain but handsome frames had found their places there. If it is true, as a Boston woman asserts, that one may judge correctly of the amount of culture in a home by observing the height at which the pictures are hung, then the mistress of this home in a little village of a few hundred inhabitants back among the hills possessed culture in a high degree, for one saw here a large and appropriately-framed engraving of Landseer's "Impudent Puppy," representing a large dog in his bed of straw watching the naughty puppy that is stealing his breakfast, hung low down on the wall, the bottom of the frame being not more than a foot from the floor. The bareness of the wall above was relieved by smaller pictures hanging there. The pieces of needlework were done, the mistress said, when she had no other sewing; for, with the help of a good sewing-machine, the simple dresses of her two little girls and for herself were soon made and out of the way.—X.

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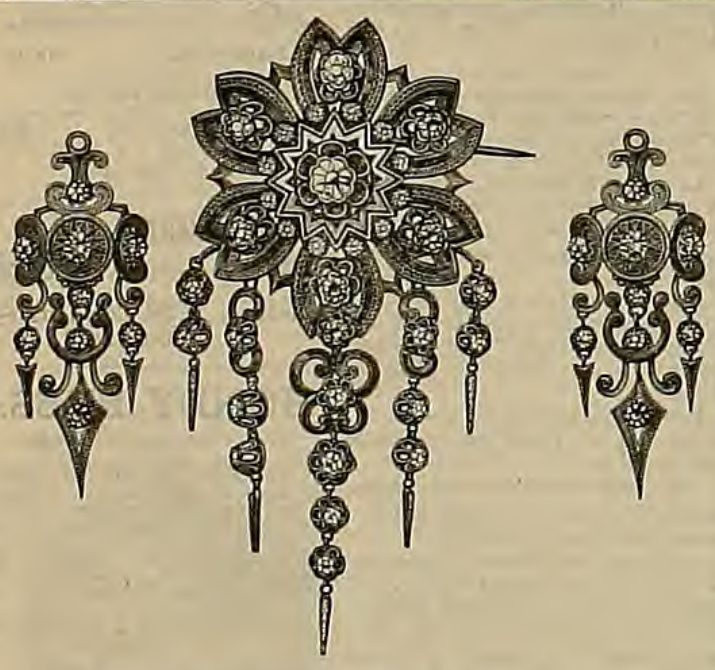

MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future.. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is raised, she will make a trust deed of the same in PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY. Whoever, from this date, until all the tickets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels will be on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America, to be held in San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. *Exchanges please copy.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞Dress Reform competitors should send in their costumes immediately. But few are as yet received. Remember this is the FIRST Dress Reform Exhibition ever held on the Pacific coast.

☞Let no visitor leave the Coast without paying the famous Sunny Cove Baths, Alameda, a visit. The Misses Dietz proprietors.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TOKOLOGY. A Book for every woman by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., Sanitary Publishing Co. Chicago, Ill.

This is a work for the hour, upon the sacred subject of *Maternity*, and advice germane to all women, to all girls. Women, as the mothers of the race, must study questions which have for them and the race such vital significance, for they are the educators of children, arbitors in the culinary department, furnishing food that is wholesome and nutritious, or is deleterious and disease producing. For these reasons ladies should avail themselves of every opportunity to obtain knowledge that fits them for wives, mothers, and home-makers; "nest builders," as the Doctors term it. If women and girls could be persuaded to learn and practise the life-giving lessons taught in this priceless book of 377 pages, they would need to pay few doctors' bills, for the "Common Sense Remedies" would be all that would be required in the rearing of a large family of children. Upon the subject of "Diet During Pregnancy" she says: "Physiologists have within a few years advanced the theory that if a pregnant woman subsists upon food devoid of the elements that nourish and develop the osseous tissue, thus rendering the cranial structure pliable, the labor will be comparatively easy and painless. Here is a case in point:

A lady had, within three years, given birth to two children, suffering extremely at parturition, and for two or three months previous to delivery, her general health was very indifferent, her lower extremities exceedingly swelled and painful; the veins so full and prominent as to be almost bursting; in fact to prevent such a catastrophe, bandages had to be applied; and for the last few weeks of gestation, her size and weight were such as to prevent her attending to her usual duties. She had on this occasion, two years and a half after her last delivery, advanced *fully seven months* in pregnancy before she commenced the experiment. Her legs and feet were, as before, considerably swelled; the veins distended and knotty, and her health diminishing. She commenced by eating an apple and an orange the first thing in the morning, and again at night. This was continued for about four days, when she took just before breakfast, in addition to the apple and orange, the juice of a lemon mixed with sugar, and at breakfast two or three roasted apples, taking a very small quantity of her usual food, viz.: Wheaten bread and butter. During the forenoon she took an orange or two, and an apple. For dinner fish or flesh in a small quantity, and potatoes, greens and apples, the apples sometimes peeled and cut into pieces; sometimes boiled whole with the potatoes; sometimes roasted before the fire, and afterward mixed with sugar. In the afternoon an orange, apple or some grapes, and lemon-juice mixed with sugar or treacle. At first the fruits acted strongly on the stomach and intestines, but this soon ceased, and she could take several lemons without inconvenience. For supper she had again roasted apples or a few oranges, and rice or sago boiled; sometimes the apples peeled and cored, were boiled along with the rice or sago. On several occasions she took for supper apples and raisins, or figs with an orange cut among them, and sometimes all stewed together. Two or three times a week she took a teaspoonful of a mixture made of the juice of two oranges, one lemon, half a pound of grapes, and a quarter of a pound of sugar or treacle. The sugar or treacle served mainly to cover the taste of the acids, but all saccharine matter is very nutritious. The object in giving the acids was to dissolve as much as possible the earthy or bony matter which she had taken with her food in the first seven months of her pregnancy. She continued in this course for six weeks, when to her *surprise and satisfaction, the swelled and prominent state of the veins*, which existed before she began, had *entirely subsided*; her legs and feet which were also swelled considerably, had returned to their former state; and she became so light and active she could run up and down a flight of more than twenty stairs, with more ease than usual when she was perfectly well. Her health became unwontedly excellent, and scarcely an ache or a pain affected her up to the night of her delivery. Even her breasts, which, at the time she commenced the experiment as well as during her former pregnancies, were sore and tender, became entirely free from pain, and remained in the very best condition after her delivery also, and during her nursing."

Here are the Doctor's views upon stair climbing: The reason *climbing stairs* may injure women is, that with each upward movement, as the bowels are pushed out, they come in contact with the outside constricting pressure of corset and bands. Where can they go? Not being able to go outward they must go upward, arresting the breath, or downward, pressing the pelvic upon the perineum. Is it not unjust to attribute the mischief to the stairs, when all the time it is the clothing that does the harm? Who would ever think of it hurting a boy to go upstairs, even if he take three steps at a bound and goes up three flights without catching his breath? Dress a girl as sensibly; neither will it hurt her, for really the little anatomical difference in their organization is in the girl's favor. Going up stairs is the best way to get desired exercise in a short time. A successful, self-educated man of this city said when studying, and his brain became weary and stupid, he left his books and ran up and down stairs three or four times, accomplishing more for himself than by half an hour's walk.

When I was in medical college, some of our lectures were on the fourth floor, and my own room was also on the fourth floor, and both of these buildings had high ceilings. I used to pride myself in starting at the first floor and running to the top without stopping. I then wore the "American costume," and was nearly as free in my dress as a man. Ever since, stairs have presented no more difficulties to me than the level floor. A lady told me that with her third child she practiced going up and down stairs on purpose for the exercise. The result was the easiest labor and the best recovery she ever had experienced. In climbing hills, observe the same rules —*keep the mouth closed*, expel the breath slowly through the nose, and stand erect. The whole secret to be able to *run* and defy all competitors is to *keep the mouth closed*. Why? Simply because it *forces deep breathing*, forces the use of the diaphragm. Any one can prove this. So with any exercise, but especially in climbing hills or stairs *keep the mouth shut*.

Let me urge and *emphasize*: The pregnant woman should walk, ride, take gymnastics, climb hills and stairs, beginning according to her strength, and increasing the amount from day to day, if she is not *nest building*, for upon strength, power and vigor of muscles, largely depends easy labor. Muscles must be fed upon proper food and strengthened by use. Let the diet have a large proportion of nitrates, then make assimilation possible by all conditions necessary for proper digestion, never forgetting that *daily exercise* is the most important.

We acknowledge receiving the annual *Catalogue* of the Woman's Medical College, Chicago, Ill., "Where the People are Drifting To, "J. Pettey La Crosse, Wis., "A Woman's View of the Woman Question," Emma Schum, Chicago, Ill., "Will Wine Making Pay?," Capt, A, D. Wood, San Francisco, Cal.

HOW I WENT TO BOSTON IN MY SHORT SUIT.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

FOR THE HERALD.

If I knew how any other woman went to Boston in my short suit or went any where else in my short suit, I would not write about how *I* went to Boston in *my short suit*, for fear somebody might say, "How well she likes to talk about herself." May be we all like to talk about ourselves but we generally refrain from doing so because we feel, some of us from instinct and others from education and observation, that the people we are talking to usually prefer to have us talk about them. This time, however, my dear readers, I propose to act in the capacity of a physician and give you what I think is for your good without regard as to whether you like it or not; at the same time assuring you that the better you like it the more good it will do you.

My short suit—the one I went to Boston in—is made of brown silk. It, dress and trowsers together, contain twelve yards. No skirt is worn with it. At the same time I had this made I had a "walking dress"—that's what the fashion books call them—made of the same material; and it, though made very plainly, contained eighteen yards. So right at the start, we have a saving of one third in material. With this walking dress I wear one or more skirts.

My short suit, trousers and all, weighs 7½ oz. My walking dress, with the skirt it necessitates, weighs 2 lbs. 12½ oz.—almost double what the short one weighs. In light silk the weight is not overpowering in either case but when other dresses are made of heavy material the lessening in weight allowed by the hygienic style is no trifle. I think nearly, if not quite, half the weight of a fashionable dress is below the knee. Who will estimate the strength necessary to carry around this worse than useless weight, even in a dress so light as the one specified, by all the women in the country for a life time? not forgetting to subtract the time they spend in bed or in easy chairs because their exhausted frames must recuperate.

But the additional weight by no means represents the additional strength required to carry about such weight in a form that hampers every step. There is no computing the loss of vital force consequent on wearing skirts and I sigh and shudder when I reflect on the people's blindness to it. O Phylanthropy! where art thou fled that this cruel waste goes on? Of all the forces that are crushing out high resolves, high hopes and great achievements, I believe woman's dress stands first.

If the men who have written so much on "limitations of sex" had turned their attention to the limitations of dress, what a vast amount of nonsense and misery we might have escaped.

But here I am, still at the dress-makers with my short suit. Since I am on the *ego* I may as well say that I gave her—the dress-maker—a copy of "What's the Matter?" She read it and was so far converted as to buy two extra copies to lend, take the heels off of her shoes, put on a plain skirt in place of the heavily trimmed one she was wearing and, lastly, to say of my short suit, "Nobody with any sense can find fault with *that* dress."

In my short suit I took the train for New York. As I entered the car my eyes fell on a Presbyterian minister whose church I have attended a good many times and whom I had learned to consider a friend. He passed so close by the seat I occupied that his coat brushed my elbow as he passed; yet he gave no sign of recognition and tho' I looked at him steadily he did not look at me so as to give me an opportunity to speak to him. I felt saddened and discouraged but happily nothing of this kind occurred again during my trip. The nearest approach to it was when I was walking alone through a narrow, dirty street at ten o'clock at night, on my way to the Eastern depot, in Boston, a girl of ten or eleven years, I should judge, who ought to have been at home and in bed cried out "See the old woman with a short dress on!" Of course that was'nt pleasant but when I consider the hundreds of children I saw in localities where evidently manners are at a discount, my only surprise was that with this exception, and one other of a boy who asked his companion as they passed me "Is that a man or a woman? "I was invariably treated with respect.

At New York a boyish conductor on the Fourth Avenue street cars was so confused by my appearance that he offered me the change belonging to the passenger opposite, after I had just paid him the exact fare. He was so young and so polite I pitied him but could not help a feeling of amusement. The rest of my journey was uneventful and if you have been looking for recitals of mobs insults or numerous slights you will perhaps be dissapointed at so tame a story and wonder why I have written it.

Boston is a bad place for a stranger to find her place about in. The streets forever take such unexpected turns and the cars seem to run promiscuously and I was obliged to make many inquiries which I did of policemen, store-keepers car drivers and conductors and in several instances of loungers by hotel doors and on street corners. In every instance my inquiries were politely answered and in no case was there audible aughter or remarks after I turned away. What they said among themselves was none of my business. I gave the matter a fair test and have written this to show that the dress-reform season is well advanced, at least in Boston. There is coming to be a wide-spread recognition of the principle that a woman has a right to wear what she pleases and is none the less entitled to respectful treatment because she avails herself of that right. I suppose New Jersey is some years behind Boston in this matter but I think even here a woman may wear a dress sufficiently short to establish her right to *legs* without meeting any positively rude treatment.

So let us take courage and go on, knowing that every thing good and growthful is in our favor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

THE WOMEN.

By Ella Wheeler.

See the women, pallid women of our land!
See them fainting, dying, dead on every hand.
See them sinking 'neath a weight,
Far more burdensome than Fate
Ever placed upon poor human beings' backs.
See them falling as they go—
By their own hand burdened so—
Paling, failing, sighing, dying in their tracks.

See the women, ghastly women on the street!
With their corset-tortured waists and pinched up feet,
Hearts and lungs all out of place,
Whalebone forms, devoid of grace,
Faces pallid, robbed of nature's rosy bloom,
Purple lidded eyes, that tell'
With a language known too well,
Of the sick-room, death-bed, coffin, pall and tomb.

See the women, pallid women; everywhere!
See the cruel, killing dresses that they wear!
Bearing round those pounds of "jet"—
Can you wonder that they fret,
Pale and pine, and fall the victims of decay?
Is it strange the blooming maid,
All so soon should droop and fade,
Like a beast of burden, burdened day by day?

See our women, and their dresses, as they go?
Trimmed and retrimmed, line on line and row on row,
Hanging over fragile hips,
Driving color from the lips.
Dragging down the foolish wearers to the grave—
Suicide, and nothing less
Is this awful style of dress;
Who shall rise to woman's rescue—who shall save?

See the women, foolish women, dying fast,—
What have all their trimmed-up dresses brought at last?
Worry, pain, disease and death,
Loss of bloom, and gasping breath,
Doctor's bills, and golden hours thrown away
They have bartered off for these,
Beauty, comfort, health and ease,
All to ape the fleeting fashion of a day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Turner Junction, July 10-83.

Dear Friends:

I am confined to my bed and am too feeble to do anything but *eat* and *talk* some, except reading. I keep a Herald within reach and my callers will take it up, read a little, and then take it home to read. One that called last evening left a dollar on my bed, and I will enclose it for the Herald, beginning with the July number. My spirit is with thee in all thy work, though my body is weak.

Caroline B. Keese.

Santa Barbara, July 8-283.

W H. H. Gha-am tu Mrs. J. W. Stow.

Dear Frend: I send you $1. extri on your valuable paper for wich please send me too kopiz instead ov wun. I ought to take 5 kopiz. I need them for circulation az I travel thru the kuntri.

Chicago, July 5-83.

My dear Mrs. Stow:

I have this day for the first time seen a copy of your paper. I admire its fearlessness and spryness, and feel that I have been a loser by not being a subscriber. I remember being introduced to you at the Ill. Woman's Social Science Association Convention, in '79. Since then have had a very busy life—lecturing, writing and practising. The past winter have written a book, a copy of which I send you. Tell your readers honestly what you think of it. Also please insert the enclosed ad. in your paper, sending me the bill. Tokology has been out only 6 weeks and already the 1st. edit. is exhausted. So you see it is going to be popular.

Dress is one of my hobbies. I wore the American Costume when a girl, and have always dressed as near physiological as possible and wear long skirts. Have never worn a corset nor a trailed dress, and am vexed at my own want of moral courage every time I go out in a storm.

Women must have freedom in dress before they can be free morally and politically. Did you see an article in *Western Magazine* of June 16 by myself on Dress and its relation to freedom for women?

That you may always be prosperous is the wish of a woman's friend.

Alice B. Stockham, M. D.

P. S. Do you know of a subscription book house that would take my book for the Pacific slope, or some woman that wanst it?—A. B. S.

Cincinnati, July 2-83.

Dear Sisters of the Order:

Each number of the H. of L seems to more and more herald the good news that women are forming in line, joining hands and hearts co-operatively for the benefit of each and all. This is a true *social science*, and humanity will be the gain by it.

I spend six months of the year on our farm, among my chickens and bees; put up all my fruit for winter uses, etc. etc., therefore the ably edited "Home Department" has a special interest for me as a practical housewife. Am glad to know S. Gertie Smyth, for she is a woman after my own heart; one who can so blend and interweave the intellectual and physical practicalities of life in such a way as to make of manual labor a pastime rather than a drudgery, is rich indeed. I am also deeply interested in the "Dress Reform History," and feel that no words of praise can fitly express the gratitude due, from all women, to Mary E. Tillotson for her heroic course during much evil report, as well as some good report, in her bravery in daring it all, and enduring it all. But she, and others like herself, will wear the victor's crown, when her revilers are forgotten. I am a coward and so wear my old clothes-fetters, but applaud the daring ones, and cheer the brave.

Please find a 10 ct. stamp for July Herald. I keep all mine, as choice as gold, to bind, and want this one for a friend, who I think will subscribe, if she once possesses a copy.

Ever yours for Progress,
Alice C. Smith.

Toronto Hygienic Home, July 10-83.

Dear Mrs. Stow.

Received the July number of your valuable paper. I think it just excellent. * * * Mrs. Jennie K. Trout graduated here from the Toronto School in May 13, 1875, and has been practising in this city ever since, and has had unbounded success in her practise until lately, she has given up on account of ill health. Am very much plesaed to learn from your paper of Miss Williards great success out west. She is a great friend of ours. Dr. Trout has been with her a great deal, and she is always entertained by her while in Toronto. Dr. Trout also passed the council here and is a member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. I enclose two dollars for your paper to be sent to my address, and hope you will be abundantly successful in your efforts to aid women.

Faithfully Yours,
M. E. Johnston, M. D.

279 Jarvis-st.

July 10-83.

Editors Herald:

If you are not going to stop the discussion of the two C's, castration and continence, you will please discontinue your paper when my subscription expires. I am not able to take but *one* woman's journal, for my husband takes so many men's papers that there is no money left for me to do as I please with, in the way of papers and periodicals. I am sorry to stop the Herald for I like it very much—aside from the two C's, but while they are retained I will not allow my children to read it, and they are always wanting to know how little Etta and her puss are getting along among the wild animals in the woods. I should think that there had been enough said on both questions and on both sides of the questions, to let them rest. I am a wife and mother and *I* think the two Cs are against nature and you may publish this letter if you dont give my name.

Mrs. Blank.

Indianopolis, Ind., July 3-83.

Mrs. J. W. Stow.

Dear Madame: You will find a money order for your two books "Probate Confiscation" and "Probate Chaff." Be assured that all I can do to aid the Suffrage Cause and the elevation of women to the plane of equality and independence of and with men, will be done cheerfully and with all my heart. I would love to see some good and noble woman fill the executive chair of the nation, and thereby prove to those very wise (?) men that women can rule and wield a favorable influence and destiny over a nation as well as over a household. I wish your Society God-speed! and wish I could be present with you and aid in your deliberations on the 4th of Sept., but I will do the next best thing; I will send you my greeting by adding "Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry."

Please accept one dollar and make me an annual member of the S. S S., * and ad to our "ad.," Will be sent Post Paid to any address. Cloth $2., Leather $2.50. Half-morocco $3., Full-morocco $5.

Respectfully,
H. S. Cunningham.

* Brother M. D. we accept your dollar and make you an *honorary* member of the S. S. S. Order, but no *man* can have a *voice* in our *deliberations*. [Ed.

Glastonbury, June 28-83

My Dear Mrs. Stow:

The swindler has come, and taken away all my comfort, a second cousin by the name of Horace Smith, who by the testimony of himself and family have got possession of my farm of 130 acres of land, and my five cows that I raised myself. I have had a law suit at almost the end of my life, and it is awful to think of such testimony. I cannot tell you on paper about the case, but Mr. Parker says in all the long course of his practice, he never knew any thing so iniquitous. I can only say to you now, the testimony on both sides was directly contrary, and they or I perjured ourselves. My friends, do not believe that I did at the end of a long life and on the confines of eternity. I have got to suffer this injustice 'till September and all I get for the use of my whole property is 5 quarts of milk a day, and 2 lbs. of butter a week. This atrocity has come upon me so unexpectedly, that I can think of nothing else, and take little interest in anything; therefore I wish you to discontinue the "Woman's Herald of Industry" when my two years subscription expires, for as well edited as it is I cannot look into it. With my kindest regards and best wishes for your success, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,
Julia E. Smith.

I hold that the most dangerous enemies of the rights and freedom of the people of our country are to be found on the benches of our courts. Not by politicians, nor by legislatures, have we most reason to dread that the beautiful temple of American liberty will be underminded; but by corrupt courts and base judges. Look at the bloody and cruel record of the bench through all time. Look how laws sre always found to uphold every wrong and crush every right.

John Swinton.

Albany, July 12-83.

Editors Herald:

Have been watching with much interest the battle raging between your correspondents respecting the punishment of ravishers. The *Alpha* took up that subject but had to drop it because people are only prepared to read, with equanimity, of outrageous acts in the general press. They do not wish, as yet, to have a sure and safe remedy discussed in *Women's* papers. A *daily* record of crimes against nature—without a hint of paliation or remedy—is what is tolerated. To them a new way, if it advocates purity of life and suppression of crime, is an abomination. They keep their children in ignorance of the physioligical laws of life in order to keep them innocent (?). They are in full sympathy with the criminal. It is him they get up long reprieve-petitions for, and deluge with bouquets and perfumed missives of consolation. They have no bowels of compassion for the injured. Sweet Charity demands prayers, pleadings and praise for the hardened sinner, steeped in vice and saturated with crime. Why then kick against the pricks? You stultify the very object you have in hand. My advice is drop this subject—for a time at least. The Herald has so much in it that should be read, that it seems a pity to have one department bar all others; therefore, without wishing to be arbitrary I say again, Stop the discussion of this subject, at least until other reform papers put shoulder to the wheel with you. A word to the wise *may* be in order.

Yours for Progress,
Old Observer.

There is one lady student at the landscape gardening class at Crystal Palace, England. This is a study which many women might adopt with profit.

The Rev. Jesse H. Jones, in a recent address said: "More can be done under the laws of heredity in forming the character of a human being in the nine months of utero life than in nine years after the birth of the child.

The Divided Skirt Costume, of the RATIONAL DRESS ASSOCIA'N. *London, England.*

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4. Grace and beauty combined with comfort and convenience.
5. Not departing too conspicuously from the ordinary dress of the time.

Clothing should follow, and Drapery not contradict, the natural lines of the body.

The Prize Exhibition of the R. D. A., recently held in London, Eng., under the efficient management of its honorary Secretary, Mrs. E. M. King, created a wide spread interest. The London press gave extensive notices and elaborate descriptions of the many unique designs and beautiful creations of art, in woman's apparel. Many London merchants, as well as modistes entered the arena as competitors. France and America also, were conspicuous in the long list of competitors, and we are proud to see that our accomplished editorial associate Celia B. Whitehead was awarded a First-Class Prize. Three cheers for Dress Reform!

Prizes Awarded.

£50. Madame Brownsjohn, Modiste, 35 Church-st. Belgravia, S. W., London, for a "Short Dress with Narrow trousers"; also £10. prize for "Young Girls Costume."

£10. Celia B. Whitehead, Bloomfield N. J., U. S. A., "Skating Costume" a short dress, jacket, knickerbockers and long legins with ornamental buttons on the sides.

£10. Madame Louisa Beck, Modiste, 24 Connaugt-st Hyde Park, London, W. "Lawn Tennis Costume." Trousers and Short dress, also medal for "Tricycle Dress."

First Prize, in its class, Mrs. E. M. King, "Tricycle Dress" short skirt and narrow trousers.

There were bronze and silver medals awarded Worth et Cie for evening dresses, and other persons and firms, for riding habits, ladies Cricketing, Vivandiere, Dinner, Traveling, Alpine Climbing, Calisthenic, Gymnastic, Tea Gowns and Bathing Costumes; and last but not least, Mrs. King,s "Dress of the Future." *A beautiful Costume.* Instead of one long bag from waist to heels, there are three artistic sections or equal divides: A short kilted skirt confined at the waist with a broad sash, full knickerbockers finished with a puff and ruffle just below the knee; fancy stockings and slippers.

There were also medals awarded to many Shoe-firms, for sensible, humane and anti-deforming coverings for poor tortured human feet. The whole world should rise and call Mrs. King, "*Blessed*" for this heroic effort of hers, showing people the beauty and salvation of being *comfortably* clad.

Mrs. E. M. King, Hon. Sec. R. D. A., 34 Cornwall Road Bayswater, London, Eng., will be pleased to furnish patterns for all Prize Dresses at the following *post-paid* rates.

Trousers and Jacket Body	1s. 6d.
.. .. with over Skirt ..	2s. 6d.
Tricycle Dress	3s. 6d.

Thirteen Town Councils in Scotland have already followed the lead of the Convention of Royal and Parliamentary Burghs by adopting petitions in favor of the extension of the franchise to duly qualified women namely, Aberdeen, Dingwall, Torres, Dumfries, Iverness, Galashiels, Edinburgh, Paisley, St. Andrews, Peebles, Helensburgh, Dunfermline and Dundee.

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These tracts of 32 closely printed pages, each, are well bound and will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, 10c, each.

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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.
Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 4

By Mary E. Tillotson.
For the Herald.

The State of N. Y. having started the costume reformation, and being the field of its greatest activity, the National Society held all the annual meetings in that State I believe. But from 1856 to '64 many cares forbade my attendance, and now I mis the knowledge of much of its doings. At the close of '64 I moved to the new settlement of Vineland, N. J., then in the third year of its growth. When I say, *here*, the reader will please recollect my home has bin in Vineland since then, and here in the village of vines, of clean, broad streets, and rural spaces, I am writing; and shal name some happens (alas for the mishaps) of its motley doings and exertions at undoings. I found many people of progressive views had preceded me, and were fast following; some of them extending belief to action, and about a dozen to the dres reform plan. Half of these wore the reform always; the others at home, and sometimes abroad. Radicals and Spiritualists held meetings, discussions, and talked of organizing a Society, Lyceum, and erecting a Cosmopolitan Hall, which was carried out. At that time settlers were so glad to see the town increase that new arrivals, if they had means, were welcomed, whatever their ideas. By the large majority reformed dres was treated shyly, and by the rude, loud hooting was often given gratis. Influential men taking no measures to silence such demonstrations, small boys felt the toleration, and some instigation, and kept the echo alive, to the shame of their parents, and the town board. The great slander incursion did not set in til investments made the town a success; then aristocratic ambition and sect spite, made concerted action against whatever was liberal and nobly progressive; and the dres reformers received the sharpest shots; they had many to sympathize with, for cosmic hall and all it held were brought under the avowed determination of utter demolition. The siege is not yet raised, but the structure stands with life in it, and fashion's deathly march is resisted by invincible souls. I make one reserve; alcoholic temperance reform has bin favored here, for the towns financial prosperity, which has bin like an ally to the opposed reforms. Now I wil drop the line of generalities, and go back to the more expres influence of the science costume. To some, a running account of it may be tiresome, but so much of its experience has bin here, that to omit it would seem like dropping the crucial portion from the outline. So assuring readers that it included the eventful and touches of the sensational, I crave their patience, and hope not to be tedious. During 1865, while testing the climate and learning the resources of the locality, I found there were many women here doing their housework in science suits, but never wearing them in company, or on the street. A few years later it was tho't there were two or three hundred thus far benefiting themselves, which was wise, if they could carry the help no farther. There are some stil going only so far. I've never doubted that not only these, but we who took the largest benefit, were secretly respected, whatever the expression. The masses ar born so craven and deceptive, and taught to be so false, the truth-living ar ostracised everywhere; so, on that point there is little choice in localities; and liking the climate, I purchased a village lot, a hundred feet by a hundred and fifty, had my house built, and went about putting a flower plot and vineyard in order. It was new work to me, and I saw no women in the village working outdoors, but believing I could do it, did not hesitate, and found it about as easy as housework. My son was rather young to do the trading, errands, and going to tool and joiner shops for things wanted. I saw by staring men that women did not go there; but some one would rally courage to give desired information, and I would walk home inly saying, men ar a crude lot of boys with no real women to refine them; and here I hav to initiate them into some busines consistency, while trying to revise women. This line of independent action brought good results. A neighboring woman asked me to go to a joiner's shop and do an errand for her. I asked why she did not go. She said "it was not called lady-like, and might be ridiculed" I replied "go and help teach what is lady-like, and what resents ridicule. In doing that, you culture men, and learn the best of lessons for yourself. This became customary in a few years and men and women confessed it was a moral gain. Some people passing my garden, threw in savage glances, others halted and kindly questioned why I did anch hard work, and how obtained strength for it. I answered cheerfuly, neither sought nor shunned notice, and ignored frowns. In two years the roses showed fine growth, and the grape bowers were beautiful. Two years more loaded the vines with fruit, and old gardeners and farmers called to learn what process gave such success, and what power enabled me to perform the labor. They acknowledged they were dull scholars, when told it was my first experiment in the line, that I'd only fertilized with the few ashes the house supplied, and tilled only to bury the weeds where they grew. They looked at my slender form, weighing but one hundred, and marveled that it accomplished more than a man's. I explained that my dres had no useles weight, pressed no organ, conflicted with no motion, hence wasted no power—thus labor only called from the system what was necessary, all its forces were economised, all its exercises utilized. They reasoned thro' the problem for the first time, and said I avered that they could if their minds were prepared for the trial; that their feeble and false condition, under the fashion strain and drain, put all things into abnormal states; and when principle and true use took the place vanity now monopolized in their brains, all our customs, now mainly false, would become hygienic, honest, ethical and æsthetic; but under the bodily burden, they moved life downward. The old men said they believed it, and wished the world did. Passing women who saw me at work often remarked that I showed no fatigue, and they "wondered what on earth my back was made of." I once replied that, according to their rendering, it was made of "bran and water" that phrase having been derisively used because I took no tea or coffee, no yeast or soda; but raised my bread by heat, quick baking. They could see, and were ashamed to deny that the convenience of a style offering no perplexity in exercise made labor pleasant and easy. My thrifty flowers attracted notice, and I could see that, without meaning it (only doing what should be done) a salutary influence was operating. A passion for flower culture sprang up, and every woman put her fingers into the clean dirt, and made her front yard lovely with bloom and fragrance, tho' her trammels fatigued her seriously. About that time several women at the West attended to their own farms, and the press commended them. Mrs. Roberts and her daughters, near Buffalo, used the science costume, and were successful in farm labor, when they chose to do it. The predjudice that separated the vocations of the sexes, allowing women little more than housekeeping, nursing, sewing, and keeping all the odds and ends of drudgery done up, received a palsy shock when dres reform proved how readily women could be converted into ingenious and efficient workers in any art, trade, profession, clerkship, science or agriculture. But women's slavery is so great in so many departments of life, a long succession of shocks is required to lay that green eyed demon of darkness. And they ar following each other along, some stronger, some weaker; when present conviction takes a practical sweep, the monster wil be in hopeles heart-disease. It lives on the stimulus of sordiness, and the acute mania which fashion produces; and womens' resistance of life poisoning fashion, wil smother both monsters.

Vineland, N. J.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

Eighteen Town Councils in Scotland have petitioned the House of Commons in favor of extending the Parliamentary franchise to women.

Now that the government has provided for Indians to vote in Idaho it is about time for it to consider the position of women, and possibly it may soon provide conditions under which they may become voters. The time has about arrived for it to "get down to women."

Miss Hattie Patterson, formerly of Portland, who owns a ranch preempted in her own right and largely improved by her own hands, walked four miles to attend our lecture, at Norwalk, and one woman walked and carried a child three miles over a mountain trail, for the same purpose. We heard of but one person who opposed Woman Suffrage after the lecture was over, and he is a young man whose mother wants to vote!—*Mrs. Duniway.*

At the Woman's Suffrage Association Meeting, held a few days ago in Cleveland, one of the speakers said she thought the reason the woman's suffrage movement had lagged in Ohio was because the women had not made the necessary sacrifices. She spoke of the work that has been done and is being done for the temperance cause by the women of Ohio, and said it was the result of a spirit of self-sacrifice. She said that the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in order to raise money to carry on the work, had agreed to go without gloves until after the October election, and donate the price of the same to carry on the work, and that the amount realized in that way would foot up about $20,000.—*Globe.*

On the evening when I was in Cleveland a demonstration, in honor of Lucy Stone, came off. A large and intelligent audience assembled, and their appreciation and applause must have deeply gratified this veteran in the struggle for Woman's Rights. She began her address by reminding the people of Cleveland that just thirty years ago the first National Woman's Rights Convention was held in their city, which she attended, together with Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Frances D. Gage, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Ernestine L Rose, Wm. Loyd Garrison, and a large assembly of other notables.

Then she made a rapid survey of the points which had been gained for woman during these thirty years. Woman had gained much, she said, but not all, and she will not stop till the suffrage is granted and all her just claims are allowed. This occasion and Mrs. Stone's review of the progress made was doubly interesting to me, and I deemed my accidental presence a happy coincidence, because I was a part of that convention thirty years ago, and made the shorthand report of it for the women of the convention.—T. C. Leland in *Man*

The penalty of selling a vote should be irrevocably disfranchised.

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Mary E. Tillotson. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

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Celia B. Whitehead, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

Mrs. E. M. King, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, Loncon, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdres and jacket.

Cornelia Boecklin, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

Anna Perkins, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

Emeline A. Prescot, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

Alexis Le Beuf, San Jacinto, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

Jennie A. Doane, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

Mary Walker, M. D., Whshington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

Amelia Bloomer, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress, worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

Caroline B. Keese, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

Martha S. Severance, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S. Costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

Mrs. Dr. Gildea, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S. Costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

Dress Reform.

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HEREDITY vs. HAZING.

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

For the Herald.

A good machine perfect in all its parts, needs skilled workmen and the best of materials for its formation. A good crop of grain or fruit, needs good seed, good soil, and good culture. A good cow sheep or horse needs good parentage good parental influence and good training. Just so must it be with human beings. If we want good, strong, true and noble men and women we must see that they are born of good fathers and mothers whose ancestors for several generations back, have been of good, sound, pure stock, and that all the parental influences are favorable for the perfect developement of the child in embryo, and then that the training and environment are as nearly adapted as possible to the production of such a man or woman as we desire to create.

The world is fast finding out that we are our own creators. That we are just as responsible for bringing into the world scrub children, and diseased idiotic babes, as we are scrub animals and razor backed, long snouted, hogs.

Our children are what we make them. It is just as impossible for a child who inherits tender, kind, compassionate, sympathetic feelings to be cruel heartless and brutal as it is for one born of reverse tendencies, to be kind and tender true and loving.

Only yesterday, I read of a terrible act of cruelty that one would think an impossibility in this enlightened cultured age and people, and right in the Empire State too. The account is rather lengthy for our columns, but it is so pregnant with meanings that illustrate the necessity of "Fewer and better children," purer and cleaner Heredity and more careful and wise training that I will introduce it entire.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 1.—One of the most cruel and barbarous cases of hazing that ever occurred in New York State took place at Earlville, a hamlet about twenty miles south of here, last night. The entire night, after 11 p. m., was made hideous by the carousals of the hazers and the cries of their victims. Madison University and a Theological Seminary are located in Hamilton, a thrifty village near Earlville, and it was from these highly moral institutions that the students came. Some of them have already figured quite prominently as ministers of the gospel, which makes the affair the more disgraceful. Early in the afternoon two of the Sophomore class drove to Earlville and engaged Felt Hall for the evening, telling the proprietor that they were to hold some private exercises, and would need no fire or lights. The keys were placed in their charge. Suppers were ordered at Brown's Hotel to be served at 2 a. m. Between 11 and 12 p. m. about fifty of the students drove into town in large carriages. Following soon after came a closed carriage containing six of their number. Two of them were unable to leave the carriage without assistance, as they were bound hand and foot and blindfolded. They immediately took possession of the hall. Two large barrels were carried up two flights of stairs. They had been prepared for the occasion. Large nails had been driven through from the outside, after the points had been well sharpened. Into these barrels the two students were placed after the gags had been taken from their mouths. The ends were then headed up, a fire was built in the centre of the floor, which had been thoroughly wet and the barrels, with their human freight, were rolled over and around this fire for nearly an hour. At last they were rolled down a flight of stairs. All this time revolvers and firecrackers were being fired. The din was terrible, but not so great but the cries of the victims could be heard by the citizens who had assembled in numbers about the hall. After rolling the barrels into the street, the wildest disorder prevailed among the students. The continued firing of revolvers caused a stampede of the villagers to their homes. The officers of the peace were defied. They broke street lamps and destroyed much private property. They left the village at 3 a. m., without getting their suppers. The two students who had undergone such cruel treatment were more dead than alive when they were liberated. Their clothing was literally torn from their persons and blood flowed freely from wounds caused by coming in contact with the sharp nails. The affair has caused much excitement, and a thorough investigation is said to be under way. The citizens of Earlville declare that they will turn out *en masse* if the affair or one similar should ever be repeated, and wreak summary vengeance upon those participating. The majority of the hazers are said to have been under the influence of liquor.

Now the first question one naturally asks on reading the above, is, "Who and what are the parents of these young men? Who and what were their parent's parents? What has been the home training of the ring leaders of these rioters? Have they been taught to do as they would be done by? Have they been taught to turn aside lest they crush the worm beneath their feet? Have they been taught to feel for and with the afflicted?"

Or are they the pampered pets of the selfish and wealthy, who have commanded servants and domineered over the weak and helpless? A child of proper Heredity reared to request instead of command, to respect instead of domineer, to give instead of receive, could never have been so heartless and cruel even if under the influence of "The Demon of the Still." Rum is a terrible foe to happiness and rouses the vilest passions and most brutal instincts of the nature. But all these must first be in the man! Rum does not implant cruelty in anyone. It only rouses it into activity. It cannot *create it* any more than it can create a taste for music, or a desire for painting.

True some of the young men may have been almost guiltless and perhaps compelled by the ring leaders to do as they did, and others were wild and thoughtless; but none of them were rightly generated, and consequently must now be *regenerated* as far as it can be done. A greatly more expensive and ineffectual process than would have been that of Right creating and Well borning in the beginning.

What a cruel shame and disgrace it is that children are compelled to suffer for the sins ignorance and shortcomings of parents. How unjust it all is. We blame the son and exonerate and pity the sire when if we could trace each effect back to its cause we should find the crime to result from causes beginning long ere the child had its birth.

"Around a palace, loftier, fairer, ampler than any yet,
Earth's modern wonder, history's seven outstripping,
High rising tier on tier with glass and iron facades,
Gladdening the sun and sky, enhued in cheerfulest hues,
Bronze lilac robin's egg, marine and crimson
Over whose golden roof shall flaunt, beneath thy banner Freedom,
The banners or the States and flags of every land,
A brood of lofty, fair but lesser palaces shall cluster.
Some where within these walls shall all that forwards perfect human life be started,
Tried, taught, advanced, visibly exhibited."

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Please take a look at Mrs. Hol'ts elegant Art Parlors, Phelan's Building, before leaving the city.

Down in McKean county, Pennsylvania, where wood-cutting is both business and pleasure, they had a "wood cutting bee" recently, and two women gained the first prize for crosscut sawing.

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SAN DIEGO Aug. 2–83,

MRS. STOW,

Dear Madam: Enclosed find $1.00 for renewal of my subscription to the W. H. OF I. It comes to me regularly every month and is so highly appreciated that I would miss it greatly were it discontinued.

I take pleasure in telling how much I have improved in health since I have worn the Tripple S. Costume. I could not have believed it would make such a difference. My friends all notice it, and yet I can't get them to adopt the dress, only for camping out. One lady would like to but her husband said, "It is all well enough for Mrs. Gildea who is little and delicate; she looks cunning in it, but I would rather follow you to your grave than let you wear it; *what would people say?*" That is the draw-back, it *is not the fashion*, and with most delicate women I fear the worry and excitement of reform dress wearing against public opinion would do them more harm than they would derive benefit from it. We should be more independent in doing what we conceive to be right, and be willing to bear the ridicule of the uninformed; but early education and our surroundings hamper us greatly.

I wish I could be with you on the 4th of Sept. One of my liberal friends will have that pleasure, and from her I shall hear all of interest. Hoping you and all the sisters will have a good and instructive time, I remain

Respectfully yours,

ANNA M. GILDEA

JOYFUL, KERN CO., July 28–83.

Now Marietta L. You remind me of the man I often hear say "If I could only quit using tobacco I would do so, but on leaving it off I feel an all-goneness that is unendurable." Yes no doubt you must have salt with meat and all cooked food and it is an open question if it is not useful with natural food though we have discarded it until a better reason than appetite is found for its use. You mistake about it being necessary to begin with the babe to make a true non flesh eater, as we have proved. It has not taken five years to take all the carnivorous element out of more than one of us. When appetite rules, the cart is before the horse; let the spirit guided by the wisdom of God within the soul decide what the body should do and make conditions favorable for it to obey by co-operative action. We have established headquarters here for that purpose with P. O. name, "Joyful," as every one is expected to be who lives here, so let us go on to perfection.

My letter of June 12, not intended for publication, you have tacked on to it the letter written by my wife, and signed my name to the compound thus making me say "I can eat but two or three table spoonfuls of oat-meal at one time" whil'st the fact of the case is I can and usually do eat ¼ lb. or more at a meal two or three times per day, depending upon my work, and I eat fruit, nuts etc., at the same meal either before or after the grain. I consider grain the stand-by and the fruit is best to be eaten in the early part of the day; my breakfast just finished consisted of 1 lb. blackberries, ¼ lb. grainia with a little pinch of salt in it, ¼ of a watermellon and ½ dozen walnuts. Supper last night after 13 hours hard work canning fruit, was ½ lb grainia and four oranges, dinner ¼ lb. and 2 lbs. peaches. After omitting the use of salt for over a year I am now trying the experiment of using a little in the grainia for the purpose of solving some important questions; will give the result to the public after a month or *more* has enabled me to discover the effects.

Yours Joyfully,

ISAAC B. RUMFORD.

June 25–83.

Editors Herald:

My husband is an uneducated man, not at all fond of reading (he never paid $1. for a newspaper in his life, that I know of, and does not care to indulge in the—to him—profitless expense of purchasing books and papers) and I have very poor health, without any means of self-support or independent income; consequently it has been quite impossible for me to send the necessary remittance, for value rec'd, much less for a renewal; but now I have resolved to do so, and accordingly send you two spring chickens—per value—intending to repeat the installment, until all arrearages are canceled, and some in advance. I want my subscription to begin with the present volume. I have Vol. 1 entire, but my little girl wants to follow "Etta in her frontier life" so if you have them please send back numbers. I have to work so hard and have such miserable poor health, and so many cares, that it is useless for me to attempt the study of anything deeper than plain newspaper reading, or other easy matter, and so a good magazine like *Harper*, or a logical scientific reasoner, secular journal like yours, just fills the deep vacuum in the stony pathway of every day duty.

I mean that it rests a body some times; especially a homebody like me, that never goes out and mingles in society, or partakes of any side pleasure, to sit down and learn that "things are not what they seem" that there are some good men, and brave women, who have nerve enough and brain enough, and freedom enough, to help others in the way to do right, and give the world in general the gift of their superior talents and knowledge. I say it rests the body, invigorates the nerves, and reorganizes the poor, scattered, tired brain. But I seldom have even that pleasure. Books and papers cost money, and a family reared in poverty costs time and labor; so Maud Muller must content herself as best she may. I am confident the present age is opening some new reform that will, at no very distant day, be found absolutely necessary to adopt; one is—the refining and cleansing of the human race by the castration idea, and another is, a better regulation in the present marriage system; rest assured there is more harm originating inside of legality than outside. Both of these evils are confirmed by heredity. I would like to know if you club with the "*Great West*" so that I can obtain that paper through your office.

With respect I remain,

A WIFE AND MOTHER.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

"Who is the lion in the way—
Whose jaws are open night and day—
Unchained by law to tear and slay?
'The drunkard maker."

Eight hundred millions is the annual liquor bill of the United States.

The presiding elders of the Methodist church of Minnesota have resolved "that no man shall be appointed to the office of presiding elder who shall use tobacco."

A recent visitor in Maine said he succeeded in getting a drink of whisky. The "bar" was the vest pocket of a hotel-keeper, and the liquor was poured out for him in a secret room. After drinking it he made a rush for the hotel pump to put out the fire.

The sense of sight suffers greatly from the benumbing influence of tobacco, either smoked or snuffed. The United States, like Germany, is fast becoming a "spectacled nation," because a nation of smokers and chewers.

We shall never control alcohol until we have taught the people, first, what alcohol is; second, what it will do to us if we drink it; and third, what it will make us do. I can see no way that this can be done but through the common schools.—*Dr. Willard Parker.*

The fall of every nation is certain when wine and women are by public consent put on the same level. When each is regarded as a luxury—and we find the luxury always argued into a necessity before it becomes general—then the downfall of the nation begins.

BRUTES.—It is a disgustingly common thing when people of decent habits take a meal at a restaurant in San Francisco, to have a tobacco nuisance come and seat himself at the next table and smoke his filthy exhalations into the faces and food of people to whom they are insufferably nauseous. Such an outrage deserves immediate personal castigation. It is meaner than brutal. A few restaurants are wanted where this insufferable nastiness of smoking is strictly excluded.

—*Rescue*

How long will the people continue the whisky traffic? How long will they license a crime which costs them forty-three percent. of all their taxation, which makes wives widows and children orphans, and which carries down to a dishonored grave a hundred thousand desolate creatures per annum? Talk about your bonds and railroads and frauds and corrupt policies, but forget not the monstrous monopoly that gives backbone to every diabolical scheme that corrupts men and brings want and woe. Again, how long will the people tolerate and protect the whisky traffic?—*Prohibition Banner.*

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Westward the course of Empire takes its way
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Times noblest offspring is the last.

"HOW DOES YOUR HUSBAND GET ALONG?"

Women who are tired to death—doing nothing mostly—are the ones most given to Summer outings. The newspaper correspondent fills long columns with accounts of the "Madams" who are at the many fashionable resorts. A peep behind the family curtain reveals the tired business man at home attending to his affairs, notwithstanding the sweltering heat and the weariness incident to American business life. A comfortable home has been deserted by a wife for a 9x10 room on the west side of a fashionable Summer resort hotel. For this habit, society has not one word of censure, because it has long since recognized it as fashionable. Recognizing the fact that the majority of women who frequent these places are idle the whole year round, and that they are away from home and family, we are constrained to wonder if anti-suffragists, who are usually greatly concerned about the absence from home of women who are engaged in public work, have ever thought to put to the former the question that is so often put to the latter, "How does your husband get along while you are gone?" Hereafter let the question be put to the fashionable woman as well as the public-spirited, useful woman.—*Our Herald.*

At the recent election in Flint, Mich., over two hundred ladies voted for school trustees and three were elected upon the school board,—Dr. Rachel J. Davison, Miss S. A. Rulison, and Mrs. Sarah E. Dibble. Of the women voting, three, aged respectively 82, 83 and 87 years, deposited their first ballots. Gov. and Mrs. Begole voted the citizens' ticket for school trustees. In Benzonia, Mich., Miss Lucy A. Coates was elected School Inspector, Good for Benzonia! A lady was elected to the same office in Shelby, Mich.

Six women were the first employés of the San Francisco mint whose official heads were "chopped off" when it was recently determined to make a number of removals.

More women live to the ripe age of eighty than men, the female octogenarians out-numbering the males by a large percentage.

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It is thoughtful, practical, entertaining in every paragraph.—Hartford *Globe*.

The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal*.

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Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

WEFT FROM OTHER LOOMS.

A tramp was given a night's lodging last week by a farmer living near East Portland, and returned the kindness by a brutal assault on the farmer's little daughter. He is in the law's clutches, and will go to the penitentiary.

A whole acre of space is to be given up to the woman's department in the coming mechanic's fair at Boston. Some of the woman's industries which are to be represented are floriculture, bee culture, raisin culture, the making of dresses and children's clothes, carpets, wall-paper designs, art needlework and botanical collections.

Over one hundred ladies voted at the school election in Falls City, Neb., last Tuesday, and elected two of their number as members of the board. The ladies of Lincoln were also out in full force and came within a few votes of electing their candidate.

Thirteen women lately graduated from the Training School for Nurses of Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island. Ex-Mayor Wickham presided. Prizes of $50 were given to Miss Scranton and Miss Clark for the best and second best examinations during the two years. Other prizes were given the different graduates for the best essay on nursing, for best written examinations, for excellence in bandaging and for excellence in written examinations.

Mrs. M. J. Carmen has managed the Western Union Telegraph at Lincoln, Neb., for ten years. Mrs. Carmen has also traded in real estate, and is one of the wealthy women of the place. She is educated, refined, and honored by all.—*Denver Tribune*.

Mlle. Blanche is the name of a young ant merchant in Paris. Her business extends even as far as Germany, and she never receives less than ten sacks (miller's sacks) of ants daily. The ants lay eggs and these are sold for feeding pheasants. At the present moment she is on the road to fortune.—*N. Y. Sun*.

At the recent examination for degrees in the University of London 42 percent of the men and 73 per cent of the women candidates obtained the degree of the Bachelor of Arts. Of those who ranked high enough to be placed in the first division were 27 per cent of the men and 68 per cent of the women.

Mrs Leishman, against whom the Rev. F. R. Beattie, of the First Presbyterian Church at Brantford,(Ont.,) has entered an action for ten thousand dollars for defamation of character, charges Mr. Beattie with having criminally assaulted her on three different occasions in his own house during Mrs. Beattie's absence in December last. Mr. Beattie was required to find $4000 bail.

Women may care to know that the fashionable riding habit is no longer the plain black of yore, nor is the hat an unfeminine section of silk stovepipe. The style of the toilet is mannish in some respects, however, for the postilion basque has regular little couttails, the collar and lappels are masculine, and the trowsers underneath are as tight as a dude's.

Kansas and western Missouri ladies, social science club held its second annual, and fourth semi-annual meeting, at Wyandotte, Kansas, on May 17 and 18, at Pythian Hall.

Mrs. C. D. Ellis who has been lecturing for some months in California, with much success, especially among the young folks, is about leaving for her home at Worthington, Ind. but expects to return with her household and live in this state.

From the opening of the Hartford, Conn., Woman's Exchange in 1878 to November, 1882, the total amount paid to its consignors was $85,581.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, my lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad,
There's plenty of room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience!
There's space in the old world yet;
The better chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get;
Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop.
Be sure that your path leads upward;
There's always room at the top.

A BOSTON WOMAN SAYS THIS.—I am a milliner, and I have made between $1,500 and $2,500 a year in my business for some time past. I married four years ago. My husband is kind and good looking, but he never learned any trade, had no profession, and could not average $500 a year. I loved him, however, but I saw that it would not do to depend upon him, so I kept on with my business.

After a time I think he got a little lazy, and as we were both away during the day we could not keep house and got sick of boarding. Finally I proposed that he should keep house, and I would run the business and find the money. We have now lived very happily in this way for two years. My husband gets up and builds the fire, gets breakfast, and I leave at 7,45 for my place of business. He does the washing and ironing, the cleaning, and I do not know of any woman who can beat him. He is as neat as wax, and can cook equal to any one in town.

I may be an isolated case, but I think the time has now come when women who have husbands to support should make them do housework; otherwise they are luxuries we must do without.—*Boston Globe*.

THE LITTLE WOMAN AHEAD.

It took the ladies of the Michigan Woman's Christian Temperance Union a little while to get acquainted, but when the acquaintance was once formed it ripened fast.

"How do you give your name?" asked one lady of another, as they removed their wraps at the door one morning.

"I have usually written it Mrs. James P. Jones."

"Did your mother name you 'James P.'?" inquired the first speaker, with considerable emphasis. "I will never call myself by my husband's name."

"Nor I" "nor I" "nor I" came from a number of bystanders.

The little woman appeared surprised to find herself so largely in the minority, but she finally found breath and courage to say:

"Well, I suppose it does make a difference what kind of a man the husband is."

And then the president rung to order, the knot of ladies dispersed, and there was a sort of look upon their faces as if the littte woman had come out ahead.—*Adrian Times*.

Evidently,—if the emphatic point is that women use their own names because their husbands are unworthy men and four women out of five—that's the proportion given in the anecdote—have that kind of husband, the fifth woman, who has a husband she isn't ashamed of, has "come out ahead." But judging from what I know of those who circulate this sort of literatrue that isn't just the way they want it looked at. And yet, what else can it mean? And which is the greater sin and disgrace—to have a bad husband or be a bad husband?

It is pitiful, indeed, if manhood is at so low an ebb that four women in five are ashamed of their husbands but I had never thought before as that was the reason why they prefer to use their own names and not somebody's else. (Wonder if a similar reason influences men not to use their wives' name. They very seldom do it.) Admitting this to be the case are the Women of The Christian Temperance Union to blame for it or men themselves?

Logically carried out, that little sketch tells a story which I should suppose men would not care to circulate if they value the credit of their sex.

LITTLE WOMAN.

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA.—Behold her sitting like a queen beside the sea, bearing in her right hand the peak of Shasta upon the north, while in her left, cluster the green grapes of Los Angeles upon the south, and her young brow is lifted to heaven from the summits of her own Sierras, while her virgin feet are laving in the waters that Balboa saw and loved! Hail, California! magical state, so youthful in thy beauty, so beautiful in thy youth. *Esto perpetua*—be thou eternal!—*Geo. W. Turner*.

A fine vein of moss agate has been discovered in the mountains east of Fresno, Cal.

The citizens of Oakland, Cal., have subscribed for $175,000 worth of capital stock of a cotton mill to be erected there.

A nugget from an Inyo, Cal., mine was on exhibition at Los Angeles last week, which had an intrinsic value of $240.

A discovery of pozzuolana has been made in California, a substance which takes its name from Pozzuoli, Italy, and which forms the most durable cement.

The grain crop of Fresno county on the plains averages from fifteen to eighteen bushels per acre, but nearer the foothills the average is greater. Among the most prominent crops noticed were those of Mrs. Caldwell, A. J. Rutherford, D. J. McConnel and Nat. T. Coulson. The latter is making arrangements to plant forty acres in choice vines the coming season three miles southwest of Centreville. This will be the largest vineyard in this vicinity.—S. F. *Post*.

The fruit trade last year amounted to about eight million of dollars, or about one-third the value of the wheat crop. This year it will probably aggregate two millions more than the total value last year. California canned fruit, while prized for its size, color, freedom from worms, taste and flavor, can be sent abroad at lower prices, as a rule, than that of South European countries. Fruit ranches display apple, pear, peach, plum, prune, appricot, nectarine, cherry, quince, fig, orange, lemon, lime, pomegranate, olive, English walnut and almond trees. The fig tree gives two crops a year in the southern counties of the State. All kinds of berries grow in profusion, and come earlier and stay longer than in the East. Strawberries are usually to be had the whole year round, and always from March to January. Many of those who grow fruit for their own use raise side by side that of the tropics and that of the north temperate zone—currant and orange, the cherry and the fig, strawberries and pine-apples, bananas, dates and apples. A ranch on which such a combination of diverse species of fruit is to be seen in grotesque exuberance is that of the well-known fruit grower Dr. Strantzel, at Martinez, not far from this city.—X.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard says that "seminaries bid against each other for young mendicants, who think that the community owes them a theological education," and that "the clerical profession has been deeply injured by beneficial endowments."

The philanthropic women of Kokoma, Indiana, have purchased a lot and are securing funds for the erection and establishment of an industrial school for girls.

Mrs. H. M. Semple, of Lowell, manufactures the "Semple Cutter" and markets it. It is used mainly for trimming books.

SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

A man who kept a five-cent fare on a New York bob-tail car has been sent to the penitentiary for eighteen months. They called it larceny, but if he could have made them think it a breach of trust, probably there would have been no punishment.

K. W. Wheeler, of Lyons, Iowa, a lawyer, collected over $1,000 for Mrs. Gates, an Indiana client, and converted the money to his own use. Indicted by the grand jury for embezzlement, on his trial before Judge Hayes, L. A. Ellis, Wheeler's attorney, set up a demurrer admitting the collection and conversion of the funds as charged, but contending that while that would have been larceny in any other individual, it was not a criminal offense under the law in an attorney. The demurrer was sustained and Wheeler was discharged.

ALL THE OFFICES FULL.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes; The civil service law will become operative within ten days For a month or longer the departments have been preparing for it. When the time comes it will be found that the law practically has been forestalled. Few die, none resign. The departments have been stocked, so that for a year to come very few appointments can be made. Those that are in are secure. Outsiders may whistle for their chances. The insiders have a monopoly.

The first thing that will be demonstrated will be that the law is as powerless to put the good in as to put the bad out. The experience of the past month has proved the utter sham of the so-called reform law. As if by concert. the departments have been stocked for s long time to come, and almost without exception by persons who felt that they could not pass examination. There has been the utmost urgency to get favorites in before the law compelling examination became operative. In every case, so far as can be ascertained, the appointment was urged to escape examination. Not one per cent of the last several hundred appointees would have ofiered themselves under the new law, so uniformly did they feel that they would fail. They are in. Those who pass the examination may wait for vacancies which will not happen. The costly machinery of which Mr. Dorman B. Eaton is the chief engineer may grind and grind; the offices are filled. The departments have been crammed, and for a long time there will be no place for a single Eatonian pupil.

LIME SPRINGS, IA.—Twenty-five years ago a young man and woman were married and began life together with only their strong and willing hands. They borrowed money at twenty per cent. interest to purchase a tract of land on a beautiful Iowa prairie, on which to found a home, and toiled diligently to make improvements and meet the heavy interest. After several years of this struggle had passed the wife received money from her parent's estate, and paid off the mortgage with its gnawing interest. The husband, though a kind, noble-natured man, fell into pernicious habits, neglecting his business, and sacrificing heavily to his unfortunate propensity, while the wife bore her crosses with womanly fortitude and devoted her life to her home-work, caring for all that her gentle hands could reach, and looking after duties in her husband's frequent absences that prevented a wrecking of their future, always at home, always watchful, care-taking, and economical.

The long-predicted blow fell last Winter. Violated nature enforced her penalty of death, sudden, startling. The dead husband left no will, and no children. His brothers and sisters stepped in and took one half of the property, as the laws of Iowa provide, although the invalid wife, broken down by hard work and care, had earned and saved the major part of it, besides paying her own inheritance to cancel the mortgage that otherwise might have swept away the whole, long ere the unhappy tragedy gave to his relatives one-half of the home for which she had toiled so faithfully. If the wife had died no relative of hers could have laid a finger upon the estate; the husband would have had the strictest control of the whole. Can there beam a spark of justice in such a law? And yet Iowa laws in this connection are far in advance of the laws of many states of our boastful Union.

If justic was the base of law there would be no distinction between husband and wife in the heirship of property builded up by mutual effort. There can be no righteous reason for such unfair legislation. The only reason that such laws exist is because men make the laws, and with characteristic magnanimity construct them to favor themselves.—X.

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Is conceded by every one who has seen it, and especially by every lady who has used it, to be the most convenient, and in all respects the most desirable article of the kind that has yet been placed upon the market. The peculiar felting finish upon both sides, effectually prevents the slipping of the work from the board, also the slipping of the board from the lap, thus entirely overcoming two great objections to wooden or other boards with a smooth surface. It is manufactured from a material specially adapted to this purpose. It will neither warp nor crack, and with proper care will last a life-time. The graduated scale entirely does away with the need of a yard-stick or tape-measure. C. J. HAWLEY & CO., Grocers, 215 and 217 Sutter St., San Francisco, Sole Agents for Pacific Coast, will forward samples to dealers on application, with particulars and price to the Trade.

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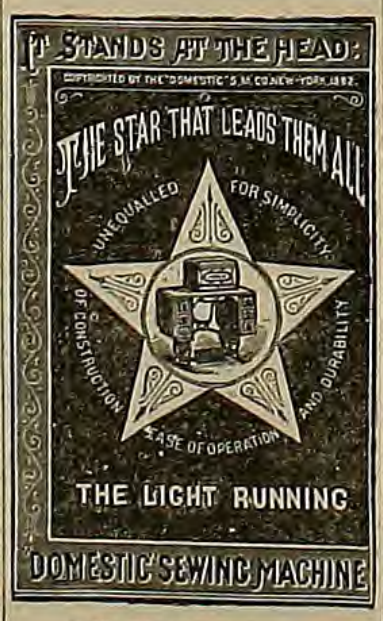

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Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 10. San Francisco, California, October, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW, EDITOR.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, MARY E. TILLOTSON, ELMINA D. SLENKER. SARAH KNOX-GOODRICH, occasional corrisponent.

A Monthly Newspapes, Published in San Francisco, Cal., Devoted to the interests of Woman: To her Dress Reform; Race Culture; Physical Culture; Labor and Political Enfranchisement---thru co-operation and self-help.

TERMS---$1 a year, invariably in advance.

CLUB RATES---Ten copies one year $7.

ADVERTISING RATES---One year, single column, one inch $5; two inches $7; three inches $10; five inches $15. Large advertisments special, and favorable, rates.

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HOME; DRESS-REFORM DIRECTORR; CHILDREN'S CORNER; CORRESPONDENCE; DRESS REFORM; PHYSICAL CULTURE; INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION; CO-OPERATION; RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA; STIRPICULTURE; SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT; LITERARY NOTICES SUFFRAGE NOTES; TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

SIR KNIGHTS OF SAINT BERNARD.

See, where they march the crowded street
With measured tramp and tireless feet;
With martial mien, unflinching eye,
And pinions fluttering in the sky;
And as they wheel by either hand
See how the sunlight tips each brand!
By bugle blast and roll of drum,
And perfect evolution, come
The Knights of Saint Bernard.

Favors adorn each manly breast—
Guerdons by fairy fingers prest—
For whose dear sake each soul would rise
To daring deeds of great surprise.
Not Richard, England's mighty son,
Upon the plains of Ascalon—
Nor sainted Louis' Knights and King
A braver company could bring,
Than those of Saint Bernard!

The Golden State, with honest joy
Gives greeting fair to Illinois;
And San Francisco's earnest clasp,
Is answered by Chicago's grasp.
Wave, banners, wave! let music play!
Let roaring guns salute the day
That brings, with brotherly intent,
Across a mighty continent,
The Knights of Saint Bernard!

—*Sam Booth.*

in S. F. *Call*

TEMPLAR PILGRIMAGE.—The Sir Knights and Noble Ladies came, saw and conquered. Golden rivulets flowed at their feet; our flowers bloomed for them, our nightingales sang for them and the whole city, in gala dress, turned itself into a vast theatre and played for them and piped and danced with them, and clothing them in a mantle of love, sent them home with a benediction and prayer that they would come again.

BELLES OF THE BAT.—Sixteen young ladies, aided by two young lads, played base-ball yesterday, at Pastime Park in the presence of 400 or 500 persons, of whom a few were ladies. The players were modestly dressed as to their bodies and their skirts reached to their knees. One side wore dresses of white, with blue trimmings and red stockings. All wore jaunty white cloth caps and base-ball shoes of the regulation style, except one girl who luxuriated in 15-button gaiters that reached a span above her ankles and must have taken half an hour each to fasten, and all had untanned belts around their little waists. Miss Williams, who acted as captain of the Reds, had a full suit of that color, and Miss Evans, who held similar command on the other side, sported a lovely outfit of cerulean blue and a little hat that had a flaunting blue ribbon.

Dignity and perfect modesty characterized these girl players, who seemed to enjoy their game greatly and to pay little heed to the jocose advice of the admiring spectators, who gave frequent hints and suggestions as to their method of play.

These young ladies have been only ten days in practice. When they master the manly style of throwing and catching, which they declare they will soon do, their play will be well worth seeing. They are to play a game on Septemper 1st, on a half-sized diamond, which will better suit their style of batting and throwing.—Philadelphia *Times*.

International Reform Dress Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting, Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., $25.

No dress will receive more thgn ONE prize.

THE TRIPPLE S COSTUME WON THE PRIZE.

This beautiful gray woolen suit was made and forwarded by Almedia B. Gray, of Schofield, Wis. The following is a description of it.

BASQUE: Standing collar and coatcollar 3 inches wide in back, perfectly plain coat sleeve with the exception of eleven large sized shoe buttons on each, the last three buttoning the sleeve close about the wrist; body cut with two pieces under the arm, a seam in the back; two darts; 4½ inches from waist line in front, 3 inches from waist line under the arm and back is attached a straight-cut peplum, 14 inches deep, which falls apart 12 inches at the bottom and is caught up with a double loop 14½ inches wide, 7½ deep, (the shortert, the longest is 1½ deeper); these loops are caught together just under the confining loop or band which holds them in place; the peplum is caught up with three pleats, (up not down) in a width of 3 inches where it enters the confining loop which is made with a wide box box pleat and is 5inches wide where it is sewed on the basque in the back, 3 inches below the waist line; from collar to top of confining loop 18 inches, and to bottom of short loop or bow, 31½ inches; from collar to bottom of peplum in front 31 inches, size of waist 28½, bust 39: length of inside seam to sleeve 16½; watch pocket at left an handkerchief pocket at right, opening between peplum and basque; basque finished with black satin bow at line of peplum and another, when it is worn turned back with white front, at the pottom of coat collar; neck to sleeve seam' 5½ inches.

KILT SKIRT with yoke 6 inches deep, and 23 inches across, plain in front, gathered in a band at back and buttoned on side; kilt 23 inches deep and 4½ yds. around; the whole dress lined throuout.

TROUSERS. Length at front and sides 23 ins., back 40: width—seat 32 ins., knee 11, bottom, when buttoned, 5½; cut with but one *inside* seam; a 12 in. gore in front, 3 ins. from side line, with a fly 2 ins. wide at bottom and rounded to a point at top, sewed on and buttoned-holed with 14 buttons; waistband buttoned at sides with 12 in. opening; dress material extends above knee, buttons on basque, sleeves and trousers all alike.

The Scotch kilt is the distinguishing feature of the Tripple S. The manner of clothing the legs has nothing to do with it. Mrs. Stow wears trousers, like men's pantaloons, close at ankles, leggins inside and outside boot, and handsome stockings and dress boots, the latter the handsomest of all.

Mrs Stow and the united Sisterhood congratulate Mrs. Gray as the Trouser-dress Champion of America.

We have the honor of publicly thanking the judges, Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, Mrs. C. K. Robinson, Oakland, and Mrs. L. B. White, Sacramento, for their assistance and kindly interest taken in the proceedings: Also, we thank the young ladies who wore the costumes, more particularly the one, Miss Anna M. Woods, San Francisco, who wore the prize dress.

Fourteen dresses were exhibited, and great disappointment experienced because Madame Brownjohn's £50 prize Trouser-dress did not arrive from London As soon as it comes, a special meeting will be called to exhibit it.

The Second International Prize Dress Reform Exhibition will be held at Ixora Hall the first Tuesday and Wednesday in September 1884, in connection with the S. S. S.'s annual conference, at which the whole *progressive* feminine world is invited to compete. We hope to have a hundred dresses, at least, to place on exhibition and a hundred prizes to offer. Mrs. J. H. Holt, artist, offers a beautiful, large oil painting, a California landscape, executed by the cunning of her own hand, and Mrs. Smyth offers $25, while Mrs. Stow, not to be left behind, offers one hundred chances in her diamond set raffle; who else will swell the prize list?

Will ladies commence *immediately* to fashion unique designs in Science and Tripple S. or any kind of a short dress costume? Every woman should have one or more short suits for mountain climbing and physical training.

Celia B. Whitehead's brown dress that she "wore to Boston" was much admired for its lightness and grace. Several ladies begged for a pattern of it. Others said, "Where is Mrs. Tillotson's Science Costume?" The reply was, "She prefers to exhibit it herself, next year."

A blue paper dress from Sacramento, was also much admired, all the dresses, in fact, were closely scrutinized and commented upon, not only by ladies, but by the gentlemen who were present. People are becoming disgusted with invalidism in women and are ready to welcome any change that will insure health and a relief from doctor's bills, aches and pains and general helplessness. Several ladies said to Mrs. Stow, "We wear the Bloomer at home." Among them was the Hon. Secretary of the Society, S. Gertie Smyth, who finds it admirable for garden work and the care of poultry, to say nothing about going up stairs with a bundle in both hands.

Cornelia Boecklin, Burlington, Ia., sent two Trouser-dress suits. No. 1, a brown cloth trimmed with plush, made with tunic, vest front and coat collar, no skirt worn with it, trousers close fitted over gaiters. No. 2, upper garment is almost exactly like a gentleman's roundapout, cutaway coat, and worn with same cut of trousers as No. 1. Underwear: gauze for summer, and combination suits of woven merino for winter; socks and low shoes with gaiters made of same material as trousers.

MADAME VITAL, Paris, France:—Blue paper Trouser-dress, in four pieces; short skirt finished in front with two knife-blade flounces 4 ins. deep, headed with 3 tucks, the some depth, back *bouffant*; trousers narrow, open at bottom, finished with knife-blade flounce 6½ ins. deep, fullness at top gathered in a band which buttons on a yoke 3 ins. deep in front and 4½ in back; sleeve less inter-waist with standing collar and white paper lace ruche; coat-sleeve tunic, rolling collar finished round neck and down the entire front with white lace and blue bows. A very beautiful costume, as perfect in every detail as tho made of elegant silk. No pins or basting thread to mar the effect of the *tout ensemble*.

Description of competitive dresses continued in Nov.

ERRATA.—In Elmina D. Slenker's article, Aug. No. occurs "Sly education." Please read "by and by education." There is nothing sly in Friend Elmina's blood, speech or acts. Also: The *Liberal*, Nashville, Tennessee, is a weekly and not a monthly paper as stated. It has recently put on a bigger dress and feels hurt at the "monthly." Our captious errors are the burden of our life, which the jingling doggerel on page eight will confirm, establish and maintain. Please read it, and then exercise great and unlimited forbearance.

Nine young women of Huntsville, Ala., beat nine young men at base-ball by a score of 20 to 11.

THE OCT. HERALD is devoted to the annual report of the S. S. S. Nearly all Departments and articles are crowded out.

Please renew your subscription, immediately.

SCISSORS.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Progress than a cycle of Cathay.

Boston University is building a gymnasium for its lady students.

The University of Mississippi has opened all its departments to women.

Mrs. C. L. Tomlinson is the principal real estate dealer in Billings, M. T.

In a rightly ordered world, the toast to women should come next to that of the president of the United States.

Elizabeth, the young Queen of Roumania, it is said, speaks admirably six languages, and is a clever handsome and kindly woman.

Mrs. Lincoln's wedding ring, which was placed on her finger after death, and buried with her, contained the following inscription: "A. L. to Mary, November 4, 1842. Love is eternal."

A girl has obtained a judgment of $20,000 against Biggar, a member of Parliament, for breach of promise. His flippant brutality during his own testimony greatly influenced the jury against him.

Mrs. Wm. Gammel, wife of a Brown University professor, is the largest tax-payer in Newport. She is assessed at $402,000.

Miss Jennie Corson, a retired printer, is the "Montana Shepherdess" She is located near Oka, and owns a band of sheep valued at $27,600.

The Fourteenth Annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Brooklyn, N. Y., Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 9th and 10th proximo, in the Academy of Music.

Electa S. Smith, of Vergennes, Vermont, has charge of all the land records of the city. She has also performed the duties of Register of Probate for several years, and has been three times elected City Clerk.

The ladies of Amite City, La., who have gone into the silk worm business, instead of selling the cocoons, propose to spin and sell their own silk, and will have fabrics on exhibition at the New Orleans exposition next year.

As it takes money to make money, numerous rich women have added to their fortunes by buying and selling lots, in Washington, D. C., or building houses. One rich woman made fifty thousand dollars recently by one transaction.

Within a radius of seven miles around Highmore, Dakota, there are thirty widows, so it is said by actual count, living on pre-emptions or homesteads they have filed on in their own names.

A cotton plantation a few miles from Monroe, La., has been run for the last four years by Miss Adah Parker, supporting her mother and two young brothers and overseeing the work in person.

A few less tucks, ruffles and yards of embroidery, and more hours spent with books, pens or pencils, will work wonders towards placing woman in her future sphere of equality with man.

M. Ambrose Thomas has named Mesdames Pauline Viardot and Miolan Carvalho among the judges of the singing classes of the Conservatoire. This is the first instance in which ladies have received that compliment.

Mrs. Ottendorfer, the owner of the New York Staats Zeitung, proposes to erect three buildings, at a cost of $175,000, for the free use of the German dispensary in that city.

Mrs John Jacob Astor keeps her diamonds in a safe so big that to rob it, part of the house must be knocked down, and when she wears them she is accompanied by detectives who are said to be "splendid *fac similes* of the society gentlemen of the period." Are there any who envy such a slave?

Miss Adelia Cox, of Crawsfordsville is keeping books and managing her mother's lumber yard. She attends to the buying and selling of lumber and understands the business thoroughly. Miss Cox bought stock in the building association not long since, and set a good example to other purchasers by paying one year in advance.

DRESS REFORM.

A paper Read at the Reform Dress Exhibition of the S. S. S., Held in San Francisco, Cal., Sep. 4th '83.

The time has arrived in the economy of life, which demands a radical change in woman's apparel. Why so? you question. I answer, Because she is beginning to develop health, happiness, mirth, muscle, strength. She is beginning to qualify for some of the prizes in life's race, and she finds that she cannot do this, tangled up in petticoats, weighed down with beads, bugles, dead hair and strung up in corsets. Freedom of legs and lungs and an unfettered brain, alone, will accomplish the desired results. And the very first nuisance which she must cast aside is the long uncouth bag called a dress skirt. That necessitates the corset. Get rid of the petticoat and the corset will be consigned to oblivion—with sensible people.

There should be three distinct sections to woman's dress and each section can be highly and beautifully ornamental. This would give a natural form instead of an artificial one, and grace of motion and beauty of outline would displace the present hideously deformed women of the day. Every woman with broad shoulders, wide hips and a wasp waist is a monstrous deformity, and she should never appear in public without a mantle to hide the sin and shame of tight lacing.

Some reformers affirm that a knowledge of anatomy and physiology will protect our girls and women from corset disease, deformity and death, but they are mistaken. Nothing will do it but the effective routing of the petticoat. Necessity, the mother of reform, as well as invention, will first throw it aside, then Common Sense (of which we have too little) will see what a ridiculous hinderance it is to woman's advancement and cast it behind her and march forward with a stately unencumbered step.

You will say, O this anti-petticoat movement was started thirty years ago and failed. Well, what of that? Other things were started thirty years ago and failed then, which are old with use now. The reason that the movement failed was because women, as a class, were not as self-poised and independent as they are today. A few remained steadfast, and they are at the helm of the revival of the question now. Mary E. Tillotson, of N. J., and Dr. Lydia Hasbrook, of Middletown, N. Y. never have swerved from their course, but have worn their respective reform dresses everywhere for all these years. People have been shocked but shocks are what bring peoples and nations up from savagery to civilization. People are shocked when we call the locomotive power of woman, *legs*. But it is legs, and legs should be called legs whether they belong to man, woman or child. A leg is a beautiful and useful member of the human body and is never deformed by compressing ligatures, and when the petticoat is vanquished, it will become respectable.

Fashion, Grundyism, old time conservatism, is against innovation and innovators. They like women to be doll-babyish, sentimental, æsthetic, whimsical, clinging, helpless nonentities; walking advertisements to enrich drygoods dealers, dressmakers, milliners, doctors, dentists and shoemen. Jane Swisshelm, calls "such things," "Small packages of aches and pains, done up in velvet and lace and topped off with ostrich plumes." Are these packages happy? No. I was once driving thru a market in Cleveland, O., with Mrs. J. W. Gordon, a wife of one of the merchant princes of that lovely city, and looking at the buxom rosy cheeked huckster-women, she said with a weary sigh, "I would give all wealth, all position for the joyous health of those poor in purse but rich in health women."

Such are old time, old rule servers. Here is a sample of the new: Five young ladies of Denver, Col., ride the bicycle "man fashion," clad in black velvet knee-breeches, woolen high stockings, a polo cap, and a sack coat, with low-cut bicycle shoes. Do these girls ache and sigh and long to die because life is such a torture? No, not a bit of it. Their hearts, lungs, livers, stomachs and spleens are in the right place; they are all healthy co-operators; they live in peace with plenty of room to have a good time. It's always recreation day with them, and the big toes and all the little toes are as happy as Turks, wiggling about in the easy shoes. It is the nature of toes to wiggle and if you put one into a vice and hobble round on the tip end of it you are likely to hear from it sooner or later,—and it is generally *sooner*.

What we want is a new order of things. "You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it in to forms, and bake them in your oven, and call such things men and women and present them, as citizens and teachers, for our regard, as to bring old, time-worn institutions to serve the growth and the living wants of today." And the very greatest and most merciful want is a radical dress reform for women, that will annihilate crucifying Fashion, for all those who have a purpose in life. A writer says, "Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away."

Fashion would not do the mischief that she does, if all women were not expected to train in her procession. What dress reformers aim at is to prove that variety in dress, in material, cut and general outline is far more beautiful than a fixed standard for each month in the year. By adopting a sensible and becoming costume that will serve for a life time, one has time for study, pleasure and labor. The mind is not on the rack in regard to the style of dress.

Dr. Alice B. Stockham speaks thus from a physician's standpoint. She has never deformed herself by wearing corsets.

"Physical restraint *is mental thraldom*.

What man would submit to be so trammeled with his clothing that he could neither work, play nor breathe with freedom? When we know that Sardanapalus assumed the attire of woman and amused himself with spinning wool and other feminine pursuits we do not wonder that his empire was overthrown.

There was a deep philosophy in the advice which Cræsus gave to Cyrus after his conquest of Lydia. "Compel,' said he "the men of Lydia to wear the dress of women, and thus attired let them pursue their employments, and amusements." He well knew that dress and occupation exert a controlling influence upon the mind and character. To clothe the men of Lydia like women, and to oblige them to pursue women's occupations, was effectually to disarm them of the power to regain their lost liberty and securely to fasten upon them political chains.

So long as woman was the petted slave of man's caprices and passions, or the pretty idol before whom he bowed in chivalrous gallantry, his parlor ornament in social life, his ward whose property he held in trust, the young imbecile whom he coaxed and gulled with sugar plum privileges whilst robbing her of intrinsic rights, the helpless and useless being who was to be bedizened with jewels and robed in costly finery, so long, I say, as this was her unavoidable destiny, the long skirts and flowing robes were the natural outgrowth of her condition, fitly expressing and inevitably perpetuating it. But she is now waking up to a higher destiny; she is beginning to realize her responsibilities and divine mission to the world. She hears the call to labor for her own support; she begins to feel that those who earn the food that they eat, the raiment that they wear, and buy with their own earnings the houses that they live in, are the honorable of the earth. Women now are filling all useful callings and professions. They have entered the professions of medicine, law, religion and journalism. They compete with men in literature, science and art. But with limbs so encumbered that it is difficult to even ascend a stairway, while bedraggled skirts humiliate, they cannot expect to be the peers of men and boys even in common vocations."

But my sisters, we will take courage and brave all opprobrium to dress for comfort and utility. A lady who has adopted the Tripple S writes that a friend says that he would rather follow his wife to the grave than see her wear it, so strong is his prejudice against reform in woman's dress. But the recent exhibition in London is *prima facia* evidence that the effort is becoming popularized there, and things move faster in America than in England. Five thousand dollars were expended to make the London Dress Exhibition a success, and we expect that in a twelve months from this date to add much to the variety and attractiveness of our exhibit.

When we consider what the brain of woman, loaded down with false hair, has evolved, and what the legs of woman tied up in bags have accomplished, we long to see what perfect emancipation from perverted Fashion's chains will enable her to do. She can walk, dance, run and swim in petticoats. A woman recently plunged into the sea, in mid ocean, and rescued a drowning child, when no sailor dared do it. Another saw three children struggling to save themselves in a mill pond, and throwing off her shawl, swam to their rescue and brot them safely to shore. Clara Laing, of Bristol, Pa., saved a drowning girl, the other day, by boldly plunging into the swift flowing river where she had accidentally fallen. Instances of a like nature could be multiplied indefinitely.

Fashions in woman's dress which change every year, season, and month have become unbearable to the intellectually strong woman. She has arraigned her, or him, or it, before the bar of Reason and demands the Why "human flesh has become a mere machine—a sort of clay model for the masters and mistresses of the shears and needles to fit their hideous creations upon." Hideous and unnatural, for what is divinely fair one month is a perfect fright the next.

What has Fashion done? It has tortured the beautiful female form into a hideous deformity; it has twisted and distorted the human foot until it is a marvel of ugliness, corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, club nails, enlarged joints and splayed, broken down instep. And the most curious phase of this is that the people who systematically inflict this torture upon long-suffering humanity, call themselves *christians*. Fashion-mongers christians! They are robbers and assassins. They rob us of all health, comfort, ease—kill us before our time, and *fashion* our shrouds, coffins, hearses and headstones. They pile tons of beads and dead hair upon weak-backed and weak-brained women, and divide the spoils of comfort and health with the doctor—the dear blessed family doctor,—and are amazed when we call such doings *Barbarous*.

But the dawn of a new day has come with the appearance of the tricycle. Queen Victoria has purchased each of her granddaughters one; that is enough to make the exercise popular in England, and no one can ride the tricycle in a bag. Tricycles demand unfettered legs. Short dresses for women are going to be fashionable. They are fashionable now for lawn tennis, swimming and bathing, rowing, gymnasiums, climbing mountains etc. A California lady called upon me a few days ago, saying "Do tell me how to make a handsome short dress for mountain wear. I have cut up and wasted a hundred yards of cloth, at least, but am not suited with any suit of my own devising." If some fashionable modiste would take up the short dress problem and devise beautiful garments, she would not only make her fortune, but name and fame as Madam Brownjohn is doing in London. Not only that but she would be the *ne plus ultra* of philanthropists. And it would not be a difficult matter, for with as plastic and many colored material as dress-goods there can be no limit to variety in costume. Trousers, leggins and stockings can be made as elaborately as the sleeves of a dress. The trimmings upon the sleeves and trousers should harmonize.

Short dresses are certainly going to be worn by women. The handsome slippers and gorgeous lizard, butterfly and sunflower stockings are the fore-runners of the short dress era. No sensible woman is going to pay a hundred or a thousand dollars for a pair of stockings and then wear them concealed in a bag. That is not human nature. Lizards bugs and beetles are for display. They take rank with cashmere shawls and diamonds. And so we shout:

All Hail Short Dress Era!

Joyful, Kern Co. Cal.

Dear Mrs. Stow,

Co-Workers in the cause of Reform: I thank you most heartily for your very liberal offer of the opportunity to present to the public, at your "Conclave," the subject of a *natural or uncooked diet*. Am sorry that business will not permit me to be with you for my hearty sympathy is with all reform in every direction, in fact, the word reform to my mind is a synonym for regeneration and I would that we be made new or born again in every department of our nature; to have a physical body improved and developed in its highest capacity, governed in every particular by a God-inspired spirit is what all reform work is tending to produce. May we ever sympathize with and aid each other in bringing about such results. An important part of my work at this time seems to be the dietetic; because of having received through inheritance, a sickly body, most of my life has been devoted to trying different dietetic reforms and medical compounds in the hope of discovering some way of getting and keeping clear of dyspepsia and other physical afflictions and it was only on my forty-eighth birthday that I got started on the track which gives the best results with the least care and labor, and I also add, the most gastric pleasure. It was only as an experiment, to see how one could get along without any cooked food for a week, had no idea of continuing it that I first began, but the effects, in the way of relieving dyspepsia, were so remarkable, I continued it with increasing good results to the present day, with every prospect of doing so to the end of my life which will, doubtless, be thus prolonged many years as a two years trial has resulted in making me, as far as ability, energy and the uses of life are concerned, about twenty-five years younger.

There have been some errors that I have been slow in learning to correct because the field of labor to work in, was so new, there being no books published, giving the results of the experiments of others who were in the field before me. One of my first errors was the failing to drink enough water after the supply of juicy fruits were gone, because having left off the use of salt there was no thirst, but at the end of about a year, I discovered that more rich food, like nuts, could be used and better results obtained, if three pints or more, per day, of water was used, and an experiment began some two months ago has convinced me that for some persons the use of salt with food is very advantageous, though probably others would be better without it or to use acid fruits instead. The persevering experiments of two of my friends here has demonstrated that, though a person may live on fruit alone, the best results are not thus to be obtained especially if nuts are omitted. I get the best results from the use of ¾ of a lb of fresh ground wheat or oats, per day, or the two mixed, using a little table salt well mixed through it. I prefer it dry, and before using other food after using ¼ lb of such grania the fruits are used in such variety and quantity as there is appetite for, being particular to partake of juicy fruits in the early part of the day and nuts in the evening. Have ceased to desire vegetables of any sort. I know many people will say, "I do not like raw wheat" but the correct idea is, find out what is best for the body and practice will soon teach you to like it. If all people are to be subject to the demands of a perverted appetite there is little hope for the race, as the bummer likes brandy and the chewer likes tobacco, but neither of these things and many things used by those who consider themselves reformers help to build a temple fit for God to dwell in, and that should be the question for us all to consider; who will give the best physical body? How shall we clothe it in the most comfortable and graceful manner, and what use shall we put it to, in order that the best results may be accomplished or God glorified through an example of living, in every respect, a righteous life, thus, in the most practical way, helping to elevate our fellow, men for all the world must come up together and if we leave a brother or sister behind we will have to go back after him or her. I appreciate the good work the *Alpha* is doing in advocating right generation and the W. H. of I in pressing forward the rights of women.

Yours for a practical Christianity.

Isaac B. Rumford.

Rules of Health.—Rise early—the morning air is pure and cool. Take a hand bath, going over the whole body with water at its natural temperature; any one can do this who can command the use of a basin and one or two quarts of water. Use nothing but the hand; once or twice a week put a few drops of ammonia in the water to cleanse the skin, or use white castile soap—avoid all others. Do this all the year round, no matter what the temperature of the weather is; beginning now the skin will become accustomed to it, and cold will not affect, but tone up the system, bringing the blood to the surface and preventing colds from sudden changes besides, not half the clothing will be needed. At this season do not discard flannels altogether, but wear thin ones without sleeves; the best are made from white bunting, which is not heating, and yet absorbs the perspiration, and will last forever if properly shrunk before being made up. On rising, if faint feeling and loss of ap petite, take a teaspoonful of charcoal stirred in a little water, and repeat the same at bed-time; it must be the fine, willow charcoal. This absorbs the gas from undigested food, sweetens the stomach and prepares it for food, and should be taken at any time when there is any unpleasant fullness in the stomach before eating. Avoid ice water, except one or two swallows; the habitual use lowers the temperature of the stomach and prevents digestion. Soda water in immoderate quantities should also be avoided, certainly drink not more than a single glass per day.

Let the diet be a generous one, but avoid mixtures; never more than two or three dishes at each meal. Pastry of all kinds should be especially avoided in hot weather. Plain yeast bread a day old, with good butter, sparingly, and in hot weather, with milk—when fresh—well salted; all kinds of fruits and vegetables, in their season, well cooked and salted—salt allays thirst when taken fresh upon food. Go slowly about your business or work. Never try to do two men's work in one day. There is nothing gained by it. Keep on the shady side of the street, if there is one; if not, carry an umbrella, if you can; if not, your handkerchief in the top of your hat; if in the country, green leaves. Never get in a passion, as it shortens life. Finally, make haste slowly to get rich, remembering that without health riches are of no account.—*Medical Journal.*

Cotton Seed Oil.—The process of making cotton-seed oil is just as clean as that of making pound-cake, and the oil is going to take the place of the best lard that can be made. It is better to cook with for a variety of reasons. Lard contains a very heavy percentage of water. Oil contains none. It is 33⅓ per cent cheaper as to quantity, for with oil at 42 to 55 cents per gallon, the extreme probable range in prices, it would cost six to eight cents per pound, as against eight to ten cents for lard, and one pound of oil equals fully two and a half pounds of lard.

In London there is a Jewish workingmen's club to which women are admitted with all privileges of membership.

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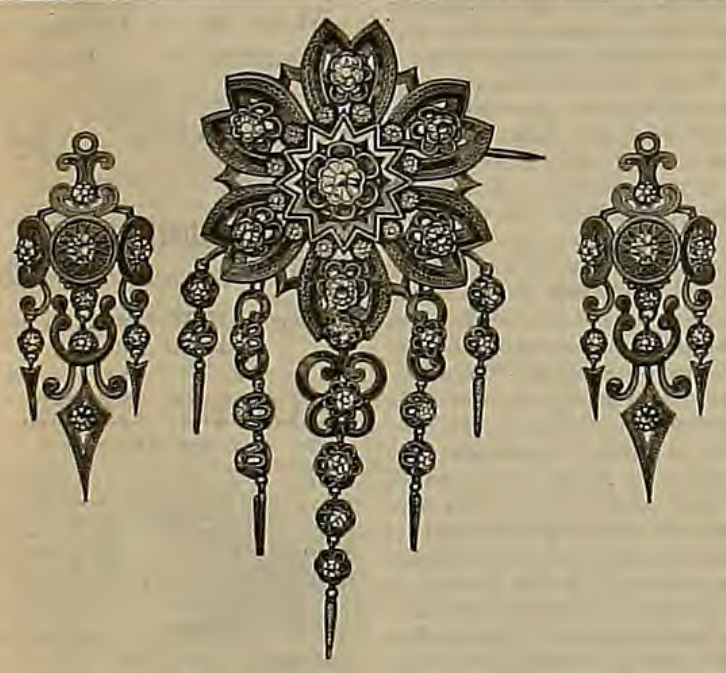

MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is raised, she will make a trust deed of the same in PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY. Whoever, from this date, until all the tickets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels will be on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America, to be held in San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. *Exchanges please copy.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full lngth) in Tripple S costume, 20c., cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.

THE MANNISH WOMAN.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

For the HERALD.

Webster's first definitions of "Mannish" are "Having the nature of man; human." Nothing bad about that, is there? only people will persist in ignoring the fact that humanity is composed of two sexes. Men are human; women are something else; at least one would judge so from the differences which certain writers seem to expect of and attribute to the two classes.

We wonder sometimes that men do not grow indignant at having women called "mannish" for doing coarse and disagreeable things. Here, for instance is a writer who tells us that "the mannish woman" slaps her sides and her knees. She affects the most masculine of hats and ulsters; her language is of the stable and boat-house; she delights in slang; she wears no gloves, allowing her hands to grow red and coarse; she parts her hair on the side; she drives the horse for her husband or her lover; and asks her friends to examine the biceps muscle in her arm to "see how tough it is," she strides, she talks loud and defiantly.

"There is a certain delicate type of woman—very small, very pretty, very piping voice—she may play at mannishness and be applauded by men. She may tilt her hat, stride her feet, talk slang, make believe smoke; rather as children assume to be major generals and lord high admirals. Woe unto the larger and plainer woman who tries to copy this little man."

Now if you please, look back over this list of disagreeablenesses and see if you can find in it anything that is good for a man to do. If not, why call them mannish? If so, why are they bad for a woman to do? There *may* be good reasons why one human being should slap his sides and his knees and equally good ones why another should not slap himself anywhere. There *may* be good reasons why one should wear a plain weather-proof hat and another, one that is covered with feathers, flowers and flummery, so that a shower spoils it. There *may* be good reasons why if one has tastes in that direction he should talk of the stable and the boat house and another should not. There *may* be good reasons why he should delight in slang and she should not. There *may* be good reasons why one should allow his hands to become red and coarse and another keep hers white and fine. There *may* be good reasons why one should cut his hair short and part it on the side and another should let hers grow long and part it in the middle. There may be good reasons why one may drive a horse, if he is strong enough, and why he should glory in his muscle and talk loud and defiantly and smoke and tilt his hat, and there may be good reasons why another should not do so unless she is "very small and very pretty."

There *may* be good reasons for these differences but they do not appear on the surface and I was about to say that they have never been told but perhaps the mystery is explained as follows: "She, (the mannish woman) breaks down the barrier between respect and familiarity by depriving women of their dearest privilege—care and protection. Who can care for or protect a mannish woman? There we have it. One human being may do these things because he does not need care and protection, is that it? Another may go seeking about for her "dearest privilege" bnt she need not be able to care for and protect herself. At least, that is'nt the proper thing to do.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death" but woman's cry should be, "Give me care and protection or give me death." How different two human beings can be from each other, to be sure. I am sick of this twaddle about "care and protection." When I see that not one man in a dozen is able to care for and protect himself from moral contagion I think its time to stop crying down anything simply because it deprives a woman of care and protection. As a rule, women seem quite as well able to care for and protect themselves as men to do it for them and are every year becoming more so.

The artificial differences of men and women are fast disappearing, the natural differences will probably remain, with modifications, as long as the world stands. The effort to retain two standards of behaviour, one for men and one for women, either in morals, manners or modesty, is futile. They cannot exist with the broad free development of the nineteenth century; so it behooves us to see which, if either, of the two standards is right. The world is beginning to see that what is contemptible cowardice in a man deserves some other name than "pretty timidity" in a woman and that no good quality can or should be monopolized by either sex. Gentleness, refinement purity, thoughtful kindness, boldness and courage to speak for and live the right—are they not admirable in both men and women? But coarseness, selfishness, deceit, impurity frivolity, cowardice, idleness and weak dependence on the efforts of others, the carrying about of the foul odors of liquor and tobacco—which sex will claim these as virtues? It seems to me that any man or woman who wants "care and protection" the "dearest privilege" is very far from appreciating the grandeur of a human being full grown. Its just babyish and a grown up woman has no more right to be babyish than a grown up man has. If we consider the matter fairly I think we shall find that when we have described a really womanly woman our description will answer very well for the manly man.

Milton's woman and his theology are justly coming to be regarded as very uncomfortable myths.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Thinker. Vol. 1, A large four page weekly, Mc.Pherson, Kansas, Dr, C. W. Stowe, Editor, Price $1.

This timely journal is independent in politics and religion and generous in brain *menu*. It is a provoker of thot, a fearless iconoclast among ancient dogmas and superstitions and must be read to be understood and appreciated.

Society, Vol. 1, Oakland, Cal. A weekly eight page journal, devoted to society fashion, literature, music and the drama. Weston P. Truesdell, Editor, Price $2,50.

Society will be found interesting reading to those who like to keep up with the current drift of *tout le monde*. It is in the hands of the right people to make a success. Brain power must turn the wheel of even society notes to make the fruit palatable.

It has the Social Science Sisterhood's cordial hand-clasp.

Father Columbia's Paper, Vol. 1. New York City. A large eight-page, weekly newspaper, Father Columbia, Editor.

Ben. F. Butler graces the first page as a candidate for the next president. The editor promises juicy mental "tenderloins," and the first number gives promise of a fulfillment of the promise. It contains many fine speeches from distinguished men and is vigorously edited. We place it on file.

SNOWVILLE, VA

TO THE CONCLAVE:

Dear Friends: As I cannot be with you in person at the assembling of yourselves together at the "Conclave," I send you my greetings and earnest sympathy in your grand work for human improvement and human happiness. Every step taken for woman's elevation and woman's advancement, is that much given to the Right Generation of a happier and better race thro' a happier and better motherhood. The mother should be the honored, loved and respected citizen of the world. She should be the first in all hearts and cared for with the tenderest solicitude and deepest anxiety, because she is the source whence comes all that live. Instead of the old theory that woman is created from man and owes him obedience and allegiance, it is really the Mother who is the Queen and the progenitor of all that come into the world. To be worthy of our holy office of motherhood, is therefore our first duty and should be our highest aim.

To live noble, true and industrious lives, to dress hygenically as well as beautifully is one of the good works the S. S. S. is forwarding, and right there I am with you heart and soul. I wore the Bloomer Costume many years as a working and a walking suit, but having moved into new localities so often, and each time being alone in this work, I finally became weary of being "odd" and then adopted the princess wrapper which is light, loose and very comfortable and has the merit of being all in one piece, the weight resting mainly on the shoulders. I wear broad-soled low-heeled shoes and light straw hats—dressing for comfort firstly and looks secondly, I did not intend to write so much—only meant to make myself one of you and wish you success and good-speed.

Yours Earnestly,
ELMINA.

PARIS, August, '83

Madam.

I received your letter only yesterday and I shall be pleased to send a dress for your Exhibition. I cannot send the one you mentioned in your letter as it was made at Mrs King's order, so she kept it and paid for it. I will make one of paper and send it by post; hoping it will arrive in time,

I remain, Madam,
very respectfully,
O. VITAL.

10 Rue Galilee.

HOLDERS OF TICKETS.

Fannie A. Combs, Westview Ohio, No. 1
Celia B. Whitehead, Bloomfield, N. J., " 2
S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., " 3
Nicoll, the Taylor, San Francisco, Cal., " 4
Mary E. Tillotson, Vineland, N. J., " 5
Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va., " 6
Annie Norma Dale, S. F., Cal., " 7
Lois Livingston, Sacramento, Cal., " 8
Cynthia A. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal., " 9
Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, Cal., " 10
Harriet Permilla Peek, Oakland, Cal., " 11
Anna M. Woods, San Francisco, Cal., " 12
Eva H. Woods, San Francisco, Cal., " 13
Lulu G. Breedlove, S. F., Cal., " 14
Mrs. S. E. Smith, Seattle, W. T. .....15.
Miss Alice Jennings, Thomasville, Ga. 16.
A. B. Chick, San Francisco. .....17.
——— Dampf, San Francisco. .....18.
Madame Brownjohn, London, Eng. . . 19.
Madame Vital, Paris, France. .....20.
Cornelia Boecklin, Burlington, Ia. . . .21.

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FIVE RULES FOR NEW SPELLING.

1. Omit a in words like hed, helth, brest, plesure, etc.
2. Omit silent e in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.
3. Write f for ph in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.
4. Omit one of the donble consonants in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.
5. Change ed final into t in words like fixt, capt, chopt, prest, etc. Also, tho and thru.

The Five Rules, as given above, were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Association in 1878. The English Spelling Reform Association adopt the same rules, thus making a common basis of action.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

A TINY WAIST.

My lady sighs,
And her languid eyes
Look sad in the morning light;
Head and heart both ache,
And her hands they shake,
And her lips and cheeks are white;
Of the pains of pleasure she knows the taste,
And the price she pays for a tiny waist.

Each day in the park
The men remark
Her girdle of eighteen inches,
They praise her dress,
But they never guess
How that exquisite garment pinches,
How her body is tortured and tightly laced,
And what price she pays for a tiny waist.

Her maid could say
What there's to pay
For a figure so slight and slender;
And the doctor's bills
Might tell of ills
Which the follies of fashion engender:
There's a subtle poison in paint and paste,
And a chill hand circles a tiny waist.

There's many a maid
By fashion laid
In the arms of an early grave,
So, maiden and dame,
Say who's to blame,
And stretch out an arm to save;
For death and disease, are always p aced
By the side of the girl with a tiny waist.

Dear damsels, who
Your bodies screw
Into half their true proportions,
If you only heard
The terms conferred
On your ugly, vain proportions
You would not be in such painful haste
To make a display of your tiny waist.

Up, women and men!
By tongue and by pen
Let us drive out this folly between us;
For nature has given
A spirit of heaven
Unto you and the form of a Venus;
Why spoil such a figure so sweetly graced
And blight life's rose for a tiny waist?
—[Selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

35 Churton-st. Belgravia,
London, S. W.

Mrs. J. W. Stow.

Madam: My wife wishes me to thank you for your congratulatory letter received yesterday, and to say that she will be very pleased to forward a copy of the prize dress as requested by you, together with a model on which to exhibit it. The dress has been very much admired, especially by the Medical profession; in fact there were over 100 doctors came to inspect it at the exhibition, every one of whom approved of it. Among them being several American gentlemen. I have just sent one to Dr. Vacher, the Medical officer of Health at Birkenhead, for him to lecture upon, and have received a very nice letter from him saying how pleased he is with it, that it fulfils all hygienic requirements and is exceedingly pretty. You will no doubt be pleased to hear that the movement is already beginning to show marked signs of development over here, in fact only the other day, Lady Archibald Campbell appeared in a Trouser dress at Lady Holland's garden party. My wife has been taking numerous orders for the costume and in nearly every case does she receive letters of approval from the ladies to whom she has sent them, saying they are so comfortable that they will not return to corsets and petticoats again, which I think speaks for itself.

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
Chas. J. Brownjohn.

Burlington, Ia.

Editors Herald:

I sincerely hope that many will attend the first S. S. S. Conclave and wish that every woman there would make up her mind forthwith to have a suit with trousers, to wear around and about her home, at least, and each one can try to improve upon all the various styles seen at the exposition. Woman will eventually wear trousers or pantaloons, long or short, full or narrow, according to the shape and taste of the woman. This reform is only a question of time. How jolly it will be for the coming generation, when corsets, bustles, false bosoms, miserable shoes and every other monstrosity stuck upon the female form, will be done away with. Imagine the 'Venus of Milo' decked out in these articles of dress, and the women of to day actually think they are civilized.

With pleasant greetings to you all,
Your friend,
Cornelia Boecklin

San Francisco, Aug. 23-83.

My Dear Mrs. Stow:

I much regret that my time is so occupied with the cares of my profession, that it will be impossible for me to call a convention of the Suffragists for the date mentioned. I have a very important case in Butte County which is set for trial for the 3rd prox., and its hearing will require several days.

"Woman's Herald of Industry" (how suggestive!) is just now laid upon my table. You know, brave heart, that I do not admire your short dress doctrine and other pet themes of yours, but I do admire your stern unyielding devotion to ideas you believe valuable.

Wishing you abiding succes in all that is true and good, I am sincerely your friend,

Clara S. Foltz.

Vineland, N. J., Aug. 25-83

Dear Sisters of the Order:

The Atlantic Sisterhood send greeting and cheer to the Pacific Sisterhood, in Conclave assembled. Would that I could be with you in person as I shal be in spirit. But, as it is impossible *this year* to look on your expressive faces, hear your earnest voices and respond from the fulnes of this soul imbued with universal and helpful love, I send warm wishes for your happy progres, coupled with the hope that a future occasion may blend our verbal councils. Much good wil accrue, I trust, from your resolves, measures and mutual understandings made at this meeting. In these times of critical transitions, performed duty must be our pleasure, the inner voice "wel done," our reward. We who hav the truth, owe a great work to thoughtles contemporaries—we must bring proven facts and pure examples to the rising generation and wel established philosophy of the laws of life to coming ages. Knowledge must renovate the ignorant masses; health supersede disease; rectitude banish vice and squeamish sentimentality.

The power and pulse and rythem of woman's work has just begun a prelude to a grander symphony which wil grow louder and stronger as the years file down the centuries and so again I wish you goodspeed, with an overland hand-clasp and heart-clasp.

Mary E. Tillotson.

New York, Aug. 23-83.

Dear Friends:

Can it be that three years have been told upon Time's rosary since I heard of your S. S. S.? It must be, and so I send my tripple greeting and bespeak for your first triennial a grand success. If it is not grand and imposing numerically, that is no sign but that the next gathering will be all that the most sanguine could desire. Many tired women's faces will be turned towards the setting sun on the 4th of Sep. '83. Many hearts will throb with a great hope that a new day has had birth in the annals of woman's upward and onward march, from slavery to freedom, from fetters to liberty, on the 4th of Sep. '83. May the spirit of Progress swing the censer and the thrill of determined endeavor stir every heart to action is the earnest wish of,

Truly Yours,
Amelia C. Clark.

Schofield, Wis., Aug. 19-'83.

Mrs. Stow.

Dear Sister: I am a sincere worker for the cause of woman's enfranchisement. Should like much to be present at your "Social Science Conclave," but cannot. I wish you success and forward my competitive Short Dress. Have long felt that, until women are brought to a realizing sense of the necessity of being known by their own names, and wearing clothes that allow the free use of every muscle of the body, we will continue to be subjects of a male aristocracy—instead of citizens with all the rights of citizenship.

With a cordial greeting to the assembled Sisterhood I remain

Your Co-worker
Almedia B. Gray

Mrs. Deborah Powers, of the house of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburg, N. Y., is the oldest banker in the United States, being 93 years of age.

GRAND TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE

of the American
SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD
and
DRESS REFORM EXHIBITION,
Held in San Francisco Sept. 4-83.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Dear Friends and Sisters of the Order:

Welcome! thrice welcome! on this our *third* anniversary, and the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America. Upon this auspicious occasion, it is appropriate and fitting that we take a retrospective glance, and note what has been accomplished by the Society since the hour of its birth: to see how many children it has born, directly and indirectly; how many are living, how many are dead; to see what we have done in our steady onward march, faithful to our constitution and principles.

Our first born, was Rev. Horatio Stebbins, mixed Social Science child, composed of men and women, and never a vigorous infant, altho cradled and nourished at the Palace Hotel, is dead and buried. Ira P. Rankin says it died of inanition an epidemic disease among infant societies in San Francisco. This "indirect" child never drew sustenance from the breast of the Order, which accounts for its early dissolution. Our second prodigal a "direct," born of our loins, is the California Silk Culture Association. It was nourished at the breast of the parent society for three months, and in consequence is a robust child, and tho born a *female*, has, since it cast its chrysalis, donned a masculine head, but retains a mixed-body politic.

Our third-born, "Society of Decorative Art," was cradled in the bosom of Social Science for four months, is also a thriving and promising daughter. She, thirsting for mother's milk, has come and located under the ægis of Social Science and is doing much good in educating women and girls, in all ranks of life, in ideas of the beautiful and useful in the realm of Fine Art. We are proud of our "direct" Third.

Again are we called upon to mourn. Our fourth born, "direct," Woman's Protective League, is also in its ceremonts. It died of inflation. A twenty-five room house was too much for such a small child. Peace to its ashes! Our Fifth was a Unity Club at South San Francisco, which died with out a groan in the sweet blossom of babyhood. Our sixth, "direct", Woman's Medical College, is bravely stemming the tide with all sails set. We fill its canvass with our very best wishes. Last, our seventh, "direct," and we hope not least, is Woman's Club. Seven wayward children, all told, that owe their origin to the C. W. S. S. A., and nothing can explain it away. The four living societies are all working separately and competitively instead of co-operatively and unitedly. The seven do not include our dead æsthetic-half, which left our ranks in a solid phalanx, forty strong, and has long since given up the ghost.

Why this disintegration? you ask. What is the reason that we do not work together for the well-being of humanity, for the benefit of our worthy women and girls, to "*make them do what they can*;" in other words to show them the way of life and the way of success in life? I will tell you why: It is the want of human development. People who have grown large by doing for others are willing to work with all, rich or poor, bond or free. It is the little *isms* that dwarf women's and men's work. The individual greed of place, without first earning it, by a life of consecration, of money, time, influence, to the great cause of humanity. There will come a better civilization when all will work together as Christ and his disciples did, for the good of the whole, and Social Science is the agent that will amalgavate all their contending forces and make of them one grand republic of effort. The necessity of women's banding themselves together in a Simon-pure *woman* movement, must be patent to the most superficial observer. Men have long known the value of combination, and their combinations have, in nearly every instance, put up the bars in woman's face. The S. S. S. is an organization for the encouragement and protection of labor in woman's hands; to do away with sex caste in every department of handicraft, clerkship, science and art; to teach girls the importance of application and thoroughness in whatever they undertake to do, that if but one day's work is called for in one place, that that one day's work should be well done and reflect credit upon the performer, instead of, as is too often the case, *discredit*.

Second, The growing immorality of the times, in which women are the greatest and principle sufferers: Society is a sufferer, but women as a class are the ones who are hopelessly blighted by its ravages. Therefore women as a class, must band themselves together and forge chains to fetter this monster Lust, which enters the sacred arcana of their homes with a destruction more terrible than dynamite. How are women going to reform this flesh-eating, fashion-polluting, whisky-drinking, tobacco-poisoned, adulterated-food nourished people? By going back to a more primitive mode of life; by adorning the mind instead of deforming the body; by cultivating the intellect instead of cultivating corns, wasp waists, disease and debauchery, for the enrichment of merchants and doctors, and the peopling of asylums and mad houses.

The hour has struck for action, for turn whichever way you will, the air is full of social revolution. The civil service reform *chivalry* declares that "it is unfair to allow women to compete with men before the Examining Board" at Washington. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that nearly all male clerks and laborers are opposed to woman-labor on the same ground that they are opposed to Chinese and convict-labor. Man's labor is organized labor, *power*, woman's labor is unorganized labor, *helplessness*. Men are large, women are small. Without systematic organizations, women can do nothing. The members of the Tripple S. Order are determined to rouse to enthusiasm and determination all women workers, be they factory hands, shop girls, seamstresses or compositors, to form themselves into Labor Unions, for, as unorganized individuals they will be wholly at the mercy of their employers, and we all know what that means. The members of the Woman Shoe-Maker's Union, of Milwaukee, are paid the same wages as men for work equally well done, simply because they have made themselves a power thru combination, and the Brotherhood of Telegraphers admit women on the same terms as men.

Every skilled foreign artisan is welcomed here while our native-born boys and girls are not allowed to learn trades, but are sent adrift as hoodlums, made subjects for Industrial Schools, Magdaline Asylums and penitentiaries. This is the wise policy pursued by some of the Trade Unions.

How much longer is the illiterate foreigner to take precidence in labor and political freedom of the high-born women of America? Until women themselves, put aside their individual smallness and act together in a solid phalanx of feminine strength. Until this is done, we can hope for but small advance, for the privilege of casting a vote on election day lifts the meanest and vilest man above the very best and purest of women. This very circumstance demonstrates how important to

(Continued sixth page.)

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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.
Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 5

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

Many people ar slow to see both the need of change and the influence of it &wrongly interpret the independence of mind that freedom of body gives. They hav not even learned that the warped, encumbered body limits the scope of mind, diverts it from right conclusions; and that its slavery begins when it consents to the body's impediments. Inaction and reaction, they mutualy aid or injure. Some of my real friends here amid the bustle of creating a village, advised me to take time to write explanatory articles for the home paper, and refute false impressions evil ones were circulating about me; they had heard the remark that doubtless I was a free lover and would not marry the best of men. I replied that to silence scandal I would not write a word or speak but *two*; they were, *watch me;* and I would ask but five years to compel the whole town's respect, and its acknowledgment too. As to love, if the inquisitive would consult me, I'd frankly assure them that it was impossible to bind or sway or free mine by any power but my reason; that was free monarch of my faculties: free to refuse approaches, and would never again accept "from the best of men" a relation touching on my love or making me another's property. This reply was reported, and really seemed to discourage gosip and create esteem. But four years passed til the prophesied acknowledgment was verified, and my "never forgotten trousers" were declared the eclipse preventing my shining the star of society. I have met this that, to most minds is the "mount of temptation"—that has been the evil victory over so many would-have-bin dres reformers, in every place I've spent some little time in. It is the great argument of friends and wealthy cousins in the outset, and has never tempted me a moment. The man who interceded with me here (dont know as to his being delegated) was very intelligent and learned, and the inducements were ably laid out, gifts conceded to me, and glory promised; I heard him thro, then he heard me. My reasons for rejecting were in substance what I had given before, and hav since; and my pleaders hav all left me, praying that all that was great and good might bles me in my course. The answer, given here in a picture of life, contrasting evil and good, belongs in this connection, and confessing some diffidence, I repeat it, knowing the delusive appeal wil henceforth be made to thousands, in like experiences. I said, let us scrutinize fashionable life, the respectability of the times, and by its merits judge of its claims on humanity's welwishers, the would be wel-workers for universal happiness. He said, "very good, please give me your views." You are aware that our commerce, a basic institution, ignores the equable principles of a Democracy, of the constitution that established our government, and is a coiled chain of speculation, every link of which has a false side; and that other customs, public and private, the vast range of profligacy and prostitution, are in accord with it; and the interested sustainers of them all confes they live by a system of fraud, "Yes." You ar aware that the fashion speculation which makes the consuming of goods the price which fills its vaults, the main care amounting to a manis, of women, is the most heartles and destructive of all; that it wrecks the general health thro motherhood, taints the general morals thro entailed disease, dwarfs all courage and honor thro enfeebled bodies and minds; and by the common devastation of integrity, stimulates tyranic and fraudulent schemes, and renders difficult every noble aim of preserving the little liberty in our land. "Yes." You are aware that in the industrial line, constrictions round vital organs, deforming the waist, and conflicting skirtage requiring undue effort, ar exhaustion of force that no human ought to suffer. "Yes." Now we will look at the societary aspect where your appeal infringes. You ar aware that conformity to fashions's latest call for styles demanding fresh outlays, which has been sole regard for goods vender's gains, to the cost and sacrifice of women, the goods wasters, is the mean, arbitrary pasport to society, the rigid rules of which in the interests of avaricious trade, compel women seeking approval to barter for it their own and the population's health, temperance, moral stamina, and incur broadcast misery, poverty, and complex slavery. "Yes, all that is literaly true." Consequently, this society, seeming of value to you, has no higher aim than emulation, strife for caste, and display of vanity; is in alliance with all shams; pretentious show is its ethics and aesthetics, for its votaries (victims) knowingly countenance the use of debasing stimulants and intoxicants, a different standard of honor for each sex, if there is one for man, giving libertinism, large opportunity, and not fortifying innocence against its wiles, then cruelly consigns the betrayed to dens where fashion finishes its homicide; while in slow suicide votaries go on decorating the mountain of wrongs with inviting luxuries of wealth, and increasing its attractions with literary skil, eloquence, and music. Is not this also true? "Too true, alas! but that mountain covers the world, its wrongs environ us; how ar they to be abolished?" By non-conformity—reason out what is right, and grasp power to practice it; soon as sure of a right, live it, soon as sure of a wrong, leav it; this empowers and inspires with vigor and joy that paves and lights life's path tho toiled over alone. "And is this the secret of your power and even happiness?" It is a cause which I make as public as possible, and only a secret where not comprehended. "Tis a pity that ignorance makes it a secret." Pity, ignorance and secret, I labor to banish by living and teaching hygiene and ethics—numbers so living would make broad inroads on shams, and widen to States. Now I think you perceive it possible to carve a course of truth in spite of crowding falsenes. "I see it is for you." Then, even on the low estimate of the mass that presumes it impossible to another, which path shal I follow and lay this life's tribute upon,—the one you point, and there, mid lurking vice and gilded fraud, assay to diffuse wholesome vivacity and honest purpose, to make the veneer of the rough old mountain brighter; throw gems of tho't on squeamishnes, roses of kindnes on delusions, that they may lure more wayfarers to nets that spring o'er pits of sorrows; and help prolong degrading customs, with conscience agonizing and scorn of self consuming a shameful soul, as shackles corrode a tortured body;—or shal I walk my chosen way with open brow and blest spirit; with strong hand and mind to aid the right when most needed, and make a clean, even, tho' toil and trial-filled path the proof that truth traveled it; leave beacons on its hights and way marks all along, assurance of its safety to those who seek goodnes and shun evil? "Follow your own clear light, I would not divert you if it were possible."

VINELAND, N. J.

The Queen of Madagascar, dissatisfied with the manner in which her police administered the liquor laws, recently appointed a corps of special police consisting of women, and there are no more complaints of the law being evaded.

AGITATE, EDUCATE, ORGANIZE.

SECRATARY'S REPORT.

The second annual Conference of the C. W. S. S. A. was held in the parlors of the S. S. S., 304 Stockton street, on the 6th and 7th of Sept., 1882. The meeting opened with words of welcome from the President, Mrs. Stow, in which she expressed her satisfaction in the success of the work done, directly and indirectly, through the instrumentality of the Order, during the past year, and her faith in the possibilities of a future development and fruitage of hopes and plans now in embryo.

The sessions were well attended and much interest awakened in Social Science. The two prize essays, Bread and Labor, were followed by animated discussion. One gentleman who took part, said he was from the country and that he was pleasurably dissapointed, for he had imagined that the Sisterhood was composed of dissapointed old maids, shrewish wives and grass widows, who met once a year for the sole purpose of rating the men who had the hardihood to listen to them; but instead, he found rare food for thought and valuable suggestions for improved homes, hygienic clothing, food, purity of life and a higher standard of mentality, advocated; said he was in perfect sympathy with the movement and wished it a hearty God-speed. A lady speaking of bread and its effect upon the mind, said, "A maker of the staff of life should be careful to keep in a harmonious frame of mind during the process of forming the loaves because the spirit was molded in, and if the person was out of humor or in mental trouble, the bread would be of an inferior quality; that to be a happy and prosperous people, we must have serene and sympathetic breadmakers."

At a special session there was organized a Woman's National Social Science League. President, Mrs. J. W. Stow, Vice President, Clemence S. Lozies, M. D., Hon. Secretary, S. Gertie Smyth—with the following preamble:

The time has come when women, working for the salvation of the body and the industrial education of their own sex, *must* have a united and definite plan of action, and a fearless outspoken *National* organ to *emphasize* that action, and this plan is the "Woman's National Social Science League," and the permanently established National Organ, "WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY." California (a woman's name) is destined to be the *woman's state* in the great federation. Here her out-door kingdom will be established in a propitious clime of perpetual summer.

An Annual Congress will be held in one of the large cities of the Union each year, and every third year will be held a Grand Triennial Conclave—the first in San Francisco, Sep. 1883, when it is hoped that every state will be represented by a delegate.

It cannot be too often repeated that the Woman's National Social Science League is organized for the purpose of creating a real bond of united effort among women, to free woman from legal and self-imposed slavery, and to emancipate her physically and industrially from the time honored "curse."

Mrs. Stow will occupy the presidential chair and choose her own cabinet of officers, up to Sep. 1886. She does this because woman's social science has taken firm root in her brain, and because she has but *one single occupation*, the development of *Woman's* social science—which differs from *Man's* social science in many ways.

The work of the Order, as originally planned by its founder, has gone steadily forward. During the last twelve months she has held meetings in San Jose and Stockton, organizing a large social science society in the latter city. There has been taught in the S. S. S. College of Industry, typesetting, dressmaking physical culture, dress reform and the dignity of labor in woman's hands. Remunerative positions have been obtained for many of the pupils.

Money is greatly needed to open up other departments in this school, which puts the staff of support into the hands of our daughters—which

(Continued seventh page.)

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ADDIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell. Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Whshington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress, worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

The New York papers speak of Miss Faithfull's lecture on "The Best Society" as an earnest plea for fine culture, noble thinking and unselfish, useful living. She urged women in particular to study hard, to know something well, and to master things as well as books, and books for the sake of things.

(Continued from fourth page.)

the welfare of the entire human family is the enfranchisement of woman. Men who see with their eyes and hear with their ears, know that the enfranchisement of woman is a near and inevitable necessity—if this nation is to be perpetuated intact. Then why longer delay? Women are as capable of exercising the franchise to-day as they will be twenty years from to-day, for an acquired power is rapidly developed. The municipal franchise has given to English women a recognized status, in public and private life, which is making itself felt in the moral education of the nation. The false double standard, morality for women and immorality for men, resulting in every form of licentiousness, is being displaced for the true standard *morality*—which knows no sex. Large numbers of men, in all ranks of life, are pledging themselves to purity of life in England.

SOCIAL SCIENCE TEACHES

That we have got to go back to a more primitive way of life, if we mean to shun the fate of older civilizations that have lapsed into effeminacy, decay and death from their luxurious and debauched practices. We must pause upon the brink and question: Why are our poor houses, mad-houses and penetentiaries swarming with indigence, insanity and crime? Why have we become a nation of adulterators and adulterates? The answer is plain: The insatiate thirst for place and power; the unequal distribution of wealth: living above and beyond our means; the monstrous demands of Fashion; these constitute the cause.

Our own sins and the sins of our fathers and grandfathers adulterate the blood of our children, and this adulterated blood is nourished with adulterated food. What marvel that theft, insanity, rape, murder and open revolt is on the increase? Will this headlong nation pause and think? No! What is to be done then? What will save us, our children, and our children's children? Nothing but the separation of the clean from the unclean. How is this to be accomplished?

THRU AND BY CO OPERATION.

We must gather ourselves together in communities and associate homes, and practice temperance in all things. Eat only that which will nourish the blood, without inflaming it; drink nothing stronger than water and clothe the body in healthful raiment. In other words, prodigal as we are, return to mother Nature and obey her laws—*implicitly*. Then we shall need no physicians, no poisonous drugs, no orphan, insane and idiot asylums, no penetentiaries, poor houses, reformatories and grog shops; no police, no courts of justice.

Isaac B. Bumford has founded such a colony in Southern California, and named it Joyful, where they follow the teachings of Genesis, which says, "Eat only of fruit, nuts, grain or the product of tree and herb", but nothing of cooking, milk or making of butter sugar, salt, soda or other tissue-destroying compounds. They call their mode of nourishment "The Edenic" or "Natural Food Diet," and Mr. Rumford, who was an invalid before he adopted it and is now in robust health, says, "Let me regulate the food of mankind, and I will agree to fight at least half the battles of reform, for the cause will be half won." These continent oases in the desert of licentiousness, these well-springs of purity among the lava-beds of uncurbed passions, will be the alpha of a new day, in the history of the western world.

It is a notable fact that the healthiest and longest lived people are non-flesh eaters. Says an eminent writer, "The only reason in the world why mankind use the flesh of animals for nourishment, aside from habit, is because they do not yet know how to prepare vegetable products so as to obtain from them all their nourishing properties. It is a childish condition of the race which will ultimately be outgrown. Half the science and art which have been expended in learning how to prepare flesh for food, will teach us how to prepare vegetables so that they will nourish us much better and give us more pleasure and higher health. Here is a field for the scientist hardly occupied as yet."

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, has eaten no flesh meat for many years, and is opposed to all poisons—alcoholic, narcotic, and vaccine, and the number of abstainers from flesh meat is large and increasing in size daily, owing to the growing interest in the study of the laws of health. It is well understood that physical life might continue, without any disturbance of illness, up to old age, if the conditions on which it depends were completely fulfilled. Follow the advice given in the *Herald of Health* which says:

GIVE UP MEDICINES.

How precious is health! Wealth, honor, luxury, associations and friendship are of less value than health! Thousands of highly educated persons exclaim: "I would give ALL *for health*!" Multitudes who can talk intelligibly of nebulæ, leucocites, monads, and of equations have become a trial to themselves and their friends, are fretful, hysterical, sensational, and even lax in morality! What is to be done? First, stop medicines of all sorts! Give up the gauntlet of tonics, stimulants, alteratives, sedatives, diaphoretics, antispasmodics, diuretics and neurotics, which have been applied in every conceivable way to the gastro-pulmonary and genito-urinary surfaces, to the nasal and serous membranes and external skin. Give up your liver-pads, supporters, specifics and relate yourself properly to nature's matera medica! Give up your blue-mass, quinine; iron, ipecac, opium, chloral and bromides and you have made the right start!

Now try to take hope into your soul! *Believe* you may become *well, vigorous* and *useful*, for it is true, the most of you are curable.

Second, put yourselves in proper relation to "deep breathing." sun-light, food, dress, sleep, motion, rest, water, and self-hood! Do this at home, or in the best institution you know, it will make no difference, only so you *continue* and *persevere* in doing it.

Social Science teaches the value of

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

As a nation we are fast coming to be the victims of nervous diseases of every sort; but it is only because we refuse our jaded and over-worked bodies the relaxation and exercise they imperatively demand. William Cullen Bryant's eighty-four years of constant labor were due largely to his hour of gymnastics each morning. The school-girl just as much as the school-boy needs regular gymnastic training, daily exercise and much of it, in the open air, on foot, on horseback and in the boat. And herein lies the key to the success of the education of women.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says of the compulsory physical exercises in schools: "They should form a part of the programme of every school for boys and girls, and should be insisted upon just as regularly as Latin and mathematics."

Bertha von Hillern affirms that with a year's training, she could bring ninety out of one hundred delicate women into a healthy and vigorous condition. She says every woman under fifty ought to be able to walk two miles without excessive fatigue, and compares American ladies with their English sisters, who think nothing of tramping eight or ten miles a day for a "constitutional."

There is not only too little systematic effort made to educate girls' bodies into supple robustness, and to give stamina and buoyancy to their constitutions, but there is, too commonly, positive education in ill health given to them. Very much that is most carefully done for girls is productive of ill health, weakness, and want of stamina. The care given to the complexion, for example, by which too many mothers mean only the whiteness of the skin, commonly consists of restraints which break down the nervous system, impair vitality, and invite invalidism.

Beauty of form and face must be natural to be lasting. The famous beauty, Diane de Pottier, preserved her suppleness and youthful freshness for nearly seventy years. Brantome, who was a connoisseur in women, saw her a few months before her death, declared her to have been so handsome that the most adamantine heart could not have been insensible to her personal fascinations. "When I met her," he adds "she had been riding on horseback, and she keeps her seat as firmly and gracefully as she kept it in early years." Her enemies, of whom she had many, declared that she retained her extraordinary charms by practicing the sorcerer's art. The sole necromancy, she employed was uniform amiability, daily baths, regular habits and vigorous exercises. She never used any kind of cosmetic, and detested artificiality in all forms. She rose early every morning, took a cold bath, mounted her horse, and rode for an hour. If women of the present day would woo nature and reject artifice, they would not look old and haggard at forty. There is more virtue in cold water, sunshine, out door exercise, and a tranquil mind than all the poisonous cosmetics that have ever been made. The Empress of Austria maintains a robust constitution by an early morning sea-bath followed by an hour's practice upon the trapeze. French ladies are learning fencing. At Deauville there is a fencing room, where many ladies, prettily and coquettishly dressed, already display proficiency with the foils.

French people have almost a romantic love for physical exercise, owing to their natural vivacity, nimbleness and out-door life. The national standard (about five feet seven inches) is the height best calculated to contain all the elements of strength without superfluous weight. The attitudes and exertions of fencing are conducive to the most symmetrical, physical development. Sir Everand Home says of this beautiful art. "Of all the different modes in which the body can be exercised, there is none, in my judgment, that is capable of giving strength and elasticity, as well as precision, to the action of all the voluntary muscles of the body in an equal degree as the pratice of fencing, and none more conducive to bodily health." The most eminent physicians highly recommend the art as an admirable exercise for ladies, as well as for gentlemen.

The Professor of a fashionable ladies' gymnasium in New York, recently said to a reporter, "My pupils belong to the very *best* society in the city. In this school there are daughters of Senators and Congressmen and wives of men who can sign their names to a certified check for a million." One Fifth Avenue belle can leap almost twelve feet from a standing start; there is another who can put the shot within an ace of W. B. Curtis, the champion; and as for boxing and fencing, why, there are a number that neither I nor my assistants can give any points to. They are all determination and muscle, and could thrash a dozen roughs if attacked in the street.

Physiologists and practitioners are becoming convinced that "*motion* is the principle agent in the whole process of life," and that systematic muscular exercise is one of the best means for influencing the vital actions of the body. But in order to make it a real health-preserving and health-restoring means, the gymnastic exercises must be performed *every* day or even *several times* a day.

We are beginning to have representative

WOMEN WHO SWIM, ROW AND RUN.

Martin Payne, a boat renter on Harlem river, said, "There are six girls who come up here to row every summer. They have got an old barge which draws almost as much water as the Great Eastern, and the way they make it spin through the water is a caution. One is called the queen of the river, and she swims up to High Bridge every day, and improves in flesh by so doing. The other morning a man fell into the river, while she was floating on her back with the tide, fifty yards away, but she heard the splash and swam up stream and caught hold of the old fellow as he was sinking for the third time and brought him, at arm's length, to the boat house and rolled him up the platform like a porpoise. Why, that girl can bring shells and pebbles in thirty-foot water!"

"You would be surprised (writes a New York correspondent) at the number of girls who are expert and daring swimmers—Murray Hill daughters of from fifteen to twenty summers, who walk cooly down to the breakers, follow out the receding sweep of water till they meet an incoming "roller," then poise themselves on tip toe, stretch their brown arms above their heads and plunge headlong into the wall of water just as it is about to break and dash down upon them. With a seething sound the crest of the wave shoots upward, combs over gracefully, thunders down upon the beach, and goes back with a roar, and Miss Murray Hill is seen floating at her ease out beyond the line of breakers."

With the ancients, cold baths and swimming were highly appreciated. Homer describes how the heroes of Greece refreshed themselves in rivers and lakes, and Herodotus, how the inhabitants of the Greek islands made daring leaps from the rocks into the sea, and distinguished themselves by swimming and diving. Byron swam across the Hellespont; Clias across Lake Geneva; Webb carried out the wonderful achievement of swimming across the English Channel, and Miss Agnes Beckwith, an English girl, recently swam eighteen miles from Sandy Hook nearly to Rockaway. She would have reached the latter only the tide set against her.

No city is well schooled which lacks swimming schools, where children can be early instructed, by competent teachers, in this important branch of education.

A portion of the bay at North Beach should be enclosed with a floating fence, for a safe place for ladies and children to learn the art of rowing and swimming. This in connection with the Lick Baths would be a real blessing to this city.

Rowing, as well as swimming, is a splendid chest exercise. The long, even swing, with the elbows close to the sides, head erect and every muscle in play, is all that the most ardent admirer of Calisthenics could desire. Among the numerous appliances for expanding the chest, none of them excel or equal, rowing—as the queens of the oar on Lake Merrit, Oakland, Cal., will testify.

"As soon as children are expert in walking, turning and the like," says the sagacious Frank, "running races under proper precautions is an excellent exercise for them." The principal objects of this exercise are to strengthen the limbs, develop the lungs, exercise the will and promote the circulation of the blood. Running was so highly esteemed by the old Greeks, that Homer observed that no man could acquire greater fame than by being strong in his hands, feet and limbs; Plato recommends running, not only to boys and girls, but to men; Seneca, who expresses strong disapprobation of athletics, recommends running to Lucilius for exercise. Running strengthens the lungs, and gives tone to the whole system.

In ancient Greece, girls were trained to run races as well as boys, and to their superb physical culture was in great part due the grandeur and beauty of Greek life during the years of their ascendency. But the modern style of dress for girls, after puberty, is entirely unsuited for running, as was shown the other day at the Forrester's picnic, at Shell Mound Park, Oakland, Cal., when long-skirted girls, wives and widows ran for prizes. They were all hamstrung alike, therefore there were no "odds." People cannot make good time in running with their legs in a bag.

Men must run to be put into thoroughly good wind. There is no known exercise adequate to this result but this one, says a high English authority. Tom Sayers found this out when he used to trot fifteen miles a day. Our oarsmen one after another are finding it out, and it looks as if the man who wants to row Edward Hanlan down must also find it out, and that without a day's delay.

WHAT ARE WOMEN DOING TO DAY?

The tenth census shows that 2,432 are physicians, 2,061 artists, 1,820 actresses, 320 authors, 288 journalists, 272 commercial travelers and 154,375 teachers, besides the great army of craftswomen, book-keepers, etc., etc.

With sensible women, the day of doll-babyism has forever past. The dwarfing of brain and body by hedge-rows of diamonds and networks of satins and laces is losing its charm in the higher forms of civilization. The love of glittering ornaments is but the symbol of a barbarism which finds its parallel only among the Kaffirs and Hottentots of Africa and the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. The aristocracy of intellect, in the realms of Reason and Common Sense, is being weighed in the balance with gold and musty pedigree. Brain power in women is being recognized, and rich men's daughters are finding it out. Prof. Maria Mitchell thus voices this fact.

"If there is any class of women for whom I have a deep compassion, it is the unmarried and unoccupied daughters of rich men; all the more do I pity them, if, as often happens, they are born with a good deal of brain power. I shudder as I recall the speech of the editor of a widely read newspaper: "The first duty of a woman is to be ornamental in the parlor." That is, she is to be the marble Clytie or Psyche that stands on the bracket! For such young women there is only the slow change of the ages; the conversion of public sentiment, or a struggle to which hardly any one is equal. In most cases she

"Suffers, recoils; then, thirsty and despairing
Of what she would, descends and sips the
nearest draught."

But the age of all

WOMEN'S EMANCIPATION

from all sorts of slavery, is at hand. Heretofore the years have been all-conquering; but they shall conquer us no more. We are becoming too strong to be longer enslaved by circumstance; too womanly to accept parts in the theatre of life assigned us by other actors. We no longer accept with servile gratitude such as we can get. We take our own. Adverse winds are howling about us with chilling deadliness, but they will not harm us. There be human bodies like Memnon's statue that give forth their truest and greatest melody under the rush of the mightiest tempest. The world is coming to be full of such women; full of souls brimmed and overflowing with the tremulous anger and long borne injury culminating at last in desperate revolt against the tyranny of laws, which they have had no voice in making; against the tyranny of custom, which assigns them an inferior place in the world's activities; against the tyranny of fashion, which enslaves and belittles them. These are the women who defy old-time usages and rush ahead in spite of covert sneers and open ridicule; women in whose hearts the flame of eternal purpose is forever burning; women who scorn fear; women so panoplied with courage that they are as secure from danger as the unchained winds in the lightning's track.

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It is a ringing monograph on dress reform.—[Inter Ocean.

Trenchant truths in a pleasant style. We commend it.—*Woman at Work*

It is thoughtful, practical, entertaining in every paragraph.—Hartford *Globe*.

The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal*.

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The most exquisite assortment of every line of household furniture, school outfit and invalid-chairs, are displayed at G. H. Fuller's, 19 New Montgomery-st.

Buy the Dietz Dust-Pan—an invaluagem, invented by a woman—that no good housekeeper should be without for a day. Also the Dietz Patent Cream Receiver—a marvel of neatness and convience.

The S. S. S. use, and recommend them, and the 17th Industrial Exhibition of the S. F. Mechanics' Institute awarded the inventors a handsome bronz medal, and a diploma for the most beautiful, original, floral design.

Gentlemen in searc h of the latest style in Gents Furnishing Goods will find exactly what they want. breakfast suits, business suits, hunting suits, wedding suits and price to suit at NICOLL THE TAILOR'S, 818 Market Street, S. F.

Take your bullion to Prof. Price, 524 Sacram'to-st; Voice-Culture to Prof. Ross, St. Anns Bldg; Ornimental Painting to Hopps & Sons; Go to Healds, 24 Post, for a Commercial Education; W. T. Colemans', Market, for Shipping information and your House Building and Carpentry to Robinson & Gillespie, 317 Sutter St.

The Shaker Ear and Eye Balsam is very highly and deservedly recommended.

Bank at the San Francisco Savings Union, the safest place in the state.

Trumbull's, 421 Sansome-st is the best place to buy seeds and bulbs on the coast.

Special attention is called to the admirable books advertised in the Herald.

The safest Safes and best Automatic Time Clocks on the coast, can be seen at Hall's 511 and 513 California-st, S. F.

Patronize "Sunny Cove Baths," Alameda. The Dietz sisters proprietors.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 304 Stockton-st., San Francisco.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the Herald.

educates them for honorable careers, instead of for uncertain positions which they may never be called upon to fill. Land has been given for a Summer School, upon condition that it be occupied by the first of May 1884, and we hope this valuable property will not be lost to us thru lack of means to improve it. The age demands that every inducement should be offered to women and girls to start out in life with a fixed and determined idea to be producers rather than pauper-consumers; to mark out paths that lead to financial success.

The S. S. S. Order is but three years old, and yet from its prolific loins have sprung children of comely growth. Silk Culture and Decorative Art are Social Science children. It is a co-operative Order and reaches out a firm strong hand to all other Societies and Orders, and desires to become affiliate with them, in all progressive thought and the upward and onward march of all that is ennobling in the sisterhood of Woman, in the brotherhood of Man.

A deep and permanent interest has been awakened in the Order throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. This has been effected thru the wide circulation of its Organ, Woman's Herald of Industry and Social Science Co-operation. Each month its warm heart-throb is felt in thousands of homes. It is a fearless mouth-piece for all who dare speak out for the right, and *favoritism* is unknown in its columns. It has vivified a national and international interest in the vital question, Dress Reform.

The Tripple S Costume, invented by the President, has been adopted and worn by other ladies, who pronounce it the *ne plus ultra* of comfort and convenience. The Scientific Dress, invented and worn for more than thirty years by Mary E Tillotson, of Vineland, N. J., is receiving marked attention, and the history of dress reform from the trenchant pen of its inventor, together with the able articles of Celia B. Whitehead, of Bloomfield, N. J., are doing much to rouse women to the study of the clothes they wear—to see where the shoe pinches, where the corset squeezes and the petticoat draggles.

Quietly, as the flow of a deep river, has this complex Social Science work, moved on and on since our last annual; much seed has been scattered in fertile soil and the harvest in the telling years will be plenteous. No effort, with fundamental principles strong and deep, can fail to succeed. But we need something beside money: We need women who will consecrate their *whole* lives to this work, as our President does. Women who will not only work without pay and feed and clothe themselves but who will put money into the work, as a gift in perpetuity to industry, for the benefit of women for all time. Where are those women? We stand here and call to the East, to the West, to the North, to the South, "Come up and help us!" Lend words of cheer; send financial aid if it be only ten cents—that will buy a pane of glass to put in our summer-school house. Remember this work is to uplift Woman—to make her strong and certain instead of weak and vacillating. Remember that we must stand shoulder to shoulder and back to back all along the line and down the center, if we would be strong and at our best in the broad field of Social Science.

Much is being done in various departments of general Social Science, thru Institutes of Heredity, Moral Educational Societies, etc., but ever bear in mind that the work of this Order is special and sacred to the unfoldment of the executive ability of Woman, to her advancement thru her own efforts, not propped up and supported by others. We have struggled handicapped for the want of means for the last three years, to get our plans before the people, but the struggle has brought with it valuable experience, perseverance, enthusiasm and courage necessary for success. The central idea to which we have and shall ever hold fast, is help to all classes and conditions of women; to show them how to best help themselves and by their example stimulate others to do and act for themselves *independently*.

To those who clamor for larger results we would say: Let us be patient. Haste means weakness, and much better can we afford to plod on in quiet and obscurity for another trinity of years, than to deviate one jot or tittle from the idea with which we started. We may still act as a hot-bed for other societies to get started in, and then become independent transplants, and yet not falter in our course. This Social Science tree in *futuro*, brought over the mountain and planted on this sun-kissed slope, has taken strong root and its banyan-branches are spreading far and near.

Respectfully submitted,
S. Gertie Smyth.

OUR WOMEN.

To the fact that our women are not well nourished by plain and substantial food, we add another, that they over-work and, we can account for the somewhat anomalous fact that woman's physical condition does not improve with the advance of science and popular education. While it is true that she is overtaxed or overtaxes herself, from a kind of servile regard to customs and a desire for exhibition, a needless and false display, it is yet still more evident that care, anxiety, undue solicitude and excitement are doing a still more fearful work of sapping the foundation of female health. It is a well known fact that the heavy, non-excitable German and Dutch females are able to perform much exhaustive labor, toil, working on their muscle and "not on their nerves." To us they may seem plodders, and yet an astonishing amount of labor is performed in the long day, continued year after year till old age arrives. Indeed the labor of the self-poised is not exhaustive toil, but symmetrical development, really adding force and stamina.

They have more muscle and bone, solid and firm; we, more brain, nerve, excitability, *vim*, *go-ahead*. We "crowd on steam" and are running the machinery of this wonderful mechanism at a fearfully destructive rate of speed. We have an especially excitable, nervous temperament. Our *young* women are beautiful, but their beauty too often fades soon after assuming the cares of a family. They are in *haste*, more governed by the clock than by judgment. They "time" themselves and expect their labor to be completed "on time," that is, before dinner, so that the after-noon may be given to fancy-work and the like. There is often a fated idea that "some one is coming and will find them in the suds" or out of order. Having "company" is a great event, one demanding toilsome cooking, for it is custom to prepare dishes for such that, if intelligent, we would not *dare* to give to our own family, not to children, certainly. Regarding such company as a *gang of spies*, as it might seem, a vast amount of cleaning seems demanded lest some innocent dust, a stray leaf or bit of paper, a little spider-silk, etc., might be discovered by argus-eyed visitors. Instead of the social element, a real advantage from these social interviews, they too often prove a disadvantage, laborious and irksome, while their unnecessary intricacy, on account of the unusual labor, etc., renders them less frequent than our higher natures would indicate. That was a noble example of a clergyman's wife, as I was assured by her, who made no other change in the family affairs, when visited, than to increase the dishes and the amount of food, proportionately.

Again, most of our "nervous" women stimulate, not all of them by the use of alcoholic preparations, but by the irritants of the castor, by strong tea, coffee, the spices, and certain extracts or essences. A hard day's work is too often preluded by unusually strong tea, which acts as an irritant, an excitant, the effects, in some respects, being not unlike those of ardent spirits. These, like the partially intoxicated person, are certain to labor beyond their real strength, which must exhaust. We need no other evidence of the irritating nature of this tea, than the fact that it produces wakefulness with an absolute certainty, as "watchers" well know. If this irritation is on the nerves, resulting in the evidence that such "work on their nerves," to this undue and exhausting haste, this is ruinous waste of vital force, we may add in inference that much of the prevailing neuralgia is produced by this nerve excitation. We may infer, therefore, that all such excited action and unnatural effort must tend to exhaustion, brain sickness, and premature death. While hard work may destroy hundreds, it is believed that this excitability, this toil under the unfavorable circumstances of "high pressure" and these fore-bodings, the fruit of tea-excitement, etc., will destroy tens of thousands, directly and indirectly.—*Dr. Hannaford, in Golden Rule.*

Mistakes in Newspapers.—In an article on "How Mistakes Happen in Newspapers," the Ponghkeepsie *Eagle* figured up the number of type used in a newspaper the size of the *Eagle* at 600,000; that is, the actual number of bits of material arranged for each newspaper of that size for the press. We suppose few people think of the printing trade as one of the most exact and particular handicrafts, but it is. In making type, variations that might be allowed in the finest machinery would render type useless. It is rarely that the type furnished by two separate foundries can be used together without a great deal of trouble, even though they should try to make it after the standard. We read once in a while of a wonderful piece of cabinet or mosiac work containing ten, twenty, or fifty thousand pieces, the maker of which has spent months and even years of labor in producing it, and the people go to see it as a curiosity; but the most elaborate and carefully fitted piece of work of this kind ever made does not compare for minute detail and for accuracy of fitting, with that which the printer does every day. The man who does the first is looked upon as a marvel of skill, and if a hundred of his pieces are put in wrong side up or turned around, it is not noticed in the general effect, but if the printer in putting together ten times as many pieces in a single day, puts one the wrong way, everybody is amazed at the "stupid carelessness of those printers."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson is said to have resolved never again to appear on the lecture platform, nor on the dramatic stage. She is now living quietly at Honesdale, Penn. with her mother—a venerable Quaker lady of eighty-seven—and younger sister.

Louisville, Ky. has a school of pharmacy for women, where they are thoroughly educated as practical apothecaries. A physician writes approvingly of their "delicacy of manipulation, accuracy and neatness in a multitude of details."

A woman says: "If the human race could, by any possibility divest itself of the idea, that only one-half of it is human, and the other half simply female, it would have taken a great stride toward Christian civilization.

Near Bayou Chicot, La., a woman was attacked by a large wildcat. She caught the animal by the throat, and although it bit and scratched her terribly, she held it until she choked it to death.

☞ Subscribe for the Herald.

Capersauce.

"IT WAS THE TYPE."

What *is* the matter? What's to pay?
So many "Errors" come this way.
They caper in at every door
And waltz along the hidden floor,
They come by night, they come by day,
They come and go, and come to stay;
They come in squads, battalions droves,
These gnomes and wizards of the groves,
And settle down with prank and glee
Upon the editorial tree.
When sleep knits up the tangled skein,
They hum a magical refrain,
And every type stands up to see
What's on the editorial tree.
O fatal stand! O fatal power!
The spell is on you from that hour!
We hear them dancing in their boxes,
Then all hands round, the little foxes.
'Till schottische y and polka k
Skip boundary lines and flirt with a,
And hornpipe i and breakdown e
Have crossed the border-land of c.
Then mad *cap* O with lofty swell,
(The midnight rioters to quell,)
Shouts "Minion, *down*, Burgeois, Brevier!
Is WOMAN'S HERALD, office here?
You put your talky heads together
In spite of fair or cloudy weather,
In spite of plaint, and frown, and tare,
In spite of 'Whies?' and much torn hair;
You frolic down the patient *gallies*
'Twixt *quad* and *space* in double sallies,
And band in *columns* for the fray
To *chase* the gathering storm away;
Change weeks to month; that's not the key
That suites 'Way down in Tennessee.'
Fie fie! you *sticklers*, what's the use
Of meriting so much abuse?
Put on a *cleaner*, wiser face
And wash your hands of much 'disgrace.'"
Then all was still, as still could be
And every type said "'Twasn't me!"
Then Exclamation rose in wrath,
And cut a swathe across the path
Which hid the oracle from view
And thus he spoke, the champion true:
"IT WAS THE GIRLS,
the saucy girls,
With merry eyes and Langtry curls;
They do the mischief, they're the Cain,
We're *Pantaloons* and not to blame."
Then t tossed high his hat in air,
And i turned up her white with care;
And wily h joined hands with o
With "Ho, ho, ho! just so, oh, oh!"
Then Interrogation questioning rose,
"Why thus disturb a night's repose?
For girls are girls and if we cry
They'll surely knock us into *pi*;
When Minion mixes with Brevier,
And SMALL CAPS intermarry here,
There's trouble all along the *line*
Unless the *finger* is in time,
Unless the merry *eyes* are bright,
Unless the *bedkin* is in sight,
Unless a look be-Stowed with care
Is fastened here, there, *everywhere*,
There'll surely be some elf astray
The *proof* of which will cause dismay.
But to the friends who read our face
We pray for patience, love and grace.
Within your homes we scatter light,
The link which binds is always bright.
We're never "sly," we're always frank,
This should cover every prank.

The speaker who alluded to his candidate as the "war horse that sniffs the battle from afar," climbed up into the composition room with a club, after reading it in the paper as "the ward boss that snatched the bottle from the bar."

A Pennsylvania youth proposed to his girl the other evening, and upon being rejected he immediately pulled out a revolver and filled his poor body full of holes. It is thought he will recover but of course the young lady will never marry him. No woman wants to wed a man who looks like a walking gravel screen.

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I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

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WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

AND SOCIAL SCIENCE COÖPERATOR.

"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 11. San Francisco, California, November, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW.
...EDITOR...

S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, MARY E. TILLOTSON, ELMINA D. SLENKER, SARAH KNOX-GOODRICH, occasional corrisponent.

A Monthly Newspapes, Published in San Francisco, Cal., Devoted to the interests of Woman: To her Dress Reform; Race Culture; Physical Culture; Labor and Political Enfranchisement---thru co-operation and self-help.

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HOME; DRESS-REFORM DIRECTORY; CHILDREN'S CORNER; CORRESPONDENCE; DRESS REFORM; PHYSICAL CULTURE; INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION; CO-OPERATION; RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA; STIRPICULTURE; SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT; LITERARY NOTICES SUFFRAGE NOTES; TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

CALIFORNIA

Woman's Social Science Association.

INSTIGATED, ORGANIZED AND FOUNDED BY MRS. J. W. STOW, AUGUST 7, 1880.

HEADQUARTERS, 304 Stockton St., San Francisco.
PRESIDENT—Mrs. J. W. Stow, 304 Stockton St., S. F.
HON. SECRETARY—S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal.
MEMBERSHIP.—Life, $25. Annual, $1.

S. S. S.

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BADGE OF THE S. S. S. ORDER.—Double scarlet satin ribbon, fringed at the ends and top. S. S. S. is embroidered in gold on the longest end, and the official initial or a flower on the short end. It is worn on the left breast with a star spangle or a badge pin. Those of the Reception Committee are made with a blue ribbon between the scarlet, showing an inch below and half an inch above. Ribbon one and a fourth inch wide.
Officers badges, $1, members 50 cts., post-paid.

AN INCOMPLETE REVELATION.

While Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,
When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single frizz or curl,
There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her toes;
Sweet redbird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,
A quaintly, pious, weazened soul, with hair and beard of tow,
And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling, nasal tone,
Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
As oft before in meeting time, and, sure of his request,
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed;
I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said
That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,
So, if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore.
(She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, child-like mind),
And checked the word "impertinence!" and answered him in kind;

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see
The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto me."
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate,
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will, and Fate.

—RICHARD A. JACKSON in Oct. *Century*.

International Reform Dress Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE
AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD
offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the
FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE
of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Izora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

ALL NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 304, Stockton St., by the 1st of August.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting, Landscape of California scenery.
S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., $25.
No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

MADAME BROWNJOHN'S £50 exhibition dress was lying in the Custom House, New York, at the time of the Conclave.

SPECIAL attention is called to Elmina's catalogue of books, under "Literary Notices." They constitute a small library of themselves and will be found nutritious, growthful reading.

ERRATA.—Our staunch friend co-operator and co-editor, Celia B. Whitehead, is opposed to rafling. We (individually) are not. San Francisco *en masse*, is not. A raffle saved our public library from the auctioneer's hammer. Nearly every church in the land has been saved from the auctioneer's guillotine, by raffles. Sarah B. Cooper, the world renowned, Sabbath School teacher and kindergartenist, raffled a bracelet for $500, and that $500 has saved, in her kindergarten, many a badly born "gamin" to a life of usefulness. We were up in the mountains the other day and had 25 acres of land given us for a summer school. This was "something for nothing," but we were glad to get it. We wish others would give us "something for nothing."

Raffling is upon the same principle as insurance. We pay a small sum and get a large one, in case our policy draws a conflagration, and if it does not, we get nothing; some one else has all our money. The systems are identical, but for Mrs. Whitehead's conscientious scruples, we have the profoundest respect. Every true soul walks by the rays of its *own* life lamp. Diversity of thot is what keeps the brain active and healthy, and the world of reason from incurable mental dyspepsia.

The mistake made was in using Mrs. Whitehead's name without her knowledge and permission.

Mrs. Whitehead's competitive brown silk weighs 1-7½ ozs., instead of 7½ ozs., as stated in Sept. HERALD.

CRYSTAL BATHS.—Men, women and children should take a dip in the warm, salt-water baths at the foot of Powell st, North Beach, every day if they want to enjoy good health. Try them. They are *first-class* in every appointment.

CURIOUS.—In all our "Woman's" Papers and Periodicals (exchanges) we have failed to find so much as a one line item regarding the great "International Dress Reform Exhibition" held in London last May, or the one held in San Francisco in September. The women who manage these papers want to vote but they want the ballot in a bag. They demand mental freedom, but are contented and happpy in physical chains.

Two women, Susan B. Anthony and Mary E. Walker, have stood out clear and distinct, as reformers, with an entire nation for a background, for many years. They have been the targets of all ridicule in palace and hoval. One has fought bravely and well for mental emancipation, while the other has fought bravely and well for physical emancipation. One has had a large petticoat following, while the other has walked alone in trousers. In the natural course of events, physical emancipation should precede mental, or, better still, they should walk hand in hand. Entire mental emancipation is impossible in the modern Corset-Petticoat dress.

Please renew your subscription, immediately.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL SCIENCE IN A NEW GARB—Despite their lion's skin we have discovered our resuscitated, æsthetic half in the "Christian Woman's Suffrage Society" recently organized in San Francisco. Our former treasurer, Mrs. Moulton, is president. She was the *first* president of the seceding Sisterhood and used to be alarmed at the faintest whisper of female suffrage. Perhaps they will not change officers every month, as they used to do, now that they have a strong bulwark of Revs. and Hons. They make a great mistake in the outset, however, in dragging in so much social science work. We advise them, as a friend, to mount all their guns and get out all their battering rams for efficient, Simon-pure, suffrage work, and to send their first shot and batter into the old State Suffrage camp to rouse it from its lethean repose.

Social Science, in its amplitude, is glad to welcome back within its ranks this old disbanded and rebanded division, in its diversified efforts to serve humanity. We are one in effort and aim.

DONT send money or stamps in letters unless you want them stolen. Our letters have nearly all *miscarried* since the Conclave. A Government thief who finds a dollar bill or fifty cents in stamps in one letter, will appropriate every letter addressed to the same person, for weeks and months, which he can lay his hands upon. There are but two safe ways to send money—money orders and registered letters.

WEDDING BELLS.—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the marriage and reception of Eva, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Myers, Dalles, Or., who became the bride of H. L. Waters M. D., on the second of October. May the Waters upon which she has launched her life-boat prove a peaceful sea! The two hearts which "beat as one" have our very best wishes.

Special attention is called to the article on "The Art of Swimming" in this issue. When the Lick Baths are opened at the foot of Gough-st., or Van Ness ave., the people in the Western Addition will be all ready for them. Hurry up, gentlemen, life is short.

THE most widely distributed substance in the body is salt; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is it everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when any tissue is burned. The blood will take up just so much and no more than it needs, no matter how much we may eat with our food.—London *Lancet*.

What does "An M. D." say to this? Wild animals search out salt-licks, and frequent them in droves. Have they perverted appetites? and if so, how were they perverted?

WANTED earnest women to help build associate homes in California. Women Co-operators; we mean by this, such women as have some money to embark in the enterprise. Co-operators do not pay each other for labor performed. They share and share alike the income of the pro rata of their investments. We have as yet no places where destitute women can earn a livelihood. If our patrons knew the importance of the work we are doing—almost alone here in San Francisco—they would not longer delay sending their one dollar for the second Vol. of the HERALD, and they would surely take one or two chances in the diamond raffle.

A PROHIBITION TOWN.—The founder, Wm. Beatty of "Parry Sound," Ca., is a *practical* temperance advocate. He has built a town, which is almost a city, and endowed it with *Prohibition*. He has built the magnificent Belvidere Hotel on Belvidere Heights, and endowed *it* with Probition. All money invested pays first-class per cent in money and morals. Pullman, of palace car fame, has built just such a *queer* town in the United States. Good! Practice is power, far more than preaching.

Mothers, take all your children into partnership. Try it! Have it a *prohibition* partnership, then they will never swim above the dam, chew or smoke the Devil's weed, drink rum or sow "wild oats." *Try it!*

SCISSORS.

The time has come to stand erect
In true womanly self-respect,
To see the bright sun overhead,
To feel the ground beneath our tread.

None so little enjoy life as those who have nothing to do.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns like university men.

A woman carriage-painter at Grand Forks, Dakota, is considered the best in the place.

We must get rid of the idea that education unfits one for work. This is a great mistake.

Miss Helen A. Stewart, for some time a student at Wellsley College, has been granted a patent for a respirator.

It has been decided by the Austrian Railway Administration to employ women as road guards on the same terms as men.

What difference is it what persons believe when they are working for the elevation of their fellowmen and for the cause of humanity?

Miss King, one of the nursing Sisters at Fort Pitt Military Hospital, has received the Royal Red Cross in recognition of her services in Egypt.

Miss Jane Cobden, one of the five daughters of Richard Cobden, the English free-trade agitator, is organizing Liberal clubs throughout England.

Some twenty-five women find employment in Tiffany & Co.'s factory on Prince Street as workers in silver, at wages varying from four to twelve dollars a week.

Mrs. Frances C. Sparhawk has a patent for a "rein-holder" for hitching horses, which is on exhibition in the ladies department of the Institute Fair, Boston.

The rheumatism which has driven Princess Beatrice to the continent, is said to have been caused by the low-necked and short-sleeved dresses which the queen makes her wear.

Florence Nightingale has been invited to Osborne by the Queen in order to be invested with the new Order of the Red Cross, but was compelled to decline on account of ill health.

Mrs. J. R. Evans, who was awarded second prize in the ladies' tournament at the State Fair, Cal., has challenged Miss Belle Ellis, who secured first prize, to ride, for from $100 to $500, any kind of a match.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has devoted $4,000,000 of her private fortune to establishing a non-sectarian college, in which tuition shall be free. It is said that this will be the largest and finest collegiate edifice in America, if not in the world.

The competition of young girls for appointment in the English postal service is increasing. At an examination to test the qualifications of applicants, a fortnight ago, there were eight hundred candidates for thirty places. The salary is very small, beginning at only $2,50 a week.

Dr. Frank Hamilton says that at least once a day girls should have their halters taken off and be turned loose like young colts. "Calisthenics may be very genteel, and romping very ungenteel, but the former is the shadow, while the latter is the substance of health-giving exercise."

National dress appears to be making rapid progress across the Atlantic. There is to be an International Reform Dress Exhibition at San Francisco in September, and the prize for the best national dress is to be a $100 opal and diamond ring. The occasion of the exhibition is the first triennial conclave of the California Social Science Association, of which Mrs. J. W. Stow is president. There are a number of excellent papers for women in America, and I wish we could follow their example in this respect. I see that the "advanced party" in San Francisco have an organ of their own—a *Woamn's Herald of Industry and Social Science Co-operator*. There are some very good names in the list of contributors—Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead's among the rest. There is to be at the San Francisco Exhibit a facsimile of the dress which won the £50 prize at Prince's Hall, Picadilly, last May. This dress was extremely well noticed by the press over here, and we shall all feel curious to see what they think of it on the other side of the water.

—Zingara's letter in *Guardian* (Eng.).

Children's Corner.

TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in his night-gown white,
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good-night.
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "Oh, no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said, " 'Tisn't quite right;"
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got snddenly stubbed:
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
This little frightened toe cried out "Bears!"
This little timid toe, "run up stairs?",
Down came a jar with a loud alam! alam!
This little tiny toe got all the jam!

[X.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Bill looked at the two precious *souvenirs* with moistened eyes,—all that was left, save the memory, of those whom he had loved so well—and said, as he softly touched each with his fin ger tips—

"The brown is May's; I cut it off arter she wus dead." Then he looked out of the window, far away through the sunshine into the shadow of the forest, with an expression of peace and resignation upon his face that Mrs. Breeze had never seen there before.

At that moment, Terry came in with the steak piping hot and declared, as he handed it to Bill—"That such a savory morsel ought to cure off hand," adding—"the hair of the same dog will cure the bite, and there ought to be more virtue in flesh than hair."

"Look!" and he pointed at the grim head in the corner, "the old fellow thinks it spondy nice to be served up in this illegant fashion!" as he finish the sentence, he bowed low to the decapitated head; touching his hat with mock gravity.

That morning, after breakfast, the long looked for carpenter arrived with a chest of tools, and his two strapping sons to help him. He had brought the doors, ready mode, in his wagon. After hanging them, he finished the under-planning and the floor, with the assistance of Mr. Breeze, and then went on the roof, where they soon shut out the sun and rain, by a plentiful supply of boards and shingles, thus securing the safety of the family against their rapacious neighbors. The masons came also, and built the chimney, with ample jams, deep enough to admit of a roaring back-log. A big stone oven protuded like a huge wart from one side of it, which suggested "fluffy rolls," plum-pudding, crisp baked meat and beans, Christmas pies and Thansgiving turkies, etc. etc.

Etta looked on with wonder and admiration at seeing things taking their appointed places so rapidly. The chinks in the wall were filled in with pieces of wood and plenty of mortar. Terry was in his shirt sleeves, active and efficient. He called it a "bee," and himself a carpenter, when he was driving nails, and a mason, when he was flourishing the trowel. Millie was here, there, and everywhere, with her dress caught up and tucked in the placket-hole, so as to look more business-like; wiping the dishes for her mother, running to the spring for a pitcher of fresh water, and brushing the flies from off Bill, who was inclined to sleep much of the time, in spite of the din occasioned by bringing order out of chaos. She proved herself a real little busybody as she fluttered about like a happy bird, singing odd snatches of sacred and secular music, to the time of her dancing feet.

Thus passed the busy day. Mrs. Breeze said the bear came just in time for dinner, and such a delicious *fricassee* as she concocted from a choice portion of him, the workmen declared, they never before had tasted.

That evening the family sat down with a sense of security which they had not experienced before since their arrival. There was a cheerful fire blazing in the open fireplace, where some light sticks had been placed upon the brass tipped andirons, that shone with the last touch of Milly's polishing cloth. Puss alternately purred and washed her face and feet as she heated her fine fur, which sent off electric sparks with miniature reports at every rapid stroke up or down her back, that Etta or Milly thought fit to bestow. She liked the fire and was willing that every one should know the fact. Bill was feeling so much better that he was helped up into the armchair to have his bed made and wounds dressed. They were improving very fast, which state of things Mr. Breeze said argued well for Bruin's good health. It was only the third night spent in their wilderness home, but so many incidents had been crowded into the brief space that the mother, somehow, felt that it had been a much longer time. Mr. Breeze was hopeful, for he had escaped the ague that day, and was planning about logging and burning off the "slashing" as he called the area of felled trees. He was anxious to get in a few acres of winter wheat, and have some ground left for early planting in the spring: but he could not log alone and he glanced uneasily at the teamster. Bill spoke up then, saying—"I'll be all in trim by Monday an' we'll hev that five acres clared off in less in no time, enymost". But Mr, Breeze was not so sanguine and shook his head when Bill turned his eyes upon Terry, who wanted to know all about the beaver lodge up the creek. There was a fine stream of water just below the house, that ran along within its banks very demurely in summer and which made splendid skating in winter when the ice was thick: but when the spring rains began and the snow commenced to melt, woe betide the unlucky sheep or calf that found itself on an isolated knoll, down in the bottoms; for unless it was an expert swimmer or was rescued by its owner, it was sure to be swept away and drowned in the swirling flood, the current was so swift. At such times the entire stream resembled in extent a lake more than a river or modest creek, for, in places it it would be half a mile wide. Small boats and rafts were then in order, and much work must necessarily be done, to save the fences, cattle and stacks of outstanding hay from destruction.

Bill said in answer to Terry's questions about the beavers, "I think how't I'll be right smart the day arter termorrer an' then I'll show whar it is an' ef we go arly nuf we'll likely s'prise the old 'un, ane he's worth seein I ken tell ye. Why he's a real patrarch as old as Mithuzler hiself!"

The day broke bright and clear on the following Monday morning and with light hearts and smiling faces, the small party of excited explorers started for the beaver-dam. It was not more than half a mile away up the pretty creek, on whose banks Mr. Breeze had built his house. The ground swelled into a hill where the house stood, and when the forest was cleared away, the site proved to be one of rare loveliness. On, the little band plunged, laughing and shouting, through the thick undergrowth of spice bush that mingled its fragrance with the sweet breath of the early day; thru dogwood, with its snowy blossoms; thru hazel-boughs, filled with their autumn hopes all adding to the wild beauty of the scene, winding out and in by the course of the stream; they soon reached the place just as the last beaver's tail twi kled above the water as he escaped into his burrow.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes.
Address care 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.
—*Emerson.*

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Gymnastics is a term of very extended signification. Among the ancient Greeks it meant that part of physics which related to exercises for the health. The Greeks understood well what an intimate connection there is between body and mind; how invariably the healthy or sickly temperament of the one influenced that of the other; so that when the body is strong, healthy and active, the mind is elastic and capable of accomplishing a great deal; but when the former is diseased and frail, the latter is languid or depressed. The Spartans worshsiped the beautiful; but the beauty of the face did not suffice; it had to be a beautiful body; they saw the highest ideals of beauty only in the perfect human form. I quote in brief form an article written by Dr. Holbrook in the Herald of Health. "The Spartans did more than worship the beautiful and useful; they took means to secure them. They gave every boy and girl such an education as would secure to them bodily perfection. The youths were almost continually out of doors; every boy learned how to plant and to harvest the crops, every girl how to do household work. The highest lady in Sparta did menial work. In their early training in the gymnasium the boys and girls contested with each other in the simplest clothing—indeed in very little clothing at all, Every physical power stood out boldly. Every healthy Spartan girl was obliged to marry; every sickly girl was obliged to abstain from marriage. Babies were examined soon after birth, and if found to be deformed or otherwise defective its life was destroyed. Girls were not allowed to marry young; they had to be mature first. Boys and men were treated in the same way, No sickly young man could marry, but all healthy ones were compelled to do so. For five hundred years there was produced in Greece a succession of the strongest and bravest men, and the most healthful and beautiful women that have ever lived.

I would like to say a kind word to Alice C. Smith. I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, and greet you warmly over mountain and sea. You say you are a "coward and so wear your old clothes—fetters." I am not, but wear independently a short dress about my work. If people do not like it they are at liberty to *dislike* it, it is all the same to me.

S. G. S.

BRAIN-WORK AND FOOD.—The notion that those who work only with their brain need less food than those who labor with their hands has long been proved fallacious. Mental labor causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus, no thought," is the German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which this organ is required to perform. The wear and tear of the brain are easily measured by careful examinations of the salts in the liquid excretions. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionly greater than that of any other part of the body. One fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fortieth of that of the body. This fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain workers require more food, and even better food, than mechanics or farm laborers.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

WELLS.—No one can know, in putting down a well, that it may not be in close proximity to some old graveyard or a buried cess pool. In digging a well, one goes blindly into the depths of the earth with no knowledge of the properties of the soil or the purity of the water which may flow into it. But a well-built cistern can be kept clear and nothing permitted to enter it but the rain from the heavens. Then the impurities which it may gather from bacteria and insects can be entirely removed by a good filter. In the cases of typhoid fever at Rye Beach, N. H., the past summer it was found that one of the wells had been unwittingly sunk near where a former cess pool was located and simply buried out of sight when abandoned! Well filtered rain water is the purest and most palatable that can be poured into a goblet from an ice-pitcher.

It should be constantly borne in mind that all the water we drink is rain water. It is for us to decide whether we will carefully select the material through which it is to percolate for its purification, or leave it to chance in the sand and gravel of the earth, where unclean matters may exist without our knowledge or where the slops of the kitchen or the filth of cess pools may find their way into it. —X.

BENEFIT OF LAUGHTER.—Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels (life vessels) of the body that does not feel some wavelet from that great convulsion (hearty laughter) shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than at present, unfortunrtely, they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtile influences which the soul exerts upon its tenuent of clay, shall prescribe to torpid patients so many "peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they do now that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.—*Good Health.*

APPLES AS FOOD.—Apples have always been used for dessert. Pliny tells us of 22 varieties cultivated by the Romans; now we possess over 2,000 kinds. As an article of food they rank with the potato, and on account of the variety of ways they can be cooked are preferred by many to the potato. As a substitute for pastry they are invaluable, feeding the brain as well as flesh-producing, preventing constipation and acidity. A ripe, raw apple is digested in an hour and a half, while a boiled potato takes three hours. Sweet apples, baked or stewed, should be used instead of the sour varieties. Every meal should have apples cooked in some form or other, and children should be allowed to eat as many as they want. Instead of using the quack nostrums sold for the blood, and other patent medicines, use apples freely as food, and as far as possible in the place of potatoes, and the testimony of the medical profession goes to prove the healthful qualities of this excellent fruit.

DYSPEPTIA CURE.—Drink a cup of hot water an hour before each meal.

NOBLE SPORT.

Mrs. O. M. Fairchild.

Beautiful sight to see!
Horses and hounds and ladies gay
Flashing in elegant, rich array.

Over the hills and fields,
Ditches, and gates, and fences high—
Over them, horse and riders fly.

Beautiful, gallant steeds,
Straining the neck and nostril wide:
Foaming and wet is the quivering hide.

Noble in strength and power,
Slight the misstep would sink and send
Rider and horse to a luckless end.

What is the wager there?
Cometh a King in royal state?
Neareth a personage good and great?

What is it in the air?
Horses and hounds are pained for breath,
But the riders laugh in the face of death.

Friend, you could never dream,
Cannon nor victor's song is near!
The "sportsman's" bugle you only hear.

Lo! in the dusky glen
Hastan a trembling creature small,
Flying for life—and that is all.

Beautiful sight to see!
Horses and hounds, they but obey
The riders who bid them haste away.

Beautiful sight to see!
Horses and hounds and ladies gay
Chasing this little life away.

Lo! in the dusky glen
Flieth in vain the stricken prey!
The lords laugh loud, and the ladies gay.

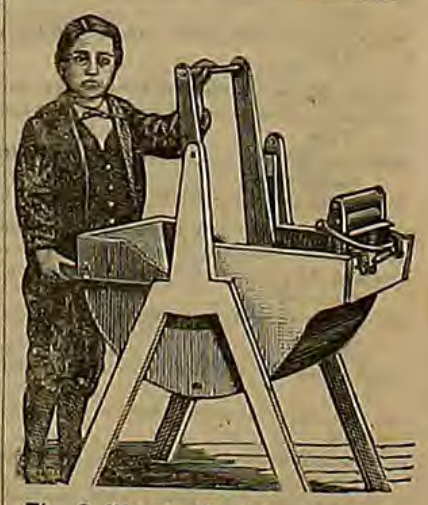
Honor is hard to win!
Tear the fierce hounds from limb to limb
The creature with wide eyes growing dim.

Noble the sport to view!
Laugheth a lady, and hurries in
The sport to view and the honor to win!

"Type of the higher mold,"
What is the difference, please propound,
'Twixt savage instinct of man and hound?

The male and female snobs of Newport, idlers, with nothing to do, the high-toned paupers of society, have recently taken to the *christian* sport of chasing a poor little agonized fox, straining for the life which they can take but cannot give. O noble republican Lords and Ladies how grand you are! What an exalted pastime! for this enlightened(?) age. Your hands are white, but they drip with the blood of the innocent. What color are your hearts?—[MRS. STOW.

EXERCISE.—Exercise is a necessity; it prolongs life, and greatly improves living; it fits us better for our duties; without it, we do not more than half live. He only who exercises sufficiently can know the joy of good health, good digestion, refreshing sleep. It causes the blood to circulate quickly, freely, and equally, and will drive away the blues. It increases respiration, thus bringing a larger quantity of the elixir of life, oxygen, to purify and vitalize the blood. It rounds and hardens the muscles, and educates them into ever-ready, faithful, and efficient servants of the will. It limbers the joints and strengthens every part of the body. It invigorates the mind, and renders it active and efficient in all its operations.—X.



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MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount.

The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c., cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

Westward the course of Empire takes its way
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Times noblest offspring is the last.

PASADENA.

(Crown of the Valley.)

Pasadena is about ten miles from the rapidly growing city of Los Angeles, and five miles from the station of San Gabriel, on the S. P. R. R. Its climate is highly favorable to invalids, especially to persons who are troubled with lung diseases, and who find closer proximity to the ocean and its fogs injurious. The altitude is neither too high nor too low, being in the neighborhood of a thousand feet. The Mission and Verdugo Hills shut off the moist ocean air on the west, while the noble Sierra Madre Range, which averages 7,000 feet in height, prevents cold blasts from the north. In winter snow may frequently be seen whitening the tops of the majestic mountains, but the fair San Gabriel Valley lies smiling in genial sunshine, with just breeze enough for comfort. Observations taken on high land in Pasadena give the mean temperature for the three winter months at 56 degrees; for the spring months, 61.7 degrees; for the summer months 67.61 degrees; and for the autumn, 62.31 degrees. The mean annual humidity is 56 degrees.

There are several churches and two fine school buildings in the village, every attention being paid to mental and spiritual advancement, as well as the practicalities of life.

"The Pasadena Library and Village Improvement Society" was last year inaugurated with a capital stock of $50,000, and already a substantial public library building has been erected, which will soon be well stocked with books. A wealthy gentleman, Abbot Kinney, who owns a beautiful estate a few miles from Pasadena, at the very feet of the Sierra Madras, 1,800 feet above the sea, is the prime mover in this creditable undertaking. His home, "Kinneloa," is one of the most noteworthy objects of interest in the county.

Three years ago, the land was entirely unimproved and was inaccessible from its wildness. Wealth and taste have since converted the spot into a bower of beauty, bridging ravines, grading roads, and causing vegetation to flourish lavishly. A fine stream of water was obtained by tunneling into the side of a mountain from which pipes were laid to a reservoir of 500,000 gallons capacity. There is, besides, a storage reservoir of 4,000,000 gallons. With such an irrigating supply, it was an easy matter to cultivate the 20,000 vines, 6,000 citrus and 1,500 deciduous trees which were planted. On this sightly shelf of land, overlooking the entire valley, the proprietor of "Kinneloa" lives in a house costing $12,000, with no company but his servants and the guests who are so fortunate as to partake of his hospitality, yet he has scarcely reached the meridian of life. He has twice made the circuit of the world, experiencing all climates and conditions, and does not hesitate to pronounce Southern California the place *par excellence* for an ideal home. "Kinneloa" is connected with Los Angeles by telephone, as also is Pasadena.

Another interesting place is the home of Professor Carr (formerly State Superintendent of schools), and his accomplished wife, Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, well known to the public by her valuable contributions to horticultural and educational literature. "Carmelita" exemplifies what may be accomplished on forty-two acres in this favored valley, in six years' time. Here are found more than one hundred and fifty kinds of ornamental trees and shrubs, lining the driveways, etc., and representing many foreign countries, besides the most valuable productions of America. There are eucalyptus or Australian blue-gum trees, sixty feet in height, which were planted from seed. Mrs. Carr, who manages the place, the professor being in feeble health, has over fifty varieties of grapes, most of them choice foreign vines; also, a thousand orange trees and every sort of fruit that can be raised in the valley. She has experimented successfully in sericulture, having ten varieties of the mulberry. Yet the soil of "Carmelita" was broken for the first time in the spring of 1877. Does it not read almost like a fairy tale to those unaccustomed to the prodigality of nature in California? It must not be supposed that these fruit trees are small and, as yet, of little utility. They are *now in bearing*.

Mrs. Carr's fine new house has just been thrown open to tourists, and there will be an opportunity this winter for strangers to examine and enjoy the many attractions of the place.

There are four large and well-appointed hotels in Pasadena, and no more delightful spot could be chosen by persons anxious to avoid the snows and frost of an Eastern winter. The item of climate alone is an important one which may well induce the resident of less favored regions to emigrate where no snows or frosts will annoy him, no keen blasts will penetrate his shivering frame, where outdoor avocation may be pursued with impunity in every month of the year, and no expensive or troublesome preparations are required for a forthcoming rigorous winter. This, alone, has brought many a stranger to our land, and when the many other advantages of the Golden State are added, the only wonder is that the tide of emigration does not set still more strongly toward these sunny shores.

Another important and attractive feature is that Pasadena is a *temperance* town. The first settlers early proclaimed temperance principles, and declared that no person engaged either in the making or vending of spirituous liquors should be permitted to become a resident of the place. This stringent resolve has been faithfully carried out. At the present day a clause is isnerted to this effect in every deed of property sold to a new comer, and the result is a thriving, lovely town where intoxication or shiftless neglect of duties are unknown, to which every sober Californian can point with pride.

—CLARA S. BROWN, in S. F. *Call*.

ROSA BONHEUR.—Rosa Bonheur leads the life of a recluse in her country house. Devoted to her art, she has never married; and now, when she has advanced beyond the middle period of life, she permits nothing to distract her attention. In person she is short and squarely built, passes her life under the best physical conditions, looks healthy, and seems capable of great endurance. The features of her face are small and regular, her eyes a soft hazel, and her expression one of dignified benignity. She has a low, pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech, most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment. Her gray hair is cut and parted like a man's and nearly touches her shoulders. Her dress, even when she is receiving visitors, has a suggestion of manliness. She wears a short, loose velvet jacket, buttoned nearly up to the throat, where it opens to show just a speck of linen, and a short skirt, absolutely innocent of train, polonnaise, and every other contrivance for impeding freedom of feminine movement. Her one eccentricity—her custom of sometimes wearing masculine dress—originated in her devotion to her art. When she visits Paris or expects visitors at home, she appears in the uniform of her own sex; in her painting-room and in her walks in the forest, in the uniform of the other. This practice dates from the time of her childhood. As an animal painter she had to go wholly out of the beaten path to find her subjects—sometimes to the great stables of Paris, sometimes to the abattoirs. The brutes were well-behaved; but the slaughtermen and horse-boys did not always imitate their example. From them, as well as from the crowd of staring idlers, the young girl found herself exposed to annoyance. There was but one remedy, and she adopted it. She shortened her hair, exchanged the bodice for the blouse, and donned pantaloons. Thenceforth her work went on in peace and quietness. She is no masquerader. Her man's attire is not for the public eye, but strictly for her convenience. Sometimes she is abroad in this guise for pleasure, and sometimes for business, and she as often has the gun on her shoulder as the sketch-book by her side. It is only because she is so great an artist that it does not seem worth while to celebrate her as a good shot. She is out early and in all seasons; but especially in the summer-time. "The fly does not worry the cattle in the morning; so you can get them to stand quiet for a sketch." Her first and last reason is always derived from the practice of her art.—X.

HOLDERS OF TICKETS.

Fannie A. Combs, Westview Ohio, No. 1
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S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., " 3
Nicoll, the Taylor, San Francisco, Cal., " 4
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Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va., " 6
Annie Norma Dale ,S. F., Cal., " 7
Lois Livingston, Sacramento, Cal., " 8
Cynthia A. Smith, Los Angeles, Cal., " 9
Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, Cal., " 10
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Anna M. Woods, San Francisco, Cal., " 12
Eva H. Woods, San Francisce, Cal., " 13
Lulu G. Breedlove, S. F., Cal., " 14
Mrs. S. E. Smith, Seattle, W. T. .....15.
Miss Alice Jennings, Thomasville, Ga. 16.
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FIVE RULES FOR NEW SPELLING.

1. Omit a in words like hed, helth, brest, plesure, etc.

2. Omit silent e in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.

3. Write f for ph in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.

4. Omit one of the double consonants in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.

5. Change ed final into t in words like fixt, capt, chopt, prest, etc. Also, tho and thru.

The Five Rules, as given above, were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Association in 1878. The English Spelling Reform Association adopt the same rules, thus making a common basis of action.

A woman blacksmith has been discovered in a small hamlet near Port Jarvis, N. Y. She is protected by the regulation leather apron, and shows a handsome muscular arm.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the wrath and scorn of man
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

—*Charles Mackay.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Editors Herald:

In the August number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY there appears a characteristic letter from Mr. Rumford of Cal., and one from Marietta L. Mr. Rumford has tested the "Natural diet" thoroughly and knows what he is talking about. It is, as he declares, the perfect diet for human beings. I have, in the past two years, tested the merits of this way of nutufying the body sufficiently, to enable me to say that for any person, or for all persons, sick or well, the system of alimentation by means of uncooked food and cereals, affords the greatest hope for continual health or for restoration to health, of any known diet. One of the soundest thinkers of this age says: "Without doubt, the most perfect health is only attainable by a strict conformance to Hallirs' rule, viz.: a diet consisting of uncooked cereals and fruit." The lady correspondent above named, in her note on "Raw Food," quotes at length from one who had used the natural diet for four years. Here is one sentence; "We have somewhat departed from that system of living with some benefit to the body in its strength, growth and development. But it had also proved detrimental to the "mental and spiritual" departments of our life, although it is somewhat difficult to decide in what way or to what extent food influences the mind. We know *positively* that it greatly affects the sensuous nature. It stimulates the amative nature perniciously and to an irrepressible degree—produces lust, and so we have quit it forever." Now this is the language of a sincere person, but one who is lacking in technical physiological and hygienic knowledge. When it is asserted that the change to the use of cooked food with some animal food seemed to "benefit the pody in strength, growth and development," it is not easy to understand how this can be reconciled with the other assertion as to its ill effects upon the spiritual, mental and moral nature. Whatever affects favorably the physical man must, from my stand-point, benefit the man in every department of his nature. It is evident to every mind that the writer confounds *stimulation* with *strength*. Animal food, hot cooked food, like beer, wine, coffee, etc., are *stimulating*. All foods contain nutriment, and the body will absorb what it can and do the best it can with whatever we choose to swallow. If the writer is speaking with regard to adults, it is *strength* only that comes in question. There is no more "growth and development." If reference is being made to the younger members of the family, then it is a matter of conjecture, so far as that writer's opinions are concerned, for the same young child cannot give evidence as to the comparative value of the two systems. It would be necessary to test them side by side by side with, say about one hundred individuals. Children who had for some years lived on uncooked food, growing, we will say, naturally, might upon being put upon the stimulating mixed diet, show a sort of hot-house "growth and development," but the question remains: Is this sure to prove beneficial in the end? Again, as to adults: a woman accustomed to a stimulating diet, tries the natural system for a few days with something of a 'reaction"—a letting down in the exhibition of strength. She does not "feel,' like undertaking a big washing for example. She eats a hearty meat breakfast and, behold! she "feels" able to do a great forenoons work, and does it. Again, another starts for a walk down town and feels weak drags herself along, and finally steps into a restaurant, calls for a glass of wine, drinks it, and, lo! she marches out feeling equal to a walk of a mile at a brisk pace! In either case if the work had been done without the nutro-stimulant (the mixed meal) or the poison stimulant (wine) the result finally would have been better. This leads to a question very little understood by people in general, viz.: the propriety of working upon a full stomach. The first woman did not "feel" like doing much, yet she actually accomplished a hard task. Had she, under the pressure of duty, begun hopefully to do what she could, she would have found her *real* strength coming to her aid and the same washing would have been done and she would have felt better the next day than she did after rushing at it under the influence of a stomach-ful of hot, stimulating food. It takes actual strength for a body to perform any sort or amount of work. If that strength does not exist, failure is *certain*. In the end the person who does a certain amount of work under stimulation, has exhausted a given amount of vital force for the work and also a medicum in the *elimination* of the *stimulating* (i. e. poisonous) elements ingested. Our washerwoman and our pedestrian both would have been better off to have done what they did without stimulation. If the tasks were excessive it would have been better still to have done what they could without too great effort, leaving the balance undone. Muscular strength is greatly augmented by using the muscles a little more and more, day after day, the waste of today being repaired by appropriate rest and food, that is, our muscles are made to *grow* by *use*—by work and food, never by food alone except in case of convalescence from wasting sickness. Indeed, even here there is a question too fine for the space or the time at my disposal at present.

The correspondent, after quoting from her friend, says: "If I could eat the raw food I would do so, but I cannot. I only eat meat once a day, but if I do not have this I feel an all-goneness that is unendurable." Let me say here that this is a symptom of disease, a disease that afflicts nearly all meat-eaters. A short fast, say one or two days, with fresh water drinking followed by the use of this natural diet would end all such feelings in every instance. Even without a fast, except say until the patient could relish a dish of berries or fruit of some sort, and then the use of such quantity as could be taken with a relish, the cure would be certain. The craving for meat is like the craving for tobacco or whiskey or opium, when it is experienced by one who has plenty of fruit and fresh green corn, or in winter, clean grain, apples, etc., and yet has no relish for these delicious and natural foods. Of course we do not fail to recognize the fact that flesh contains nutriment. We know that men may live on flesh alone, but if we wish to learn the relative value of vegeterian and flesh diets we have only to compare the wonderfully developed and athletic Japanese with those tribes who live almost wholly on meat. It is no task for the vikisha men to trot forty or fifty miles a day with their seated passengers, perhaps no more of a task than for a carnivorous Indian to *ride* that distance on a buffalo hunt! The women, too, are models of symmetry, and the old women can perform easily tasks that would be impossible for most of our own country girls. There the boys and girls grow and develop to perfection without the use of flesh food, and as they work they grow—indeed one cause of the healthy "growth and development" is the work they peform during this period of their lives. Again we read: "Salt I must have." Why? "Because the dead animals buried in my stomach would fill me with parasites, if it were not for the salt which poisons them! It is meat that makes the living body the abode of parasites!" And yet, my dear woman, although you put this even more strongly than I do, you must have your ration of parasites "once a day!" "True reformation must commence with our sucklings" says our friend. But our sucklings draw milk from their carnivorous mothers! Why not have the blood made from pure food—have the reform begin with the mothers of sucklings. Better begin it a few years—*one* would be a great gain—before the suckling's birth.

If I can, and I *have* turned dogs and cats into vegetarians, that is, I have fed them on vegetable food, for months and found them perfectly nourished, how is it that an enlightened human being cannot hope for reform this side of the grave? If carnivore can thrive on vegetable food, it would be strange if natural fragivore, only partly departed from their natural diet, could not return to nature as soon as they choose to do so. All the talk and theorizing in the world only tends to muddle the people's minds. I have known no instance of a failure to benefit a patient by stopping his flesh-food and all the miserable mockery of condiments, including salt, that goes with it. I can see a more speedy and satisfactory gain just so far as I can induce patients to use a diet consisting of uncooked food. I have just put a patient into a safe condition (he was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and Bright's Disease of the Kidneys) by restricting him to water-melons berries and bananas. He continues the diet, is always about his business, and gaining strength every day. The first week he lost 13 pounds (stuff that he never ought to have allowed to form) but has since kept his weight, now 187 pounds. He ought to get rid of at least 25 pounds more, to do himself the most possible good—either by exercising more or eating less. If this man had put himself into the hands of a "druggist" he would, most likely, have had a sickness of three months instead of two weeks, and would have had only about one chance in twenty of escaping with his life. I gave him no drugs or medicines of any sort.

In reply to one proposition advanced, I would say that, to my mind it is not at all "difficult to decide how our food influences the mind." We build the *brain*, the organ of the mind out of food. Says the *Lancet*, one of our best known medical journals; "A man is his food." Good air, good food, good habits all round, makes a good man—makes it easy to be good. It is a hard fight for men and women to build out of impure food—an eternal fight all the time as we now live. No wonder that 'the devil gets the whip-row on us" so often. "Discipline?" Well, let us try to leave off artificial food and live on natural food—that will be discipline enough! It would be perfectly easy to do this but for the fact that we are constantly surrounded by the vicious system—we hear, see, smell little else, go where we may, but burning grease and sizzling flesh, with pastry, cake, "sweets" (that turn to *sours* with indigestion) and food that makes the bitter taste in the mouth at morn; that makes the throat rattle with phlegm, congests the stomach and intestines, and makes the "all-gone" feeling unless the inflamed stomach has a hot poultice every five or six hours (leading finally to dyspeptic starvation) that oppresses the lungs contaminating the entire organism until filth diseases of all sorts bring people to the brink of the grave—perhaps pitches them in (typhoid, typhus billious fevers, pneumonia, etc.—these are the popular names). Continence under such a system of diet as this? It would be interesting to know if there is a continent man in any pulpit in the world—unless one who feeds himself for continence. For my part, speaking of this doctrine of castration, I should hardly know where to draw the line. It is a question in my mind whether it is not as sinful for an educated, disciplined man of "high moral tone" to live incontinently in the marriage relation as for the poor, miserable, ill born, ill reared, and ill fed and ill treated "waif on the world" to gratify his lust by force. As for castrating the latter, I would sooner place him in a safe asylum, feed him for health, and give him a chance to work off his animal spirits. No doubt many men who hold their heads high—professionals, non-professionals, and now and then a full-fledged divine—laugh in their sleeves at the idea of such a punishment for a poor wretch who never, perhaps, wronged but *one* woman who had a right to every man's protection, instead of being forced or cajoled to gratify his lust!

AN M. D.

HOME, Oct. 1-83.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

I have just finished reading the October HERALD and think it the very best No. yet issued. I should have sent greeting to Conclave if I had not been disabled by being thrown from my carriage and hurt so badly that I have not been in working harness since but begin to feel like myself again, for the last few days. Enclosed please find price of ticket for the diamond raffle.

There are a thousand and one things I would like to say to you but time forbids, and you neither have a moment to spare on me! So good bye for the present, with the hope I shall sometime meet you face to face. I remain,

Ever yours for Truth and Justice,
ANNIE KNAPP.

BLOOMFIELD N. J. Sept. 28-83.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

I hardly know how to say what I wish to say to you without giving offense, but finding my name set down as a ticket holder in the diamond raffle I must speak. Heretofore I have taken no interest in the matter further than regret that you would (as it seemed to me) do evil that good might come, I cannot accept the gift and am writing to request that before another issue of the HERALD you will take my name away from any connection with the matter. You may think me a very Puritanic sort of *liberal*. I do not want, by chance, to get something that other people have paid for. I am earnestly trying to teach my boys that it is disgraceful to wish to get something for nothing and have forbidden their buying the prize packages of candy which are so extensively sold. If the principle that it is wrong to get something for which we do not render a fair equivalent could be instilled into the people's heads and hearts it would do more than anything else can to crush out monopolies which are oppressive to us.

Have just finished reading the "President's Address" before Conclave and must congratulate you, most enthusiastically, upon its merits.

Good bye, with best wishes and kindest regards.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Something is the matter with Maine. While the average expenditure *per capita* for tobacco in the entire nation, is one dollar, in Maine it averages but seventeen cents.

On Friday evening a boy named John Horton, but eight years of age, was arrested by a Toronto policeman and run in, being found in a very drunken state, singing, swearing and acting in an outragous manner generally.—*Truth.*

THE TWO PICTURES.—Six characters are grouped for effect. A sheck of tall, well headed-wheat fills the front centre. To the left is a happy, healthy family of four—father, mother, and two bright little girls. Comfort, contentment and great promise are depicted, as a brown wheaten loaf—the product of grain—is offered by a comely maid, who, in bold prospective, represents the dignity of righteous manufacture. This is one side of the picture, and its voices God's benediction. Now the other side. The same family group is seen; but an untold and untellable experience has been realized. The father is prostrate, his face awry, and rough as the rotten floor upon which he lies; his brain and body are paralyzed. Sitting on a block, bedizzened with her own thoughts, is the mother. With uncombed hair, and sunken cheek, whose hollow her half-shut hand conceals, she contemplates. Is this the mother of a while ago? Wait! On the floor, beside the shock of grain! sits the younger child. Carefully gathered rags conceal her nakedness. Her little feet and legs, shoeless and stockingless, are gathered up to support her tired girlish head. The little one is sleeping. At the mother's knee the elder child, with raiment parted, stands beseeching. It is for bread she asks. She gets no answer. Father nor mother hears—one paralyzed, the other benumbed with grief and trial—the eloquence of innocence finds no responsive chord. This is all. No, no, no! it is not all. Behind the group of human wrecks, in semi-silhouette, is poised their demon. With outstretched arm, and holding an inverted bottle in his fleshless hand, he pours the destroying liquid out. How changed, and yet how true! How bold the contrast. Home, wealth, happiness. Misery, hunger, and slow death. The joyous maid, the greedy destroyer. The Mill, the Still!—X.

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Also, "The Dietz Patent Crum Receiver," a little bijou of neatness and convenience. Price $1,50. When both pans are purchased a deduction of 25 cts is made.
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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.
THE SCIENCE COSTUME.
Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.
No. 6

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.
For the Herald.

In the year 1868-69, population was rapidly flowing into Vineland; fruit culture receiving much attention; farm work was under discussion and experiment; and a Farmers Club was established, which met frequently, both sexes attending. Women soon learned they had little chance to discuss flower culture and other labors interesting to them, and so annexed a Home Department with separate meetings. Dres Reformers knew these should consider topics all women should enlarge their knowledge upon and teach the most they were able, and went to the meetings as the interested included in the call. They took an active part and were treated courteously, save by a few, seeming proud of manifest fastidiousness. I received two anonymous notes asking me to stay away from the department wishing to associate with those in lady-like attire. These I disregarded, but a friend mentioned them to the company in my absence, and they were pronounced low and cowardly, deserving the silent contempt they received. Persistence in the exercise of rights goes before success; and in no reform is it a clearer duty than in dres reform. In this case the effect was salutary—we discussed wholesome cookery, home causes of disease and home facilties for cure, and when confessed that all were sick, they listened to our showings on wholesome dres, and could see that if it restored strength, its convenience would enable them, besides keeping homes in order, to pursue science, various arts, recreation, and by versatile qualification culture their children in the most needed knowledge, which now they were ignorant of, and their life-long happiness hazarded mid surrounding vice. In these quiet and earnestly calm conversations the keen sense of privileged respectability assumed a sort of reasoning mildnes, in appearance hopeful, yet doubtful to a mind that saw ambition for a popular name growing with the wealth and numbers of the town.

In 1870 my garden was in order and thriving, my house finished and furnished; and finding leisure to labor for the world, I cast a searching thot over its wants and weaknes, its wealth and power, I saw it living for sordid objects far below its knowledge, thus consuming honor and trifling with justice and all good. The next question was the cause of recklesnes. Here again was sordidness wrought into customs and entailed on all people in diminished physical and moral strength. This bro't me to my long settled conviction that speculation in fashions that enfeeble, beguile and generally pervert woman, poisoned the fountains and embittered all the springs of life; hence was the vile root first to be eradicated, that other causes might be reached and common misery give place to comfort.

Method of eradication was the great sequel of that question, and again bro't the answer long before settled upon, woman's resistance of the fraud, which, tho' it had become enticing, should be revolting, and then *was* when truly seen. My decision was to take my pen, a dozen years neglected, work for all reforms as opportunity offered, and especially for woman's emancipation, that general invigoration might accrue. I wrote on the cause of woman's illnes and, thru maternity, its debasing influence on children and men, the need of hygienic costume, and of a manhood and journalism to sustain women in necessary changes of style, hoping to revive tho't on the movement that fancy goods dealers hoped they had abolished, and extend conviction to the fulnes of practical power. I sent articles to the press of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Washington, and widened to other cities as time allowed and prejudice lessened. During the year '73, Mrs. O. F. Shepard of Vineland had leisure and plied her able pen faithfully in the same line. By that time, many papers accepted the topic and able individuals sent letters of sympathy and encouragement.

Sorosis, a woman's Club in New York City, profesedly reformatory, established an annual congres, which discussed woman's disabillities and her means of acquisition; and plainly proved her ability was dwarfed by habits, her power to achiev dependent on the naturalnes of her costume. But its fame as a first clas assembly was felt preferable to health, pure influence and *real* honor. The Woman's Club of Boston saw so clearly that prevalent sicknes was the result of fashionable violations of life, that it instituted a committee to investigate the subject extensively. It gave time and close research in different cities, found men in all the goods trade more devoted to extravagance in womens goods and styles than women, and wealthy husbands more particular to adorn their wives expensively than were the wives. The committee conciled with the Club and reported conclusions in the Woman's Journal to this effect—"fashionable dres of women was the cause of feebleness and, thru disease, of vice, poverty and misery—radical, hygienic costume was requisite to remedy the evils; nevertheless, the Club could not afford to make the necessary changes." Why not, it was composed of intelligent, educated women, able to state reasons and define positions. Evidently the vain desire for present, local, brief praise, tho' it fosters all vices. But these bright, proud Clubs did not think for the multitude, nor conclude for all time; news papers spoke with more and more courage, and growing favor was so apparent that the Vineland Home Department manifested real interest and one member appeared in skirts ten inches from floor and said, "lets start this fashion." I said, that is a good begining, but dont call it fashion, for that is a tyranic dictator and by dictating the style of fabrics and of cut, controls all the trade and all women. We want a system based in health, ease and use, leaving individuals free to select or invent, and thus create tolerance for personal rights, and cease to tame down native genius to the monotony of the same mold. The women said that idea was good and they would form a Vineland Society, and allow such freedom. The topic was continued at the meetings thru the autumn of '73, and it was resolved to make the Society; all would raise the skirt four inches from floor to start with; they would advance as they could, and tolerate progres if it outgrew the whole skirt. The few radical reformers attending merely offered occasional suggestions, as the women stil seemed to feel distinct and to choose their own councils.

VINELAND, N. J.

The Thinker, Mc.Pherson, Ks., in a generous notice of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, says:

One great object in the mission of this paper, is to elevate women to an equal standing with men; with a legal right to the ballot, and before the law.

Woman has always been kept in subjection to the will and pleasure of man ever since the christian religion. She has been kept below the level of man, till she thinks she is occupying the place allotted to her from the beginning. We are pleased to know that some one of them dare make a start in the direction of mental and social freedom.

Every woman in the land should become a subscriber to this valuable paper. It will do for men to read and ponder over. It will show them that woman has brain enough to be their equal, yea, *more* than their equal. We wish it the success it so richly deserves.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE NOTES.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny."—[Revolutionary Watchword.

"All just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed."—[Declaration of Independence.

"The radical basis of goverment is the 'equal rights' of all its citizens."—[Horace Greeley.

"Idiots, lunatics, persons under guardianship, felons, and persons convicted of bribery (unless pardoned or otherwise restored to civil rights) and women shall not be entitled to vote."—[Constitutional Law.

No faculty of the body or mind ever attains its best results except in freedom.

The women suffragists of New York have adopted resolutions rejoicing over the defeat of Rev. Morgan Dix as candidate for assistant bishop of the Episcopal church, and hail the result as a great advance in the cause of freedom.

At the Rochester Freethought Convention Mrs. Colby, Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Susan Wixon and Mrs. Krekel all ably and nobly championed and justified the rights of woman and the impossibility of achieving any lasting or true reform short of her complete emancipation and highest culture.

Rochester, N. Y. lately had a Greenback convention. The following resolution was offered on behalf of the woman movement. It was tabled however, to save contention—there being a small majority of the cowardly element present:

Whereas, Woman counterparts man in all living service, it is fitting that she should stand as his equal —neither above nor below him; wherefore,

Resolved, Hereafter and forever we will recognize women as our natural equal in all government matters, whether in the home or other important positions.

Woman is a citizen but she cannot vote.

She is a full-grown rational being, but she is treated as a child.

She is taxed, but she has no representation.

She is amenable to the law, but she has no voice in the framing of the law.

These contradictions in our republic have often been pointed out, but the crowd — the deep, calm, thinking and philosophic crowd, of course, have only heard them to laugh at them.

But that which has truth and justice on its side will outlive sneers. The "rights of man" were once laughed at. The Cæsars laughed at them. The feudal lords laughed at them. The aristocracies of all Europe and Asia—of all the world—laughed at them. The untaught and plundered multitudes also—the slaves of those aristocracies, laughed at them. Why, then, heed the laugh of to-day at the "rights of woman"!—X.

A ROYAL ART.—Many a crowned head has been an expert type-setter, and some of the most distinguished men this country has produced, were practical printers, and many ladies of wealth have become type-setters solely because of the fascination surrounding the occupation. Of late years, women compositors, who pursue the occupation for a living, are numerous in all parts of the United States. To an intelligent mind this branch of the trade is a school, rich in knowledge, from which it can gather treasures not always to be found in books Indeed, there have been eminent men, graduates from the composing room, who never had the advantage of a single term of schooling. When we consider these facts we are prepared to hear that the dashing Empress of Austria, who is proficient in horsemanship, field sports, and gymnastics, is having a printing office erected in her palace, and intends to learn the printing business. The Empress is given to verse writing; and will, so soon as she has made sufficient advancement in her new vocation, set up her own poems in type and personally superintend their issuance from the press.

We are never too old to learn.

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY.

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ANNIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich. "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J. "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home, for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me. "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal. "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Whshington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia. "I did not *originate* the style of dress, worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

The first woman to arrive in Carbon dale, Col., received an ovation, marked by such substantial tokens of welcome as a town lot, a mining claim, and the money with which to buy a silk dress.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs from birds,
Yet whose utterances prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well run,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—O, beautiful sleep!

DRESS REFORM.

For the Herald.

Now that this matter of reform in dress is engaging the attention of so many, both in this country and in England, would it not be wel for those who hav given any thot to the subject to exchange ideas with each other; and I know of no better way than the pres, so that al may be benefited who are in any way interested.

I hav been studying and investigating this dres question for several years; hav worn a short dres everywhere, and hav made my living in it, notwithstanding the assertions that it could not be done, by those who were not favorable to reform. I hav done as wel financially as most of those, who wear the usual dres and work their own way in the world; I hav done better fisically, for I hav come up from invalidism to a good degre of health, earning my way at the same time. So I think I can testify somewhat from experience. I wil not say that it has been easy work, but al things considered; it has been no harder for me than many of the conditions I see every day are for other women, and while they, as a clas, grow fisically weaker and break with the strain, I am growing fisically stronger and am more ready to do my life work at the beginning; so I think I hav gained insted of lost.

Many women would be glad to make some change in their style of dres and rid themselves of a burden of weight as wel as care, if they only knew how and where to begin. They do not quite like the combination of short skirt and pants, and if they did, are not quite equal to the strain of wearing it and braving the consequences, which are inevitable, while the world is no farther advanced than now: so they are waiting for something which may be of practical use to them. Now I would like to describe a dres which would be suitable to them to-day, at home and abroad, as a first step. It does not combine the highest advantages, but is infinately superior to the ordinary burdensome dres.

To begin with the under garments—no chemises, corsets, petticoats, or ordinary drawers are needed. The first garment, worn next the skin, should be a combination of drawers and waist, either sewed or buttoned together, covering the whole person from neck to wrists and ankles. These garments can be purchased ready made of woven wear or cotton cloth, or the ordinary vests and drawers can be sowed together at the waist line. If preferd patterns can be procured and they can be made at home of cotton or woolen cloth as the season requires. The gauze underwear is most comfortable for summer, however, and it has the advantage of being more easily washed than cotton cloth. Next come the long stockings that are wide at the toes, that the foot be not prest out of al semblance to nature by deforming coverings. Leave off the garters, and use insted the stocking suspenders which you can make if you choose. So much for underwear. The next garment must be a pair of knickerbockers, very ful of material like the dres, and lined. Put a wide band on the bottom, cut to fit the leg and buttoning from the knee or just below, to the boot top. Make the band long enuf to go inside the boot top a little. If buttoned on the outside of the leg, hav the buttons to match those on the overdres. Then, outside of al, a princes dres made loose at the waist and lined thruout, and just long enuf to meet the ten inch boots with wide soles and low broad heels. No petticoats are needed. The ful knickerbockers make them unnecessary. In a dres like the one described with the addition of a coat or jacket for out door wear when the season requires, and a round hat (never a bonnet), you can go anywhere and attract very little attention and be pretty comfortable as wel.

But if you want the pretiest and most comfortable dres you can hav, substitute for the princes overdres a jacket or coat nicely made, or even a garribaldi or loose blouse waist, dispencing with the skirt entirely, and you wil hav a graceful and beautiful dres.

We want a beautiful dres as wel as a helthful one, and the nearer the dres approximates in its outlines to the outline of the human form, allowing it to be loose enuf to permit al movements to be made with perfect ease and consequent grace, the more beautiful it wil be. The perfectly developed human form is the highest type of beauty known to us, and it is composed, structurally and in outline, of curves, and its covering should follow the same general rule. No dres can be beautiful that is composed entirely of straight lines and angles, as is the masculine attire of to-day. It may be simple and thus helthful, put simplicity and beauty combined produce the best, and we want nothing les.

RITA BELLE.

PAINESVILLE, O.

CREMATION.

The time has arrived in the history of Progress to take up the question "What shall we do with our dead?" Shall they longer breed pestilence and fill our living homes with poison, disease and death? Shall we mummyize our dead and make of the earth's surface a vast mausoleum until, like Egypt it becomes a barren waste—a hideous Golgotha?

All the interests of Society demand that the bodies of our dead be burned, not buried or vaulted. A sealed vault near the city of Bergen nearly caused a pestilence in that city a few years ago. When the vault was opened, a sickening sight met the eyes as well as the nostrils. Bodies of men, women and children were jumbled together in one horrible, broken mass of coffins, legs, arms, skulls, trunks, feet, hands, in a festering pile of death-dealing, air polluting diabolism. And the curious part of the matter was, the architect of this pest house had left a crevice a foot wide, extending the whole length of it, so that the effluvium could escape with ease and inoculate with death every passer by as well as the whole city of Bergen.

The exhibition and ostenation of funerals is a sort of free "show" that should be frowned down by every intelligent person. How much more christian and humane it would be for a rich man to give the price of his funeral to the poor or to some worthy institution, as Peter Cooper did, who was followed to the grave by only *one* carriage.

Clean ashes in a beautiful urn are far more desirable than festering decay. Many bodies are being encinerated at the Lemoyne Crematory, at Washington, Pa., and "Burial Reform Associations" are being formed in almost all large cities. Our able co-editor, Mary E. Tillotson of Vineland, N. J., is an officer in the Society of that town, and the following sensible remarks are from her trenchant pen:

Millions are wasted on the dead to the injury of the living. What is this but the vanity of vanities? The dead body is no more an entity on which the affections can linger. It can in no way need the offerings of emotional show. The poor we have with us always. Looking to their wants and the sadness of their condition is a libel against every cemetery in the land. Look through our cities and witness the extreme cases of poverty, the half-clad, half-fed, and almost bereft of protection of any kind. These cemeteries are speaking placards of idolatrous worship and pride of show. The slumbering earth heeds not the silver mountings on burial cases. Heeds not the monument pointers—symbols of ignorance and foolishness of pride that would measure grief by the world's approval of material show, and spend for the dead body, what the living need for protection and use.

There is not only the great and foolish expense of ostenations funerals, but there is the loss of the valuable time of business men and women. I live within two blocks of Masonic Temple and there is hardly a day passes but there is a grand turnout of Templars to escort some Sir Knight to his mortal "abiding home." These men not only have to leave their business and clothe themselves in regalia but they must walk three miles over cobble-stones, to reach the city of the dead Sir Knights. When we take into consideration the peaked-toed shoes of the period, and the tender feet caused by squeezed toes, that, of itself, should plead trumpet-tongued for a respite from such agonizing "shows," and for a sensible, healthy mode of disposing of our dead.

Dr. Gradle, in *Popular Science Monthly*, says:

The diseases already known to be produced by germs are splenic fever, relapsing fever, the fevers of childbirth, and consumption. Some, indeed question the evidence in respect to this last, but Robert Koch found a rod-shaped bacillus that was an inevitable companion of the disease. With marvelous patience, Koch has succeeded in getting this parasite to grow in pure blood and freeing it from all associated matter, "all animals inoculated with this developed consumption usually perishing from the attack. This bacillus likewise produces spores of a persistent nature, which every consumptive spits broadcast into the world."

Many things indicate that all the contagious diseases can be added to the list of parasitical diseases. The itch parasite is well known. Malarial fever has been recently added to the list, though the evidence so far is not quite conclusive. There are also other diseases which are not yet known to be contagious, but which are certainly associated with parasites, as pneumonia, rheumatism and Bright's disease.

The question of the most practical importance, in the light of these facts, is the way in which the germs enter the body, and the steps demanded for protection. There are two common paths by which the germs of all these parasites enter; the air inhaled, and the water drank. Most of them develop only in the blood. So those which enter in the air are very unlikely to pass through the walls of the lungs, though they may do this, and very likely the germs of consumption often do. But those which enter through the drinking water, passing as they do to the intestines, are far more likely to find an appropriate seat for development. Certain fevers are certainly generally communicated in this way. Three things follow from these facts as the steps required for protection: absolute purity of the air; the greatest caution that the sources of drinking water are never contaminated by filth; and the most complete disinfection of the excreta of those afflicted with these diseases. This last must be of first importance, and reliance must be placed only upon those substances which actually destroy the germs, such as chloride of lime or corrosive sublimate.

A horrible discovery relative to yellow fever germs has been made by Dr. Domingo Freire, of Rio de Janeiro. The *St. James Gazette* even calls it one of the most horrible of modern science. That city has been seriously afflicted with the yellow fever, and Dr. Freire in his inquiries into the causes of the epidemic came upon the dreadful fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried, was positively alive with microscopic organisms exactly identical with those found in the vomitings, blood, etc., of those who had died in the hospitals of yellow fever. From a foot under ground he gathered a sample of the earth overlying the remains of a person who had been buried *about a year* before: and ,though it showed nothing remarkable in appearance or smell, it was found under the microscope to be thickly charged with these abominable disease germs. Many of the organisms were making spontaneous movements. In fact, therefore, the cemeteries are so many nurseries of yellow fever; for every year the rain washes the soil and the fever seed with which it is so closely sown, into the watercourses and distributes them over the town and the neighborhood. Says the Doctor; "If each corpse is the bearer of millions of millions of organisms that are specifics of ill, imagine what a cemetery must be in which new foci are forming around each body. In the silence of death, these worlds of organisms, invisible to the unassisted eye, are laboring to fill more graves with more bodies destined for their food and for the fatal perpetuation of their species." How terribly fatal the organisms are, may be understood from the fact that the blood of a yellow fever patient injected into a guinea-pig killed it, and that the guinea-pig's blood injected into a rabbit killed it also; so that the chain of destruction may apparently be endless, for each victim, on *post mortem* examination, was found to have its blood literally swarming with malignant germs. Surely, the cremation of all yellow fever corpses becomes in the light of Dr. Freire's discovery a public necessity.

London *World*: There are only three ways in which dead bodies can be disposed of—either in earth, sea, or fire. There are obvious objections, on the score of good taste, to sending our dead to be torn to bits by fishes. It is also certain that our cemeteries and graveyards, with slow-decomposing masses of animal matter, lead to the surrounding soil being poisoned by the products of putrefaction—a result that cannot be considered healthy by any stretch of imagination. But if we burn a dead body to ashes, we do, or need do, no injury to anybody. There is nothing unwholesome in the ashes, which may be preserved with reverent care as sacred relics, and people who prefer to burn their dead rather than let them "lie in cold obscurity and rot," have both sense and science on their side.

If we must have a public "show" for our dead, let it be an enclosure paved with marble, with marble shafts wherein could be placed the "ashes" and whereon could be carved the name and deeds of the dead hero or heroine.

MARIETTA L.

TEMPTATION.

"Lead us not into temptation," is well enough

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

For the HERALD.

But better still is it that we are so reared, educated and taught as to be able to *resist* temptation, that we may see, understand and comprehend the pitfalls and avoid them. I have seen boys so carefully brought up, so tenderly kept from all knowledge of vice, that when they did mix with the great world outside of the protective home walls, they were beguiled and led astray by the first tempter that approached them.

I knew girls so carefully reared that if the word "leg" was pronounced in their presence, the blush of shame would mount their cheeks. But alas! when they reach womanhood they are wooed and won by men who have been thro' every stage of licentiousness and lust, and whose private vocabulary is foul with the worst possible obscenities imaginable. All this is suppressed in the presence of ladies, and the maiden whom such a man woos, believes him pure, chaste and perfect. True she hears whispered rumors of irregularities, and perhaps her parents and friends confirm them as facts, but she loves and he denies and pleads and she accepts, and only when the union is consummated does she begin to discover the true inwardness of the man whom she had invested with the bright shining halo of purest perfection. Oh! the horrors of that revelation! how she shudders and shrinks from it all! She had never imagined Hell itself to be so vile and loathsome. Can it be her idol and hero who is talking and acting so vilely? It must be some terrible dream from which she will soon awaken. But it is all too real, too true! She has had her dream, her beautiful pure maiden dream of honest, true, holy, manly love, and *here* is the awakening, the realization! Oh! how different, how horrible! But the fiat has gone forth, the die is cast. She loves, and love endures much, tho' it cannot blind. She sometimes lifts him up toward her own pure plane, but alas! far oftener sinks to his. She has been taught to *avoid* temptation but not to *resist* it.

Mothers to you be the lesson; take it to your hearts and be wise. Train your boys and your girls to *resist* temptation. Let them mingle familiarly, sex with sex, as freely as possible. Teach them the full Physiological Lesson. Teach them to *know themselves* and *their kind*. Teach them sexual uses and sexual abuses! Let them know of the hidden ulcers and foul corruptions, and teach how to avoid them, let them realize the pitfalls that they may shun them, let them perceive the danger that they may turn aside.

Knowing the fact that so many men and alas! women also, are frail and vile, they will be able to weigh, sift and select. A girl properly reared and wisely taught will not rush headlong into love with the first man who approaches her with inviting attention. She will study him and be cautious. She, knowing what so many men are, will listen to what the world says of him. With open eyes she will judge him as carefully as she does a new bonnet, a silk dress or a pair of new shoes she intends to purchase, aye, and far more so, for this is the purchase of a lifetime. Of a generation yet unborn, of many generations yet to come, all of which are depending on this choice and selection for their future status and standing.

"After me, vista!"
"O! I see life is not short, but immeasurably long.
I henceforth tread the world chaste, temperate, an early riser, a steady grower,
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For these reasons, and despite these objections, this Institution has been organized. There is none other such in our country, and its doors are open to all who will enter. Its watchword is *thoroughness*. It testifies by its very existence to the right of women, if qualified, to serve mankind as the compounders of medicines, while by the characters of its Professors, and the extent of its course of study, it bears witness that *only the qualified have the right to serve*.

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The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal*.

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GOVERNMENT chemical laboratories exist in France, for testing the qualities of food, wine and all articles of consumption and use that are subject to fraud and adulteration. The officials of these government laboratories are constantly employed in detecting adulterations. Deleterious adulterations of food and wine are destroyed. Other adulterations that merely affect the quality of the articles offered for sale and are not hurtful, except as frauds upon purchasers, are confiscated and sent to the hospitals. The laboratories belong to the police force of the government, and are designed to facilitate the detection and punishment of knaves. Our own government would do well to take some steps in this direction.—X.

A sojourner in New York says: "The brotherhood of smokers I have never seen more forcibly illustrated. The raggedest gamin presents his cheroot for a light on Broadway alike to the laborer, the bond owner and the nice young man, and has his claim allowed by all with equal promptness. In the great city one touch of lighted tobacco makes the whole world kin."

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TO PUBLISHERS.

Books upon Dress Reform, Physical Culture, Stirpiculture (Race Culture), Heredity, The Industrial Education of Women and Girls, and general reform, Equal Suffrage, Temperance, etc., will be carefully reviewed in these columns. Please remember 304 Stockton-st., San Francisco.

Books for review can be sent either to Bancroft's or Roman's publishing houses, or to the office of the HERALD.

On the 6th of Sept we expressed Mrs. Schofield's prize ring, but up to date, Oct. 15th, have had no tidings of it. What's the matter?

THE ART OF SWIMMING.

No. I.

Every man, woman and child should know how to swim. Swimming should be a part of the curriculum of our public schools and of every school. San Francisco has long been a sufferer, sanitariely, because she had provided no attractive *private* bath houses and teachers, where women and children could learn how to swim. James Lick saw this need and if he had been wise would have executed his "Trust" during his life time, instead of letting it lapse in the hands of disinterested parties. Weary of waiting the action of these lax and imperturbable trustees, Messrs. Truworthy and Bane, with a commendable zeal, have opened an all year round *summer* swimming bath at North Beach, and named it "Crystal Baths." The dimensions are: building 130 feet in length by 50 feet wide, with a glass skylight extending through the center, 100 feet long by 16 wide, and it is supplied with 100 dressing rooms extending down the sides, lighted by electricity and open day and evening.

The tank is 100 feet in length with a graduated depth of 2 to 10 feet, is constructed of concrete, the bottom lined with marble, the building supplied with spring boards, trapeze, etc., and a beautiful fountain in the center throws up enormous quantities of warm salt water. The facilities for bathing are complete in every detail, and cannot be excelled. The Bath has a continuous supply of 25,000 gallons of warm salt water per hour, pumped from outside the sea wall through 1, 200 feet of 10-inch bipe; the heating and pumping being done by the California Wire Works. This is the *largest warm water supply of any bath in the world.*

And this is not all. The enterprising proprietors have secured the services of Prof. Charles Wightman, the world reknowned champion swimmer, for teacher. A brief sketch of the life of the Professor will be of interest in this connection. We quote his own words taken from his admirable work, "The Art of Swimming."

I was born in Nottingham, England, and attended an academy there, the pupils of which were compelled to bathe in the river twice a day. I took to the water naturally, and soon became able to compete with the best swimmer among my schoolmates. A short time after I left school a prize was offered by one of the professors of the academy, for which any of the boys of the town under thirteen years of age were allowed to compete. I was one of the contestants, and after a closely contested swim, I won the prize. After this I was a contestant in many swimming galas in Nottingham and the country round about, and was pretty generally successful.

When sixteen years of age I won the championship of the middle counties of England, the prize being a silver cup valued at £50, which was not awarded until contended for three times successively. It was about this time that I won my first money prize, a purse of £10, my opponent being Harry Keel. After this I attended all the swimming contests in England, as either principal or spectator; and while on one of these trips in Manchester I first met Harry Gurr, then the champion of England, and shortly afterward we entered into a copartnership, and travelled through the principal cities and towns of England giving exhibitions until 1865, when I contended with him and others in open competition for the championship of England. Prominent among the contestants were Dave Pamplin, Henry Parker and Thos. Atwood. After swimming one mile the race was abandoned by the three latter to Gurr and myself, and was won by my cometitor by about two seconds.

We then accepted an appointment under the Government in the Victoria Park, London. In this park are two lakes, which are open to the public for bathing purposes from 4 A. M. until 8 P. M., when the park is thrown open to visitors. Our duties were to be in attendance at the lake and prevent the loss of life that was likely to result from the crowd. We filled the position two years, and in that time saved at least fifty lives.

I then went to Paris and accepted an appointment as swimming master in the *Bains du Henry IV.*, on the Seine which position I filled for two years, during which I gave numerous entertainments. After giving up my situation in Paris I returned to London, and became one of the assistant teachers of Wm. Woodbridge, the celebrated one-legged swimmer, and it was while acting in this capacity that I visited the Zoological Gardens, and while there saw a mammoth aquarium from which I got my idea of a "stage tank." I called on dramatic agents in London and told them of my idea; they approved of it and my plan was adopted.

As soon as one is master of the water he, or she can take to the open bay, from May to November, where there are any number of well kept bath houses; or they can cross the bay and take a *warmer* dip in the famous "Sunny Cove Baths" at Alameda, and be hospitably received by the lady proprietors, the Misses Dietz.

We urge and *emphasize* the importance of having every child introduced to the water. Mrs. Webb, one of the expert swimmers of this coast, says that sea bathing has saved her life. We saw her at "Sheltered Cove Baths," North Beach, one day last week, dive, turn summersaults, turn over and over in the water as we used to do in the grass when a child, until the spectators shouted, "Bravo!" again and *again*.

Women, as a rule, make the *best* swimmers, and be assured the Champion woman swimmer of this Coast shall have a pæan of praise in continual chant in WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

Prof. Wightman has kindly and generously placed his book in our hands to make a series of articles from, upon the art of swimming, which will be of incalculable value to the learner.

MARIETTA L.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ELMINA'S PUBLISHED WORKS.

Let Truth and Falsehood grapple. Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?—[Milton.

STUDYING THE BIBLE. A brief criticism on some of the principle scripture texts. Price $1.

In the publishers preface he says: The reader will find this commentary to be one of the keenest, liveliest, wittiest, and most sensible he ever met with.

Elmina is certainly one of Natures' theologians. The truths which spring spontaneous from her large nature, to perfect bud, blossom, fruitage in her prolific brain, are fair and healthy children, because there was no pain or agonizing at partu, rition, and whoever reads her books will be made wiser and better by their wholesome, commonsense teachings. What the world needs today—and has always needed—is truth stripped of the husks and burs of error. Every side, corner, top, bottom, highth, depth and circumference of a subject pertinent to the well-being of the race must be submitted to the clear, uncompromising light of searching investigation. No ancient landmark is too sacred to leave in "outer darkness." Truth walks in light. Error in darkness.

THE DARWINS. A Domestic Romance. Cloth 75c, paper 50c.

We get wise bits of talk, beautiful views and charming vistas of a pure home love in this volume. If young married people would buy the book and model their home upon the plan of 'The Darwins' home, and rear their children in the *natural*, healthful (physically, morrally and mentally) way in which the Darwins' reared theirs, we should be surrounded by thrifty intelligence—instead of squallid misery in hovels and the misery of luxurious debauchery in palaces.

In speaking of the importance to be attached to the *three* meals a day system, Mrs. Darwin says (Page 41.):

Some people say: Eat but two meals a day, and no supper, but I never could think it a good plan to go so long without eating. Not only is one apt to overeat at breakfast, after so protracted a fast, but as the stomach gets empty, the gastric juices begin to attack the membrane and coatings, and this causes irritation and often inflammation. I never hear of a child being punished by depriving it of a meal but I wish the ignorant parent could look with a physician's eye, and see the state of the little stomach which is suffering from need of its wonted nourishment. I long for the great and glorious day to come when all punishments shall forever cease, and men become wise, gentle, thoughtful and good. The world is full of unavoidable aches and pains, and people have to undergo suffering enough without inflicting it upon themselves. There was a time when men thought that the more they crucified the flesh, the nearer they were to heaven; but now they have evoluted beyond that, and the sooner they progress on past all desire to inflict wilful pain upon others, the better it will be for the world."

GODLY WOMAN. Cloth 75c paper 60c.

Here we have a strong, brave, "Woman's Rights" book. It makes woman, herself, responsible for much of her babyish helplessness. It shows that she forges her own chains in refusing to see and investigate cause and effect; that she takes everything second-hand and second-class simply because she is too indolent to get out the spade and pickaxe of thot, and delve in the mine of investigation herself.

Every unprejudiced mind will be improvnd and made stronger for life's battles for having read this book, which gives, in word painting, such a keen insight into the highways and byways of the human family.

JOHN'S WAY. Price 12c. For this small sum of money is to be found the essence of *multum in parvo*. With all its wise and witty sayings it is as good as a double dose of laughter to cure dyspepsia, for "John's way" is a merry way—bordered with flowers and vocal with the wild bird's notes.. If all men's ways were like John's the Melennium would stand tiptoe on the mountain tops of thot.

The above books will be sent, post-paid, upon the receipt of the price, also, "Dianna," 25c, a tract which advocates perfect continence in (when people are unfit, from any cause, to reproduce their kind) and out of wedlock; "Bottom Facts" Concerning the Science of Spiritualism, by J. W. Truesdell, $1,50; "Healte Hinth," 25c.

Address Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va.

WOMAN'S HOUR.

"Why are you interested in every. thing?" said a lady to another who was always attending lectures and everything that was likely to be of an instructive nature. "What is it that makes you so interested in everything?" A more suggestive question could not have been asked, and the questioner was right in her supposition, if she did suppose, that she had touched in it her own discontent and unhappiness and feeling of uselessness generally. Woman needs to have a fresh, spontaneous interest in everything that is going on in the world—a feeling that there is some inter-relation between herself and all that is taking place in the great world around—an interest in the thoughts of all the great thinkers of the day. Without this the life of a woman is likely to become void, colorless and unprofitible. The days come and go—a monotonous procession of meaningless phantoms flitting by while she remains inactive. When we hear a young woman say she has no interest in what is going on in the world, we very quickly come to the conclusion that there is something wrong in her make-up, either mentally or morally, or that she is telling a falsehood. Speaking of women, Gail Hamilton said "a woman ought to be as much ashamed of being a dyspeptic at twenty as of being a drunkard," and this apathy toward the things of life is a mental dyspepsia which is just as despicable as the physical ailment. The lines which head this article should be an inspiration to all to be doing something. Men and women can accomplish great things for themselves. It is not "sufficient that you live, O! woman."—X.

Jane Grey Swisshelm says: "You cannot lesson the size of a woman's waist without stunting her brains" This is why a girl rolls her eyes and looks so idiotic while being squeezed.

At Warsaw, the Lady Snperior and seven ladies attached to the Maria Institute, under the direct patronage of the Czarina, have been arrested on the charge of Nihilism.—S. F. *Truth*.

Capersauce.

The scheme I want to bring about,
And one that's sure to win,
Is to turn the rascals inside out,
And the outside rascals in.
—Chas. A. Dana in Chicago News.

GIGGLING GIRLS.—Giggle is unbaked dough, undeveloped art, uncooked veal, incipient laughter. It belongs never to man or woman; but merely to girls. It is pulseless, but not soulless. The fun which inspires it has been driven back by timidity as with a sledge-hammer, but it is there. It has no sinew, but it promises, like the tenderness of the young willow, to develop, for it is full of sap. It is the brief song of a bird in the night. It sometimes discourages the one who would win laughter, but presently it will spread its wings and shake its sides, knowing what it laughs for, and having little thought what the world thinks.—X.

"May I see the Ballville Register?"

The gentleman from Iowa addressed one of the Herald staff, who happened to be in the exchange room.

"Certainly, sir; take a seat; the exchange editor will be in soon."

"I am the editor of the Register. I regard the Herald as the best paper on my exchange list."

"Yes! Well, we all deem the Register the best paper in Iowa, indeed, we all stand at the door when Albert brings the mail and grab for the Ballville Register. It is full of ideas, and we get subjects for editorials and special articles by the yard from it. We couldn't get along without the Register."

Journalistic courtesy of this kind is due from one editor to another. Presently the exchange editor came in.

"May I see the Ballville Register?"

"Certainly. You'll find it in the waste basket." Violent gesticulations from the courtesy editor. "That Register is the very poorest paper that sneaks into this office," continued the exchange man, amid a shower of desperate gesticulations and vain "ahems." I never saw a copy of the Register that had an idea in it as big as an O with the rim knocked off. I always pitch the blamed thing into the basket as soon as I see the wrapper. I don't see what they keep sending it here for."

The editor of the courtesy department vainly threw his shoulders out of joint and then left the room. When he came back the Iowa editor was gone. "Say, that was the editor of the Register."

The exchange editor jumped into the waste basket and pulled the lid down.—Chicago *Herald*.

DON'T.—Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't sleep in the same under-garments that are worn through the day. Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. Don't sit or sleep in a draft. Don't lie on the left side too much. Don't lie on the back, to keep from snoring. Don't try to get along with less than seven or eight hours sleep out of twenty-four. Don't get out of bed immediately on waking. Don't forget to rub yourself well all over with crash towels or hands before dressing. Don't forget to take a good drink of pure water before breakfast. Don't take a long walk when the stomach is entirely empty.

A gentleman who had boasted that his health and cheerful spirits were due to the fact that he bathed twice a day, was invited to a dinner party. When the company had assembled the lady of the house requested him to take a chair at the table immediately adjoining that which had been designated for the minister of the parish.

"Ah!" observed one of the guests to the hostess, "I see you have an eye to the eternal fitness of things. Cleanliness is next to godliness."—Brooklyn *Eagle*.

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Georgia Girls are leading the world in reform. A remarkable feature at commencement of Wesleyan female college, at Macon, Ga., was the beautiful simplicity of the dresses worn by the graduates. A number of them were made by the young ladies themselves and cost from $1.50 to $3.00.—Augusta *Chronicle*

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Why people should take the HERALD OF INDUSTRY. It is the only paper in California owned and made entirely by women in the interest of women. Every true woman who takes an interest and pride in the "woman-movement" will subscribe for its organ in in her own state. The price is so small it comes within the reach of all.

I urge every woman, man and child in each city, town and hamlet in the state to obtain subscribers for this paper.—FIFTY per cent. commission is paid, for both subscriptions and advertisements.

Is there one woman in the state of California who claims to be trying to assist the woman Movement who will not give one dollar a year for a local (state) paper published by a woman in the intrest of women? Look at the stuff published in the daily papers about women: Scandal, folly, vapidity and sin.

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"There is Nothing which the Human Mind can Conceive, which it may not Execute."

Vol. 2. No. 12. San Francisco, California, December, 1883. $1.00 per Annum. Single Copy 10 Cts.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY.

MRS. J. W. STOW,
EDITOR.

S. GERTIE SMYTH,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D., CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, MARY E. TILLOTSON, ELMINA D. SLENKER, SARAH KNOX-GOODRICH, occasional corrisponent.

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IN THE LONG RUN.

In the long run fame finds the deserving man;
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretense, unnoticed, goes its way
There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
But fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known.
The eye of truth will penetrate the night,
And ,good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light.
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed for years and stand confessed
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love.
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth,
The great eternal government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

Who are the great?

WHAT IS A FREETHINKER?—What *is* a Freethinker? A Catholic, Protestant, or Scientist who does his or her own re-soning, who arrives at logical conclusions thru the alembic of his or her own mind, who does not dwarf the intellect by taking anything second-hand,—worn, faded and jagged at the edges, is a Freethinker. All ministers, that are worth listening to, are Freethinkers. The age demands *freethinkers*. "Think for yourself is the key to success in life, for your own thot governs you in the end."

DIGNITY DISORDER.—"Died of dignity" should be emblazoned upon many a costly head-stone. It is the dignity disorder that ails Queen Victoria. If she would buy herself a skipping rope, and skip a half-hour daily, and a tricycle, and ride fifty miles every day, she would soon be ready to enjoy a game of hide-and-seek with her grand children. Dignified blood is full of poison which nothing will physic out but frolic and laughter. Laughter is the child of frolic. When the S. S. S. begins to cure people, the cure department will be known as "The Frolic Cure." The editor of the HERALD owes her splendid health to the "Cave and Cat Cure," which was a frolic institution. A full history of the place is to be found in Probate Chaff. It makes several chapters of chaff.

Every hotel should have a frolic room ,and every private home, worthy the name of home, should have a frolic room, where, clad in sensible garments, all sorts of sport could be practiced by adults and children without fear of rupturing blood vessels.

One hour each day should be set apart for frolic in the water. San Francisco is surrounded by the inviting sea, and now that we have swimming baths at our very door, every one should dip into the healing waters once a day at the very least. Here, the corset, petticoat and dignity are usually laid aside.

International Reform Dress Exhibition.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE SISTERHOOD offers a

HUNDRED DOLLAR

CHANCE, in her diamond set, for the most beautiful dress for a woman, that clears the ground 12 inches, is worn without corsets, high heels and petticoats. The Prize Exhibition will be held during the session of the FOURTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Social Science Sisterhood, to be held in Ixora Hall San Francisco, the first week in September, 1884.

All NATIONS are invited to compete. Dresses, which can be made of paper or cloth, must be forwarded at the risk and expense of the sender, and be received at Headquarters, 1921 Sacramento-st., by the 1st of Aug.

☞ OTHER PRIZES OFFERED.

Mrs. J. H. Holt, San Francisco, large oil painting. Landscape of California scenery.

S. Gertie Smyth, Oakland, Cal., $25.

No dress will receive more than ONE prize.

JULIET CORSON is telling Oaklanders what to eat and how to cook it.

THE TRIPPLE S COSTUME, with knickerbockers, is the dress for tricycling. Try it.

OUR SOCIAL SCIENCE "Silk Culture Department, is in a prosperous condition owing to a legislative appropriation of $7,500. It has a filiature in San Francisco with six young lady pupils learning how to reel silk from cocoons.

ATTENTION is called to the laws and regulations of the new Co-operative Colony organized under the able leadership of Isaac B. Rumford, at Joyful, Kearn Co., Cal. We extend to the "Brotherhood" the S. S. Sisterhood's right hand of fellowship.

The Brotherhood has put away the grease pan, the stew-pan and broiler and adopted a simplicity of life which means glad tidings to Woman. In a personal note, Mr. Rumford says "We want a practical printer to join us, to take charge of the mechanical part of "*Joyful News*" which will be issued at an early date."

MANY letters and book reviews are crowded out and many errors crowded into this issue. But friends must be patient; we don't pull up stakes and pitch tent every day; if we did, we should put away the talking type, and sit with folded hands and addled brain the rest of our days. When we look over our broken, bruised and battered household gods, we are persuaded that one's own home is the best and that furniture and feelings are not improved by change.

This No. ends the second Vol. of the HERALD and with it we send our Christmas greetings and thanks for kindness received during '83. Will each friend try and get *one* new subscriber for '84, right away? Make a Christmas gift of it if no one will subscribe.

CO OPERATION in woman's work is what is needed. The sentinel who stands at the post should feel the warmth of many hearts, in generous deeds as well as sympathetic words. An ounce of *financial* sympathy is worth pounds of generous, sympathetic words, without the wherewithal which furnishes the sinews of Progress with life, health and vigor.

The Wheelman, Illustrated, for Nov., is received. We look upon it as one of the most important magazines published. It teaches temperance, in a practical way, by providing an amusement, thru co-operation with manufacturers of bicycles and tricycles, which is above the dram shops and whiskey corner. The articles in the Nov. No. are worth the entire years subscription ($2). If you dont believe it, send 20c. to the office, 608 Washington-st., Boston, Mass., and judge for yourself.

The tricycle is a beautiful vehicle for a lady to ride on, and it does not double its cost every year, in keeping—as a horse does. It is not frightened at a stone or bush—as a horse is when it throws and kills its rider. A young lady died last week, in Santa Clara, from injuries received from a fall from her horse. There is another reason why the S. S. S. welcomes this new mode of recreation and exercise for women; they cannot ride a tricycle in the long uncouth bag called a dress skirt. Free use of legs are required in 'cycling.

It seems invididious to select from the admirable articles in this monthly, and yet we must commend the exploits of E. H. Parkhurst in the Tyrol and Switzerland. The dry drollery in which he dishes up his "happenings" is irresistible, if one is *permitted* to laugh, per example:

All my baggage for the trip, I took with me in a "multum-in-parvo-bicycle-travelling-bag"—not so long as its name, and about half as wide. Without the capacity of a "Saratoga," it still contained all that was absolutely necessary with the exception of a full-dress suit: but in travelling it is not really necessary to take that—you can always borrow one from the "waiters."

Again we quote, from an editorial (S. S. McClure):

As a means of sport, 'cycling stands at the head in pure athletics. It affects the finer elements, and those elements in an intense degree, which enter into the nobler physical contests. Bicycle-racing far surpasses horse-racing in intrinsic interest, because it affords physical contests between the men themselves. It surpasses sculling in many ways. As a sport it may be claimed to be *par excellence* the best. As a mode of recreation, bicycling and tricycling are scarcely equalled by any other pastime. A few of the elements of this excellence may be mentioned. It takes one into the open air; it affords opportunity for the general, symmetrical and thorough development of all the muscles and functions of the body; it exhilarates the mind, and, above all, it is an enticing, fascinating mode of exercise. This last point gives value to the other excellences of 'cycling and superiority to 'cycling itself as a mode of recreation. It is possible to swing dumb-bells, to walk, to ride, to take exercise in various forms; but it is not always possible to be *induced* to take exercise. Here is where the bicycle surpasses all other instruments of exercise. A man can't resist the fascinations of his wheel, and, if he owns one, must use it.

Viewed, then, in this light of pure athletics, 'cycling commands the interest, and demands the approval of all right-minded people: but it is not purely as a sport or purely as a recreation that it makes its highest claims or its strongest appeals. It is when it appears as *applied* 'cycling, so to speak, that the full possibilities of the wheel are seen and appreciated.

As an aid or an incentive to intellectual effort, the bicycle opens up a most fascinating and useful field. At the present day, it affords the only fascinating mode of travelling so as to study the natural aspects of the country traversed. Rare facilities are afforded the amateur photographer; the artist can easily carry his easel, water-colors, etc. The geologist, the botanist, the archæologist will find the tricycle a a most serviceable machine.

MOVED.—At last we are in our own dear home, 1921 Sacramento-st. Here we hope the HERALD OF INDUSTRY will have a large growth thru liberal patronage. To those who have not paid for the second Vol., we ask "Is it not worth the small price charged for it?" If it is not, please advise, that it may be discontinued to your address. It is not published for gratuitous circulation. Surely, mental food is as valuable, or should be, as physical sustenance.

If you are interested in dress reform, the unchaining of woman's dwarfed energies, caused by fettering fashion, you will help sustain the HERALD.

"Does it pay?" you ask. No! Reform papers are the poorest paying papers in the world. But we take courage from the fact that the *Woman's Journal* has a circulation of 30,000. Mrs. Stone said to me, in her own home at Russell Square, less than five years ago; "*The Journal* has never paid expenses. Friends help to make up the deficit every year. Mr Blank gave $250 toward it, last week." The rapid growth of this able journal within so short a time, gives us courage to persevere. Persistance wins, and all honor is due to the unflagging energy of the editor-in-chief of *The Woman's Journal*. It has blazed the trees, and one *Stone* has rolled many out of the path that following feet might not be bruised, and for this pioneer work we give thanks.

A young girl, twenty-two years of age, has just made the journey, on horseback, from Milwaukee, Wis., to Portland, Or. Who will claim, after this daring feat, that women lack courage?

SAMPLE COPIES of the HERALD have been sent for the last three months, to many persons. Will those who feel an interest in our work, send the "*dollar*" for Vol. III., before Jan. '84.

SCISSORS.

Those who have boldly ventured to explore
Unsounded seas and lands unknown before;
Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,
Measured the sun and weighed each distant star;
Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,
And brought uncounted wonders into birth;
Repelled the pestilence, restrained the storm,
And given new beauty to the human form;
Wakened the voice of reason, and unfurled
The page of truthful knowledge to the world:
They who have toiled and studied for mankind,
Around each slumbering faculty of mind,
Taught us a thousand blessings to create.
These are the nobly great!

Dignity is a mask. A dignified man is only afraid some one will find out how little he knows.

There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage.

LOUISA ARMIANDO, the female bicycle champion, rode 247 miles in 48 hours. She covered 149½ miles in 11 hours, 55 seconds.

JULIETTE W. B. CARPENTER has invented and patented a flexible halter for fastening horses. Her address is West Medford, Conn.

MRS. G. W. WILDMER, of Roxbury, has been awarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society one of its bronze medals. This lady rescued two children from drowning at Ipswich in August last.

D. O. MILLS, the California banker, has presented the State with a magnificent piece of statuary, representing Columbus at the court of Queen Isabella. The work is nine feet high, and cost $35,000. It will be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol at Sacramento, at Mr. Mills's expense.

In the Women's Congress in Chicago, Mrs. Walcott of Massachusetts, told her sisters that the outdoor work of a farmer was not so hard as that of the kitchen, and she instanced many women in Kentucky who are doing farm work rather than bury themselves in kitchens.

AVIS PORTER, a Friend, residing in Greenfield, N. Y., who is now in her ninety-fourth year, has, during the present year, purchased twenty-seven pounds of wool, had it carded, and not only has spun it herself, but has knitted it all into mittens.

Woman has sounded the depths; let her climb the heights! She has endured the sorrows; give her the joys! She has suffered all the wrongs; in Heaven's name, give her all the rights! "Government by the people!" Verily! and are not women "people?"—*Col. Bain.*

The Humanitarian Invention Association, of Youngstown, O., has offered a premium of $3,000 for the best and most practicable invalid chair, for use in homes, hospitals and public conveyances. This premium ought to be won by some bright woman with inventive faculties and a practical experience in the sick room.

Miss Catherine Wolfe, of New York, whose generous donation of $10,000 for the Reno "school for girls" insured the building of that seminary is the richest young lady in the United States. Good looking, twenty-seven years old and worth $16,000,000 in her own right, she receives an offer of marriage every week.

The largest individual sheep-owner in Texas is a woman, well known all over the State as the "Widow Callahan." Her sheep, more than 50,000 in number, wander over the ranges of Uvalde and Bandera counties, in the southwestern part of the State. Their grade is a cross between the hardy Mexican sheep and the Vermont merino. They are divided into flocks of 2000 head each, with a "bossero" and two "pastoras" in charge of each flock,

The woman's department at the Boston fair has created surprise among those who think women cannot invent. Some of the contrivances are ingenious. A California woman has devised a table bedstead. There are a double piano-stool, a bridle rein, an improved chimney, a birch bark life-preserver, a ventilating screen, life-sized doll babies, carpet-stretchers, floor-cleaning dustpans,, and stove-dampers, a photograph album, a pan-greaser, a lock against burglars and an autumn-leaf-catcher for cisterns, a bed that when not in use looks like a mantel shelf, and no end of other useful and ornamental articles.

Please renew your subscription immediately.

Children's Corner.

ALPHABETICAL FARMING.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study Nature with his I's
And think of what he C,s,

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's
And C's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many haws and G's
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While ploughing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.—X.

Little Etta's Frontier Life.

A SERIAL, BY LIZZIE BELL.

Etta, who had been caught up by Terry, much against her will, and carried "moose-back" because she could not keep pace with his headlong haste cried out lustily—"Put me down Tay, put me down *kick*, I's doin to see de bevas, I is!"

"So you are, Ducklegs," said Terry as he slipped her off his back like a bag of sand, while he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "and that old fellow that bobbed under the water just as we came up has gone inside to dust his parlor, and he'll be back in a minnit to invite you to go with him and make the acquaintance of Mrs. Beaver and the baby." "No he wont eider, 'ill he Bill? he don't 'ike 'ittle dirls" said she placing her hand confidingly in that of the rough teamster's, as he sat resting after his short walk, upon the trunk of a fallen tree. He was still very weak, although his wounds were healing fast, and hoped that by another Monday he should be able to resume his labors, for time hung heavily, when his hands were idle. It was a lovely place where they were seated, being perfectly free from undergrowth of any kind. The vivifying sun had filtered its warm beams through the net-work of leaves so often that grass disputed the ground with the wild flowers. Still they got along very well together and looked so beautifull. The emerald green shot with rain-bow dyes, the golden buttercup, the blue-eyed forgetmenot, the star-gemmed daisy, all in their summer holiday attire made a carpet fit for a king. Etta, who was an ardent lover of nature young as she was, after taking in the beauties of the situation clapped her hands in an ecstasy of delight and turning to her companion "How bootiful! Dis is pardice, aint it?" "It must be sunthin like it no doubt," he replied "I guess, ef the angels sing eny puttier'n them birds do this mornin, I would'nt mind herin em forever." and he reverently uncovered his head, and let the soft wind cuddle in his hair.

Terry and Milly were inspecting the dam. There was a handsome willow growing through it at one end which helped to make it stronger, to resist the floods. Sticks and stones were wedged together in the most intricate manner possible, and the upper part was thickly coated with mortar. Milly requested her brother to tell how they had managed to build it so strong. Now nothing could have pleased Terry better, for he had once before seen a beaver dam, and had read a work on the domestic habits of these animals when he was paying a school fellow a visit. Therefore, he immediately commenced to relate whatever of interest he remembered saying—"The beavers are sly fellows; they always work at night, and keep a sentinel on guard all the time, to prevent a surprise. They make their lodges and repair their dams late in the fall, and these dams are placed across the streams to form ponds deep enough, by backing up the water, so that the doors of their lodges or houses will always be below the freezing point in winter. If this precaution was not adopted their doors would be blocked up with ice and they would starve before spring. They sometimes gnaw down trees which are eighteen inches in diameter and then cut off the small branches and pile them in a heap near their houses for their winter food. They eat the wood as well as the bark, sometimes they dig canals to float their sticks in, for they are very poor travelers on land. These canals have been found five hundred feet long and about two feet wide and eighteen inches deep, and filled with water from their ponds. Then, too, they eat the roots of the coarse grass which grows abundantly wherever the water overflows the bottom-lands. These are called beaver- meadows and are often very extensive, the dam reaching from hill to hill of the up-lands.

"What happens to them when there is a flood?" said Milly. "O, never fear for them, they are as provident as sagacious." They have long burrows in the banks where they run in the case of danger. The Indians and other trappers often stop up their holes and pull them out of their hiding places with long hooked poles to obtain their valuable skins."

"What color are they, and how do they look? "They're reddish-brown, with funny little ears and eyes, and an upper lip just like a rabbit, with very short fore legs and a big flat tail a foot long and half a foot wide. It looks as though it was covered with scales, like a fish and is dark in color, like the skin of an elephant. They carry the mud and stones to fill in the dam, under their chins with their fore-paws, and when it is in place turn and give it a slap with their tails to keep it in place. They also beat their tails upon the water to sound an alarm in case of danger, and sometimes bend it under them for a rest." "O how funny!" said Milly, "How I would like to have one of them tamed.

"What kind of trees do they like best to eat?" "The aspen, poplar, willow alder and birch. They cut these down, with their sharp teeth, as near to the water as possible for being such poor travelers upon land, they much prefer water communication. In the winter if they had to hunt their favorite food thsy would quite founder in the snow, and have a sorry time of it generally, I think, don,t you?" And as he finished the description he caught hold of Milly so quickly that she screamed with fright, thinking that a beaver was about to make his dinner of her.

Terry laughed and tossed a smooth pebble which he held in his hand, into a deep pool below the dam, which scared up hundreds of the finny tribe, and emerging from under a branch that dipped into the water and hid all that was under it, came the sharp nose of a beaver swimming for dear life homeward.

Etta had gathered her lap full of flowers and was sitting on the bank sorting out the prettiest ones to make a "bootay" for her mother when she heard Terry shouting—"There's a beaver! O see Mill., what a fine fat fellow and he uses his tail for a rudder to steer himself by, like an old sailor."

FIVE RULES FOR NEW SPELLING.

1. Omit a in words like hed, helth, breat. plesure, etc.
2. Omit silent e in words like hav, liv, giv, definit, etc.
3. Write f for ph in words like fantom, filosofy, alfabet, camfor, telegraf, etc.
4. Omit one of the double consonants in words like shal, clif, ad, eg, etc.
5. Change ed final into t in words like fixt, capt, chopt, prest, etc. Also, tho and thru.

The Five Rules, as given above, were proposed and adopted by the American Spelling Reform Association in 1878. The English Spelling Reform Association adopt the same rules, thus making a common basis of action.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY S. GERTIE SMYTH.

FRIENDS AND SISTERS OF THE ORDER recipes for hygienic cooking, how to be well, etc., will be cordially welcome, for this department. Let us exchange views upon all things pertaining to the improvement of homes. Address care 623 Montgomery-st, S. F., Cal.

Another year has numbered its months in the life of the HERALD, and during those eventful months it has gathered in its sheaf of co-operators many a full ear of ripening grain To all such, we wish, not only a "Merry Christmas" for '83, but wish them many long years of useful life, which means happiness and mental prosperity. It is only such as add to the mental and material wealth of nations, that can taste the true elixir of life. All ignoble ease pales beside it.

Whoever has the sterling enterprise to provide a medium of interchange of thought, should be generously sustained in the expensive undertaking. This paper deals fearlessly with basic principles of reform, and all lovers of purity and health should lend it a cordial, helping hand.

S. G. S.

WALL SUPPORTS FOR CLOTHING.—When you drive a nail into a wall, clothes-press, or closet, to hang things on, drive it through a spool up to the head, Select a spool with a hole large enough, so that the nail will not split it.

In making a rug, use a piece of small-figured Brussels carpet. Around this, place three rows of thick cloth, cut in scallops three and a half inches deep, and two and a half wide. Make the first and third rows of black cloth, worked on the edge of each scallop in the buttonhole stitch, with scarlet Germantown yarn. Make the second row of drab cloth worked with blue. Put a strip of drab worked in leather stitch with blue. Cover the seam where the first row is sewed on. The whole is then sewed on another piece of carpeting to keep it in place on the floor.

BAKED EGGS.—Butter a clean smooth saucepan, break as many eggs as will be needed, into a saucepan, one by one. And if found good, slip it into the dish. No broken yolk allowed, nor must they crowd so as to risk breaking the yolk after being put in. Put a small piece of butter on each, and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Set in a well-heated oven, and bake till the whites are set. If the oven is rightly heated, it will take but a few minutes, and is far more delicate than fried eggs.

The wonderful recuperative power of France after the war with Germany, and her present material prosperity are almost wholly to be ascribed to her great art production. In Paris alone, over forty thousand persons are constantly engaged in producing every grade of work from the finest painting and statuary down to plaster images and wall paper. The permanent prosperity of our own country will depend largely upon a similar development, not only of a power of producing such work, but of a taste for its possession among all classes. We have the greatest abundance of all that supplies the purely material wants of man; we need now a development of higher tastes and of the power to minister to them. What a market ought our own country to furnish for the works of artists in every department, were every home as beautiful as it might and ought to be made! The possession of works of art and things of beauty has hitherto been supposed to be the almost exclusive privilege of the rich. We hail with pleasure every token that the love of beautiful things, with all its refining influences, is rapidly spreading among all classes, and for this reason, we rejoice with pride in the development of Ceramic Art in America—X

☞ *Subscribe for the HERALD.*

A GIRL'S EQUIPMENT FOR SELF-SUPPORT.

No one will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support; and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls, no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that the ill may never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say an idiotic—thing to do.

Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any breadwinning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or if she is a skillful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance.

Is it not beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fondest indulgence, should neglect to take the simplest precaution in their behalf? We are dull, blind, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made up our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge with which bread and shelter may be certainly won in case of need. If the necessity of putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees its possessor from apprehension, and adds to the confident success of security without which content is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not one whit less necessary. It seems to me at least that every girl is grievously wronged who is suffered to grow up to womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable skill.—GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, in *Harper's Magazine*.

THE PEOPLE'S POWER, or How to Wield the Ballot, by Simeon Stetson, Box 2200, Station B, San Francisco, Cal. Price 50 cents.

Mr. Stetson claims that the principles of a republican form of government are; that the people shall rule themselves. He further claims that the people are living without the ballot—as the present method is a counterfeit and a sham. It is a work for the sovereigns of the vote to read and ponder over.

Vol. I, No. 1 of the *Longlevity Union*, a four-page paper, organ of the National Longevity Union, D. P. Robbins, M. D. editor, Erie, Pa., is received.

Its mission, health and happiness, is a grand one. It is anti-drug, and claims that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Longevity is one of our hobby horses therefore we welcome this young, bright harbinger of a green old age which gives so much valuable advice for $1 a year.

UNMASKED, by Mary E. Walker, M. D., Washington D. C. Price $1.

Altho Dr. Walker dedicates her book to men, it will prove profitable reading for women, as the following ringing notes upon Dress Reform, will demonstrate:

The first step towards making the world better morally, is comprehended in not only being a full knowledge of the effects of vice as seen in the Language of the Nerves, but in all womanhood being properly protected by dress in its best style.

The ordinary dress of woman by debilitating her body causes her mind to be also weakened. Woman is, *if not in absolute misery from dress*, so uncomfortable that she cannot think gravely and deeply. If a man has but a sliver in his finger, he cannot write a fine article or do himself justice in a speech. That is as nothing compared with the enervating effects and miseries of woman caused by dress.

A reform dress is an embodiment of a principle; and as "principles are eternal," men will have the satisfaction ere long, to find that principles cannot be destroyed by any sort of oppression, but the real patriots and true philanthropists, will join with the philosophers in establishing the same.

Dr. Nonot, the leading man of the profession in Paris, wrote a letter, in which he speaks of the ordinary arrangement of woman's clothing being one of the most fruitful causes of the weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

Dr. Banning, the great American inventor of *uterine elevators*, is explicit regarding the mechanical displacing of the abdominal and pelvic viscera by dress.

Prof. Phelps, of Andover University, acknowledged to be one of the most learned in the profession, said to his class" that the women of America would ere long be obliged to doff petticoats and put on pants, as the ordinary dress was an injury to the reproductive organs of woman and her whole nerve system.,

It requires a high order of moral courage for a scientific man to express himself on the subject, when we calmly look the facts in the face, that so large a number of the women are monomaniacs on dress!

The general question now before the American people is not a *monetary* one; it is an *invalid* one. But examine the cut where locations of the organs of generation are plainly seen, and it will not be difficult for even the average man to comprehend what we have said regarding the mechanical injury of ordinary dress. It needs but little causality to readily see how hernia is the result of causes mentioned.

While woman's generative organs are affected as men's cannot be, because they are essentially different, so women who have anteversion, retroversion, inversion and prolapsus of the uterus not only transmit these tendencies to their daughters, but their sons have weaknesses of the organs of sex. Thus prolapsus of the scrotum may be directly the result of sexual excess, but there must be a weakened condition *inherited* to produce such a result, as is also the case with other difficulties that do not result from contagion. The law of inheritance is observed as nearly as is possible with the difference of sex.

The work is a little store house of *naked* truths that, should be understood by every father, mother and child.

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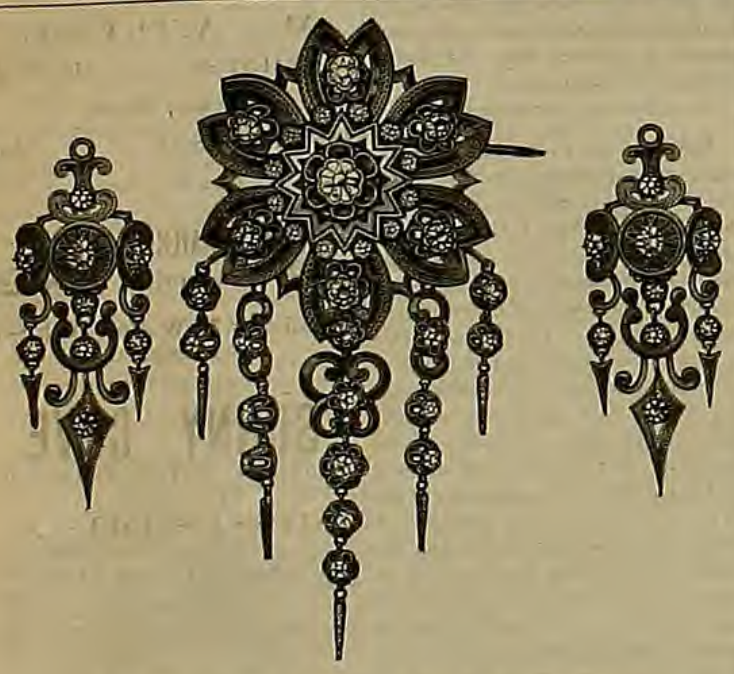

MRS. STOW'S DIAMONDS.

The above beautiful set of jewels Marietta Lizzie Beers Bell-Stow puts up for $1,000, at $1 a ticket, to cancel the mortgage on the S. S. S. College of Industry .Pin 1st prize, earrings 2d. The founder of this College, for women and girls, makes it *national* for reasons which will be explained in the future. As soon as the mortgage, which was made to raise money to pay for the outfit of the HERALD office, is canceled, she will make a trust deed of the property "IN PERPETUITY TO INDUSTRY." Whoever, from this date, until all the tikets are sold, sends $1,50 for a single ticket shall have a copy of the H. OF I. for one year, also, and whoever sends $5 for five tickets, at one time will have the paper for a year, and for ten tickets three copies. Ten per cent commission will be allowed for the sale of tickets. There are no *choice* of numbers. Every name, No. of ticket and residence will be continuously published in the HERALD, and the raffle will be held at a special public meeting of the S. S. S.

This property, Mrs. Stow's "Homestead," and the only thing which she saved from the jaws of the Probate Court, is a modern built mansion, which has 14 rooms: Lot 30x127½, situated in one of the choicest blocks in San Francisco, and is valued at $ 10,000. The improvements alone cost that amount. The pin has 34 stones and the earrings 9, each, making 52 brilliants, exquisitely mounted in enamel and gold. The object is such a commendable one that all scruples, in regard to raffling, should be thrown aside, and 1, 5, or 25 tickets secured immediately. Registered letters and money orders, with No. of ticket, will be promptly acknowledged. The jewels were on exhibition at the *first* Grand Triennial Conclave of the Social Science Sisterhood of America and International Dress Reform Exhibition, held at Ixora Hall, San Francisco, Sep. 4th 1883. The beautiful set was greatly admired by the large audience, especially the pin which cost $600 in Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST.—I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to the Lady Managers of of the "S. S. S. College of Industry," in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California the sum of.....dollars, or real or personal property, to be applied to the uses thereof.

☞ MRS. STOW'S PHOTO'S.—Boudoir (full length) in Tripple S costume, 50c., cabinet 35c.—*post paid*. Remember, friends, that these are sold for the benefit of the S. S. S. College of Industry, where women and girls are taught self-help—made independent of the world's scorn or pity.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY

—AND—

SOCIAL SCIENCE CO-OPERATOR.

A monthly eight page Newspaper published in San Francisco, Cal., by

MRS. J. W. STOW,

PRICE ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

This is the only paper in the world whose leading feature is the INDUSTRIAL EMANCIPATION of women through self-help and co-operation. It fearlessly preaches the new doctrine of reason and common sense, in proclaiming that every child has a divine right to be well born. It points the finger of shame at perpetuators of disease, crime, idiocy and lust. It voices "Equality before the law," and "An aristocracy of sex is repugnant to a republic."

THE HERALD OF INDUSTRY

—IS A—

STATE and NATIONAL ORGAN,

FEARLESS, OUTSPOKEN, AGGRESSIVE.

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a most vigorously edited paper.—*Morning Call, San Francisco, Cal.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a remarkable sheet. It contains more that is important to women than any paper that I ever opened.—*Jennie C. Carr.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a spunky and spicy new amazonian, is a business journal, and champions temperance and justice and education on business principles. It is pure gold from San Francisco.—*Boyce's "Saturday Anvil," Washington, D. C.*

It is admirable, sound and alive.—*Clarina I. H. Nichols.*

It looks healthy, and I am of the opinion that its healthy parent will sustain it with good, solid and aggressive food, and that in due time its strength will be great and powerful.—*Clara S. Foltz, Attorney-at-law.*

This excellent journal should reach every intelligent woman on the Pacific Coast.—*Mrs. Roxena G. Steele.*

We are doubly glad to welcome this *industrial* journal, knowing that under Mrs. Stow's management it will do a grand work for women.—*Clara Berwick Colby, Beatrice Express.*

The first number of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY is intensely interesting. It has held me spell-bound all the morning.—*Harriet S. Brooks.*

We like the bold, frank and fearless spirit with which it battles against wrong to women. It does honor to the independent editor, and honor to the association over which she presides with so much ability.—*Col. Warren, California Farmer.*

This paper is one of the best of its class we have ever had the pleasure of looking over, and it should certainly succeed. Its mission is a noble one, and it has the right person at the helm. Mrs. Stow makes a readable, earnest and effective paper, and every women who neglects subscribing for the HERALD OF INDUSTRY does not know how to spend a dollar.—*San Leandro Weekly Sentinel.*

The paper is remarkable for the boldness with which it states facts, and attacks unjust and unequal laws.—*Lucy Stone, Women's Journal.*

The editor is free and outspoken in denouncing what she conceives to be wrong, and vigorously advocates what she believes to be right. She is an excellent writer, as will be seen by a careful perusal of her paper, which we recommend to all our lady readers. Subscribe for it at once. Only one dollar a year.—*Mountain Echo.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is breezy with the spirit of *liberty*.—*Frances Ellen Burr.*

When reading your paper to-day I was forcibly reminded of Garibaldi's immortal manifesto, that "rang like a silver trumpet round the world," in which he said: "Whoever is in love with hunger, with cold, with death, follow me." Reformers must be fighters. Every footprint of human progress has been wet with tears, and led through tribulation, suffering and strife.—*Wm. H. Robb, M.D.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, a paper published monthly by Mrs. J. Stow, a woman of rare ability and fine attainments. It will prove a great educator.—*Medico-Literary Journal*, San Francisco.

This paper fills a niche never yet occupied in the history of journalism, and its mission is one that commends it to every family in the land. It most eloquently proclaims the rights of woman, which she never yet enjoyed in this land of "liberty," and we most heartily endorse its sentiments. May it speak forth in tones of thunder, until the sound thereof reverberates throughout the whole land.—*Leemoor Advertiser.*

The HERALD OF INDUSTRY is a *gem*. I am greatly pleased with it. I see thee believes in all true reforms—a true Radical in deeds as well as words—and I am anxious to make friends with thee. I am a full believer in Woman; her mission of purifying the race, exalting love, ennobling work, and all that elevates and makes us better.—*Elmina D. Slenker.*

I like its bold, affirmative position. But few women, unless they have been subject to martyrdom, as you have been, can realize what is due from womanhoood to the progress of civilization and the building of humanity.—*Lucinda B. Chandler.*

This beautiful publication is edited with marked ability, and is "devoted to the interests of woman—to her educational and industrial advancement through co-operation and self-help." We hope and prophecy a successful career for this new enterprise. *Western Woman's Journal.*

I am delighted with the courage and executive ability displayed in the HERALD.—*Clemence S. Lozier, M.D.*

The opening number gives promise of a most readable, able, spicy and very useful journal.—*The Rescue.*

WOMAN'S HERALD is wide-awake and aggressive, and bids fair to reach a large circle of readers.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

We can pick its creed out of this first number. The apostle to the Gentiles would be shocked at the bold demand for equality made by this organ. Sentimental people would be shocked at the repudiation of tears and the exaltation of brains which it affects, and the common sense doctrine, that it is a crime to perpetuate unhealthy, tainted and deformed people, would shock about ninety-nine hundredths of the good people of this country. Fair play, honest dealing and co-operation for the benefit of all, instead of "corners" to rob our neighbors, are to be upheld by this paper. We like its tone; we like its aims; we like its creed; we subscribe to its denunciations of the barbarians that hang to this day around the fair fabric of the law and make one-half our people less than the equals of the other half. There is not a little pungent writing in this September number. These folks who cannot vote equal to a hod-carrier, can make wise men listen to their eloquence, assent to their logic, and revere their noble doctrine. We judge that there will seldom be found in this periodical a column without something in it worthy of remembrance, while its gospel of co-operation, fair play and equality, will truly bring in the fabled golden age when it meets with universal acceptance. We extend our hand, with our heart in it, to this new-comer, and wish it prosperity and a wide influence.—*Mattie V. Keckel, Mirror of Progress.*

I have read the HERALD, and glory in your pluck and energy. You have done well.—*Carrie F. Young.*

A bright, readable paper. Mr. Parker joins me in wishing you every success.—*Julia E. Smith.*

Mrs. J. W. Stow, editor and publisher of WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, is making rapid headway with her Co-operative Social Science Association. She never puts her pen down without making her mark. She is a breaking-plow of forty thousand woman power, and has the happy faculty of converting the obstacles thrown in her path into boomerangs that recoil upon their projectors and hit *hardest* in return. Probate confiscation received its death-wound several years ago at her hands, and is struggling in the throes of dissolution even now.

We wish Mrs. Stow the fullest measure of prosperity in her arduous work. The women who are willing to strike vigorous blows for liberty and justice are scarce. Let the hands of those who are willing to labor be abundantly upheld.—*Abigal Scott Dunniway, New Northwest.*

I have just finished reading the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, and thank you for *one* of the *three* happy days of my life.—*Virginia A. Bells.*

In Washington, the workingmen are organizing to protect working girls from street insults. The idea is a good one. Policemen are entirely useless except to arrest drunken men, and have been known to stare impudently at women on their own account. A few hard-fisted, laboring men might do good by knocking out loafing dudes who annoy girl clerks and working women on the streets.—X.

Julian Hawthorne's daughter, eleven years of age, runs a mile in seven minutes three times a week for exercise.

Our motions are restricted by tight clothing, cumbersome drapery, badly shaped boots, close sleeves, and long skirts. Women, for physiological reasons, cannot dispense with drapery. The art of adjusting it to combine health with comfort and beauty is worthy of study.—X.

He who, with strong passions, remains chaste: he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are strong men, the spiritual heroes.—X.

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It is now quite common to give a child the surname of its mother. This is a good way to preserve two family names.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY
Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as second class matter.

We admit unindorsed opinions of correspondents.—[Ed.

SONGS OF THE TOILERS.

Joy to the toiler!—him who tills
The fields with plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
A prayer more than the prayer of saint,
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In life-long task of Toil.

A bliss the sluggard never knows
Deep in his heart shall spring,
Whose life flows as the tide-wave flows—
Creation's anthemingl
Whose ceaseless din of labor charms
Like new world's primal song;
As grow his swart and sinewy arms,
His soul grows free and strong
Till over all a glory springs
On mine and mill and soil,
And the stern destiny that brings
A heritage of Toil.

Peace to the troubled years agone!
Their darkest day is set,
Though round the ages' rosy dawn
The shadows linger yet;
Full many a wondrous work is wrought,
More wondrous yet to be
Than flashing of undying Thought
Across the unfathomed sea;
And lo! the mystery that sleeps
In Magian serpent's coil—
The lightnings in the vasty deeps
Chained to the car of Toil!

Roll up the full-orbed Freedom-star
To light Earth's desert fields;
Affright the solitudes afar
With sound of rolling wheels,
Thou fiery steed whose fearful neigh
Wakes wide our sovereign Land!
Thou mighty triumph of To-day
From Labor's cunning hand!
Thy argosies no storms betide,
No tempest's wrath may spoil;
For all unheeding wind or tide,
Thou tread'st thy path of Toil.

The Giant Slave, that may not tire,
But work the long day through
With thews of steel and lungs of fire,
Has other task to do
Than delve the mine or rive the hill
Or wind the furnace glow,
Or drive the plane, the forge, the mill,—
To plough and reap and sow!
Till none shall walk with aching feet,
With weary drudge and droil,
But kingly proud as seemeth meet
The royal sons of Toil.

The mighty sinew-powers that wait
In earth and sea and air,
Shall tireless, early toil and late—
Our menial burdens bear;
Their iron feet still fleeter flee—
Our errands speed apace,
Till only Art and Science be
The Helots of the Race!
The Toiler's glorious destiny
No more to drudge and moil;
His labor, loving labor be—
Serene, untiring Toil.

Joy to the Toiler everywhere!
Still let his hand be plied:
Wide plant the rose to blossom fair
In many a desert wide.
A richer blessing year by year
Win from old mother Earth:
A purer household altar rear
By the endearing hearth;
Let wiser Thought to Labor given
Redeem lost Eden's soil;
Then fair shall bloom the flowers of Heaven
In the sweet Homes of Toil.

—Benjamin Hathaway.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Communications over a FOURTH of a column long put in the form of articles, NOT letters.

SCHOFIELD, WIS.

DEAR MRS. STOW:

Your beautiful *prize ring* has arrived, and is very much admired. You will please accept my sincere thanks for so valuable a gift—the first, for a rational dress costume, ever made in America. To the young lady, Miss Woods, who wore my dress at the "Exhibition," I wish to express thanks, also.

Wishing you every success in your noble efforts to benefit humanity, I remain an active co-operator and true friend.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY.

P. S. Recognizing the fact that it takes money to hold conventions, I enclose a draft for $10, to help defray expenses.

A. B. G.

DE WITT, NEB., Nov. 2, 1888.

DEAR SISTER WOMAN:

Three copies of the HERALD OF INDUSTRY came to me a few days ago, and, thinking they were all alike, I read one, and this afternoon discovered there were two more to read. Well, I have devoured them (mentally) a paragraph at a time, and my head aches in consequence, but my heart entertains a far different sensation. The more I study the anti-slvery struggle that made our nation one vast cathedral of mourning—the more I can see the heinousness of the laws and customs that clutch before we are born, and never let go until we are under the ground. I have just been reading that you took an active part in behalf of "soldiers and soldier's orphans" during the rebellion. I am collecting material for "Footfalls of Loyalty" (being quite extensively advertised as "Loyal Women of the Civil War"). It comprises in part a history of the loyal women—letters, incidental experiences, etc. Will you give me an account of your war labors for my history? or tell me where I can find it already in print.

I scarcely need tell you that I wish you abundant success in your grand work—for you cannot but know that I do.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. MARY W. WESTCOTT.

SAN JOSE, Nov. 9-'83

MY DEAR MRS. STOW:

When I told you I would be a contributor to the HERALD OF INDUSTRY, I fully intended writing occasionally something bearing on suffrage for Woman, but circumstances over which I could have no control prevented my doing so. My dear mother who had been an invalid for many years, grew worse, and for the past year, although I always had some one to wait upon her, she was necessarily a care to me, and constantly on my mind. She, after much suffering, passed away to the final rest on the seventeenth of last month (Oct.). She had been with me, an invalid, for fourteen years, and for the past nine, she was parylyzed, and almost entirely helpless, and you can imagine what a vacancy there is in the house, as well as a sadness in our hearts, at the parting from one so dear as our mother. She was in her eighty-second year, and in the nature of things, we could not expect to have her with us much longer, and in her condition, we know one ought not to wish to keep her—but she was our mother! and, try as we may to reason, we do grieve all the same. And now I know you will forgive me for not fulfilling my promise. I really have not been able to answer letters as formerly I did: could not collect my thoughts sufficiently. I have not even been to San Francisco for nearly two years, and you know that when a person is (as in my case) shut up at home for so long, one gets *stupid*; actually cannot write or do anything else well. But enough! if I ever feel that I can do anything again, I will gladly do so. With best wishes and kindest regards,

Your friend,
KNOX-GOODRICH.

IS WOMAN INFERIOR?

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

For the Herald.

Tho a few thinkers here and there along the ages have owned to woman's equality with man, yet the prevailing idea is that she is actually his inferior, and he is rightfully her guide, ruler and master. Custom and law both favor this condition of things, and it is a terrible struggle to lift the wheels of the Social car out of the old ruts and place them in the new tracks of right and justice, which science and fact have laid down for them to run over. Physically weaker than man, woman has ever been the victim of the old barbaric code—"might makes right and muscle rules brain," but with the coming of the new era wherein mind dominates over brute force, woman is fast being enfranchised and made to stand alone and independent, as an individual. With the new light of scientific research illumiuating the past, and pointiug its searching rays into the future, we plainly discover that Equality is the destiny of the sexes. If man is, by nature, physically the stronger, woman has her compensating advantages wherein she may fully equal him if not gain precedence in the coming future. She is the mother of men. She furnishes her equal half of the generative elements, and thereafter nourishes the germ, the embryo and the babe all from her own single self. Thro' the pre-natal influences, mental and physical, that surround her, are engendered the forces that are to bend and sway the growing brain of the future being. The father can only influence the child's destiny during its pre-natal life by his actions towards the mother. If he desires his child to be kind, tender, loving and true, he must give it this inheritance by manifesting these feelings toward the mother. If he wants a musical child, music must be the charm of the home circle and the study of the mother; if mathematics be the inheritance, then this must be the subject that interests the mother, and so of any art or science or study. Any special appetite, passion or quality may be fostered and cultivated pre-natally and our children be made to order. Beautiful features, symmetrical limbs and robust frames are all under our control and capable of being bestowed by us upon our children through the wonderful sympathy that exists between the mother and the unborn child. With this key to the solution of the theory (what manner of child shall a man have?) in her own hands, is it at all improbable that in the coming future, woman will hold in those same hands the destinies of the race, and become Queen of the world? able to create sex at will (and this too shall by and by be a fact). She can dower her daughters with all that is grand, noble and superior, and her sons with a lower grade of mental and physical faculties, and thus bring about any condition of things she may desire.

We read the natural history of ants and bees, and find that among these busy, intelligent, industrious insects, the male performs a very inferior part. Indeed, in some cases, it seems as if his sole office is to impregnate the female and then die. Of the male, or drone bee, it is said that only one of a thousand does this, and the rest are entirely useless, and all are finally killed off by the females as parasites upon the industry of the colony. The workers are undeveloped females, each one of whom if fed in the larva state upon a peculiar food, might have become queens and mothers in full. The eggs laid by an unimpregnated queen are all drone eggs and finally when she becomes old and feeble, her eggs are once more drone, or male eggs, worthless and useless! The males of most wild animals are killed off as useless to preserve; one strong, robust specimen being sufficient for a great number of females. Of our domestic animals, we preserve mostly females, and so of our fowls. The female flowers are the most long-lived, the male ones only blooming long enough to scatter the impregnating dust, and then withering and dying, while the female nourishes the embryo, matures it, and perfects the bud for the future generations.

The female spider opens all the webs, and finally if annoyed by the male, simply eats him up and goes on with her labors. Even of bed bugs, the male is a little spider-like thing, hardly worth destroying or even hating, and so far as I know, does not bite at all.

Naturalists seem inclined to think the first stage of sexual life is the bisexual; the male and female being in one body, as they now still are in most plants and in some animals, such as oysters and polyps, but cross-fertilization long preferable to self-fertilization, after a time the higher animals became bisexual. The first account in Germany, of the creation of man and woman, seems to show that they were only one being—male and female in one—"and He called *their* name Adam." The second account is virtually the same, as Eve was drawn from the rib of Adam, so the two sexes were in one there also. The Rabbis say "Eve had to be drawn out of the side of Adam. She was not extracted from his head, lest she should be vain, nor from his eyes, lest she should be wanton, nor from his mouth lest she should be given to gossiping, nor from his ears lest she should be an eavesdropper, nor from his hands lest she should be meddlesome, nor from his heart lest she should be jealous, but she was drawn forth from his side, yet notwithstanding all these precautions, she has every fault specially guarded against."

"Rabbi Samuel Ben-Nahaman held that the first man was created double, with a woman on his back, and that God cut them apart." "Adam" said other Rabbis, "had two faces and one tail, and from the beginning, he was both male and female, male on one side and female on the other, but afterward, the parts were separated." The Talmudists assert that "God cut off Adam's tail, and thereof formed Eve." The Kickapoo Indians also believe the latter legend.

"In the symposium of Pluto, a myth is given, that in the beginning there was a race of men, of which every member was double, having two heads, four legs and four arms, and each of both sexes. This race was filled with pride and attempted to scale heaven. The gods desired at once to reduce their might and punish their temerity, but did not wish to destroy the human race consequently at the advice of Teus, each androgyne was hewn asunder so as to leave to each half, two arms and two legs, a head and a single sex."

An Indian tradition says "Whilst Brahma, the Creator, was engaged in the production of beings, he saw the body divide itself in two parts, each part of a different sex, and thence sprang the human race."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The National Co-operative Workingmen's union held the first of its weekly meetings Sunday afternoon at National Hall, New York City. The object of the union is to assist working people to own their own homes and to furnish them with all necessaries at wholesale prices. To accomplish this it is proposed to form a union of a thousand working people, each member to pay $100, in weekly installments of 25 cents. With the $1,000 raised the first month, groceries will be bought and sold to members of the union at cost, the weekly installments of the capital paying all running expenses. From this beginning it is desired to establish other branches of trade in all parts of the city at which members may buy anything they want. Each member is also to hunt up a house for sale at a reasonable price and report the same to the union who will send a committee to investigate it, and if this committee approves, money will be advanced for its purchase, a mortgage being taken on the property as security. The tenant is to pay the union a fair rent and 6 per cent. on the amount invested, until the rent payments equal the capital, when he is to be given a deed and own the property free of all incumbrance. There are already one hundred members of the union and much interest is manifested.

A long distance run, recently made by the Lawrence (Mass.) Bicycle Club, places that club at the head of all clubs in America for long distance riding. Starting from Malden, Mass., at sixteen minutes past five in the afternoon, the run was finished at five o'clock the following afternoon. The whole distance of 212 miles was made in 24 hours. The time consumed for rests was 4 hours and 15 minutes. Time to spare, 16 minutes, making actual running time 19 hours and 29 minutes. Fourteen miles were made in the last hour.—X.

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AMERICAN FASHION RESISTANCE.

THE SCIENCE COSTUME.

Outline of Women's Sanitary Efforts thro' Dres Reform, in the U. S., Commencing in 1850.

No. 6

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

For the Herald.

It occurred to me that a convention here drawing people from other towns to testify to the importance of practical steps, would aid the great cause and these people in their first effort. Consulting Mrs. Shepherd, she said she could not aid in the expenses, so would not be responsible in any way; but if I would proceed, she would assist in the work all thro' as I ordered. I consulted the women interested in the proposed society and other more liberal people, and tho' all were glad to have the convention called, not one would help produce it. Then, I said, if none assist but Mrs. S. it wil be a declaratory, and not a mas convention, and we who create it, wil control it. No reply was made to that. I told them I was contemplating the name, Anti-Fashion Convention, and invited their opinions and criticism. They said it was proper, but affected indifference. From the pure benevolent wish to add an impetus to the cause, and both gather and scatter inducements to open expression and further faith in the practicability of the reform, I decided to proceed. The time of the Anti-Fashion Con. was set in Jan. of '74, and advertising commenced six weeks previous. I was frank as innocent; and answered the Vineland queries, for there was some wary quizing mid the silent aloofnes. Letters to be read at the two days sessions, came early and continued til they numbered near forty, many from our best authors; and ten speakers were engaged, and a commodious hall. Dr. Trall sent me his physioloical paintings to put on the walls; a capable man was engaged for secretary, Mrs. S. was to preside, and I saved to see all things, felt ready for the trying part of the first experiment at convention making. The weather was fair, and the morning of the first day bro't a considerable audience of Vineland people, quite a number from Dr. Trall's College, some from N. Y., from Phila. Boston and Delaware. Mrs. Shepherd gave a brief openping addres and invited the secretary to read a specified letter, when a cluster of Vineland men and women, our professed friends, seated near the platform, arose and demanded that the convention be given the opportunity to nominate its ficers.

The President stated that the convention was strictly declaratory, had bin so understood from the first, was so implied in the nature of the call, and was proved by the fact that one person had, with a single assistant, wrought it out, and was alone responsible for it. The mob, stil standing, appealed to me, and threatened that, unless I allowed the house to elect the officers, they would take the audience to another hall, choose officers, and hold the meeting there. I assured the friends from abroad that the Vineland people well knew they had no right to make any claim on the platform, they declined to aid in preparations, and the convention was mine. If they were able to call the home audience away, let them do so and bear the shame of it. I trusted those who had come to us would remain; we would have at least a pleasant council, and some day would hav the whole affair in a better place. The disturbers started for the door beckoning the rest to follow, and Vineland went out. But stopping outside, sent in a messenger to ask me to meet them in the ante room. On going to the room they tried to persuade me, saying I was spoiling a good meeting. I told them they were adjourning the good meeting to some future time, abusing all concerned, and closed the door. The few who remained could see with me that this preconcerted plot had a hidden purpose. We read letters and visited til noon, then went to my house for dinner. We were scarcely seated in the parlor when a delegation from the mob appeared and asked the terms on which I would co-operate with them at my hall, allowing them to name an officer. Without pausing to consider, I rapidly stated what I was sure would be spurned; thus—that they pay all expenses, be orderly, do nothing to hinder my presiding above the president, directing the whole program, calling on all speakers engaged, and having all the letters read as I called for them; that I and Mrs. Shepard would speak at our option and reply to remarks as we chose, say when miscelaneous speaking was in order, and forbid any speaking we deemed unsuitable. To my surprise, they said, we agree to all that fully, and wil be at the hall at two o'clock, and departed.

Seeing the morning's revolt was generaly understood that stil it was sought to preserve the identity of the Anti-Fashion Convention; we could not, at that point, see why they were so anxious to rule it, and expected a heavy blow was ready to fall on us. Stil in the fearlesnes of right, we could afford to let them spring their net; and going to the hall found it packed with Vineland residents, all in smiling cheer. They proceeded to vote an ambitious, conceited woman to the chair to do my bidding, and to transfer Mrs. Shepard to the secretary's seat, which she allowed for the sake of reporting. They cared only to preside, and, as it after appeared, that the public might believe the convention belonged to the new society which was waiting to take its name, and not to the old reformers who wrought it out. They kept their agreement in reality, only made a nominal president who was at my order and service thro'out the proceedings; but revealed their purpose and treachery in their public reports and accomplices. The meeting filled the hall to the last, was most orderly and enthusiastic; the raiders on its rights called it glorious—in prospect doubtless, saw a blaze of glory on their heads. When time was given for extemporizing they discussed the new society, christened it Anti-Fashion in the heart of that "glorious convention," and glorified it before its birth, as a popular success. Trance speakers were inspired to present the rights and merits of those who labored successive weeks to create that wonderful assemblage, and praised while they justified. At the close of the last evening's session, a little company of faithful friends here came home with me and the several from abroad stopping with me; and it was proposed that before our distant friends took leave, we organize a national society, as the old one that called the practicals together for fifteen years, had been resting about ten years. The thought was favored, and as that circle held the organizers, and that time the convenience, we set about it in due form. To manifest our regard for equality, we duplicated the officers, putting a man and woman in each place, or where not possible, leaving one to be named afterward. D. M. Allen and wife of Ohio, were presidents; vice presidents were named for about a dozen states—Mrs. Shepard and B. F. Tucker were recording secretaries—and I corresponding secretary, with the privilege of selecting a duplicate. I tried to learn of the right man residing west of the great rivers, who would work for that side of the nation as I would for this, but failed. After the lapse of eight years, that want was in effect supplied by Mrs. Stow and her WOMAN'S HERALD OF INDUSTRY, which would satisfy many another crying want if patronage were commensurate with deserts.

We unanimously named the National organization "The American Free Dres League." The word Free was meant to signify mental freedom of the indivdual to decide on needs and styles of dres, and physical freedom from weight, presure, restraint and impediment of styles. But before telling what the League accomplished, I must go back and show the sequal of the Anti-Fashion convention. The day after its close Mrs. Shepard took her report to the Vineland papers, and not an editor would giv it place—they said they had the president's report and would not accept another. We mailed it to Philadelphia and New York, but could not hear from it; while the spurious report seemed to issue spontaneously. It took the false ground that it was a mass meeting, the work of those forming the Vineland society; made no allusion to the disturbance in the opening, but spoke of unmanagable elements included in the very decorous assemplage, and had the audacity to say the platform was intended to be so broad as to admit Mrs. Tillotson, Mrs. Shepard, and even Dr. Mary Walker. The Vineland press would not publish corrections of misstatements, and I said, Time is a revealer, by and by, the truth will appear. From the time these women evinced some favor for the reform, they seemed to feel that our advance in it was in their way.

Now that they were about to act, more anxiety appeared. In the convention forty-eight men had declared themselves ready to sustain women in the effort for healthy dres, whatever the degree of change. Two of these made an effort to prevail on me to act with the society, bring my skirt down to its starting point, four inches from the floor, then all improve together. I told them I was unable to see how drawing backward those in advance could aid those in the start; reason forbid it and the power I had gained by obeying law was too precious to waste trifling with selfish children; I wished them success, but had just witnessed perversions that justified my remaining aloof where I was of use. The Vineland Anti-Fashion Society was formed—Miss Fowler was the only dres reformer uniting—she had favorite friends in it, and hoped to incourage them forward. They made ankle walking suits; a few members made neat summer lineus ten inches from floor; one or two made shorter work suits for home only; and under wear was somewhat improved. They advertised all these; and apparently lost zeal because praise did not flow from abroad with promise of imitation. Those who charge principled reformers with the vain desire for notoriety, ar found to be speaking from within. Interest in the object dwindled, and the second year failed. The trial to convince Miss. Fowler that a dislike of her radical style was injurious to her health, was made; but she was firm; then direct appeals were resorted to, for changing her style to their standard. She then told them, if a backward step was the result of her effort to improve them, she would waste no more strength in it—promptly laid down her secretaryship, and said, good by. They did not meet again. Here was the fairest, best sustained chance for all women to work out the costume change, that I have known. The most esteemed, best cultured, would not hav lost favor, and those working for wages, lost no employment; for the real sentiment of the place, truly told, understood and honored the change. I hav heard the best men here say in a large audience, that all duties in life demanded the radical change, and the women who bro't it and maintained it had proved it gave superior power, and that it was accompanied by the truest characters and purest examples. These opinions were seconded; and it was not opposition or re

(Continued on sixth page.)

MARY E. TILLOTSON'S SCIENCE COSTUME.

INTERNATIONAL DRESS REFORM DIRECTORY

MARY E. TILLOTSON. Vineland, N. J. "Have worn the Science Costume for more than 30 years, everywhere."

ADDIE KNAPP, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich "Have not owned a long dress in a quarter of a century."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD, Bloomfield, N. J "Have worn trousers (cut like men's pantaloons) and a short skirt, at home for several years."

MRS. E. M. KING, Hon. Secritary of the National Dress Association, London, Eng., wears the "Divided Skirt" and short overdress and jacket.

CORNELIA BOECKLIN, Burlington, Iowa. "Have worn pantaloons for 11 years, and have no desire to wear any sort of a skirt."

ANNA PERKINS, Berlin Hights, Ohio. "Have worn the Short Skirt a number of years."

EMELINE A. PRESCOT, Hollowell, Me "Have worn the Short Costume for canvassing for several years.

ALEXIS LE BEUF, SAN JACINTO, Cal "My wife wears my wedding pantaloons and walking jacket—no skirts."

JENNIE A. DOANE, Vineland N. J. "Have worn a short skirt and trousers since 1877."

MARY WALKER, M. D., Washington, D. C., has worn trousers and short skirt (no petticoats) for many years, everywhere.

LYDIA SAYER HASBROUCK, M. D., Middletown, N. Y. "I adopted the Camille Costume, or Turkish dress, called 'Bloomer', in 1849, and have always worn it, at home and abroad, ever since."

AMELIA BLOOMER, Council Bluffs, Ia "I did not *originate* the style of dress worn by Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, myself and others. Credit for that should be given to Mrs. E. S. Miller, who was the first, so far as I know, to wear it."

CAROLINE B. KEESE, Turner Junction, Ill. "Two of my daughters lived to be 27 and 29 years of age, respectively, and always wore the Bloomer dress."

MARTHA S. SEVERANCE, Painsville, O. "Have worn the short dress and trousers for more than 30 years, on all occasions, everywhere, and have no desire to wear any other."

MARIETTA LIZZIE BEERS BELL-STOW, San Francisco, Cal., invented and wore The Tripple S costume: Trousers and kilt skirt 12 inches from the floor—*no petticoats*, corsets or high heels, in 1882.

MRS. DR. GILDEA, San Diago, Cal. "Have adopted the Tripple S costume and like it very much—so does my husband, the Doctor, like it very much."

MARY DODDS, M. D., St. Louis, Mo., has worn a Trouser-dress for years, everywhere.

MARY E. LUCAS, M. D., Newfield, N. J., "Have worn the Short Dress (as a work dress) for 20 years."

RITA BELL, Painesville, O. "Have worn a short dress for several years, everywhere, and made my living in it.

ALMEDIA B. GRAY, Schofield, Wis., wears the Tripple S costume.

S. GERTIE SMYTH, Oakland, Cal. wears a short Trouser-dress, at home.

Kate Field has been camping out in the San Juan silver mining district.

R. J. Burdett, the "youmerist" rides a bicycle for recreation.

CONSTITUTION
OF THE
ASSOCIATION OF BROTHERLY CO-OPERATORS.
Organized March 1, 1883.

PREAMBLE.—We, the undersigned, this day form the A. B. C. (Association of Brotherly Co-operators) for carrying on such business as we may find suitable whilst seeking Truth, and striving to grow to full stature in Christ—a harmonious condition.

Article I. MEMBERSHIP.—All applications for full membership shall be in writing, when a psychcomatric examination shall be made and submitted to a regular meeting at which a vote shall be taken; two blackballs shall reject the candidate, but if only one is cast, a new vote shall be taken, when, if the result is the same, the presiding officer shall declare him elected. No one, however, shall be so elected until he has been employed by or lived with the Association six months as a probationary member; application for which must be made in the same way, and decided by a majority vote at any meeting.

ARTICLE II. ELECTING OFFICERS.—The elective officers shall be; a President, Secretary, Treasurer and a Board of Directors consisting of these and two deputies until there are fifty voters when one more deputy shall be elected for every additional fifty or fraction thereof until there are eleven directors.

ARTICLE III. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.—*The President* shall have general supervision of the business. In majority decisions he shall have no vote except in case of a tie. May veto any act of the Board, in which case they may appeal to the Association, a two-third majority of which shall annul the veto.

The Secretary shall keep the accounts of the Association and minutes of all meetings in books which shall be open for inspection by members.

The Treasurer shall have care of the funds, and see that they are invested or deposited as the Directors may order in the name of the Association; and such money shall only be drawn by their order, signed by the President and Secretary, and he shall keep such book accounts as will show at all times the condition of the finances.

The Directors may make investments to the amount of not more than one hundred dollars in any one month without special permission by a two-third vote of the Association, taken at a regular meeting, and in case of inability of any officer, may appoint a member to temporarily fill the place. Officers shall serve one year, or until their successors are elected, unless they forfeit their right of membership by violation of the Constitution.

ARTICLE IV. ELECTIONS.—Elections shall be by ballot. No person shall be entitled to more than one vote which may be cast by proxy. Any one to hold an elective office must be a full member, twenty-one years of age, and own stock to the amount of not less than one hundred and eighty-two dollars and fifty cents, that being equivalent to fifty cents a day during the year for which he is elected.

Any one to be entitled to vote must be a full member, eighteen years of age, and have invested, either in capital or labor, as much as fifty cents for each day from the beginning of the year.

ART. V. INVESTMENTS.—When funds are needed, the member who has the least invested shall have the first privilege so long as he does not fail when called upon, but in case of failure he shall forfeit such right until the beginning of another year, except so far as it does not interfere with his voting privilege. Any one having invested in stock will never be required to withdraw it. No investment of the capital shall be made after a written protest by any voter has been offered until the objection is withdrawn or an amount of his stock, equivalent to the investment, is tendered to the objector, in cash.

ART. VI. SETTLEMENT—An inventory of stock shall be taken and annual settlement made in December or as near that time as possible, when each stockholder shall be entitled to a statement, and if there is not enough to pay each a profit of ten per cent on his investment he shall be credited with stock to that amount on the ensueing year for the first five years, after that, five per cent.

ART. VII. PERMANENT HOME.—This Association may, by unanimous vote, purchase land as a permanent home which shall never be sold except by unanimous consent of all who are either voters, or stockholders to the amount of five hundred dollars, until the full value of their investment be tendered them; but the Association by unanimous vote, may make a deed containing the following conditions for one quarter acre lot, to any person, viz.; improvements to the value of not less than fifty dollars, shall be kept thereon, and further, the owner shall neither gamble, use profane or vulgar language, use, buy, sell, or give away tobacco, whiskey or other stimulants except for chemical or agricultural purposes, or do anything that will be a public nuisance, or allow any one who does, to control or occupy the premises, and any one doing any of these things shall also forfeit his right of membership in the Association.

ARTICLE VIII. MEETINGS.—*Regular* meetings for business shall be held on the first Monday in each month at Headquarters of the A. B. C.

Officers shall be elected on the first Monday in January or as soon as possible thereafter, at a monthly meeting.

Special meetings may be called by the President, Secretary, Treasurer, a majority of the Directors, or on a written notice by one-third of the voters.

ART. IX. BENEFITS.—We recomend the Edenic diet, consisting of a temperate use of pure water, uncooked grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables with or without salt. Though no one will be required to subsist thereon, the evidences of its ability to keep persons in the best condition are so conclusive, that we agree, should a member become sick, whilst, and after having lived exclusively thereon for one month, to allow, during such sickness (first week always excepted), at the rate of six dollars per week or such proportion of it as his labor has averaged since the beginning of the year, and in case of accident to any member whilst performing work for the Association, he shall be allowed the same.

ART. X APPEAL.—Any member may appeal from the decision of the President to the Directors and finally to the Association.

ART. XI. CHARGES.—Charges for violation of the Constitution must be presented in writing at a regular meeting. Notice must be given to absent voters and final action taken at the next monthly meeting when the charges will be null unless sustained by a majority of two thirds.

ART. XII. AMENDMENTS.—This Constitution may be changed or amended only by unanimous vote, taken at a regular meeting, excepting that the first clause of Art. VII shall never be amended without the consent of such stockholders.

In this Constitution the pronoun he shall apply to each individual.

ART. XIII. DURATION.—The Association shall continue fifty years unless sooner dissolved by mutual consent.

The best way to stop mob law would be to lynch a few lawyers, judges and professional jurors in the various cities, who always plead for money instead of justice. That would bring honesty in our courts, and a speedy trial, and no mistake. Mob law then would end. People think about a good many things when justice is trifled with.

Wear the Tripple S Costume.

"IT'S NO PLACE FOR WOMEN."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

For the Herald.

If one would get his or her eyes open to several sad facts, be put in a mood for sad reflection, in short, be compelled to see things as they really are, let him or her take a petition for universal suffrage and circulate it for signers.

The objection I meet oftenest is "Its no place for women"—meaning that our primary meetings and polling places are so filthy and that drunkenness and obscenity and profanity are so common there as to make them unfit for women to be in, or even to look at.

Admitting the truth of this, is it not time for all thoughtful people to ask if such places are fit sources for the laws which govern women?

Is it not well to ask ourselves if there is any place in the wide world occupied and controlled exclusively by men that is fit for a decent man to go to?

Look at our one sex colleges with their sickening, worse than brutal "hazings." See the "Gent's Cabins" in our ferry boats, and the "Smoking Cars" with their foul ooze and smoke. Consider our mines. Go on, to any place you choose, good sirs, from which women are shut out, finishing up with your primary meetings and polling places, and tell us honestly, if you are clean, pure, true men, whether any of those places are fit for *you*.

And, my orthodox brethren, please tell us what right you have to set aside in politics, the declaration that "It is not good for man to be alone." Is any particular place specified in which it is not good for man to be alone? if not, by what authority do you say 'It *is* good for man to be alone—in politics?' And does not the present condition of the country with its sickness, its poverty, its drunkenness, bribery and fraud, show that it is not good for man to be alone? I am not arguing that any women are angels or that they are any better than men, but I do urge that God and nature put men and women together, and meant that they should work together, and it is a curse that puts asunder what God has joined together, and the sooner we acknowledge this in every department of life, the better for us and for our children.

And now, my sisters, I have a word for you. You too say "Its no place for women," and, falling from your lips, it has a sadder sound than from the others.

Tell us, mothers, is the welfare of your sons less dear to you than the welfare of your daughters? Are your sons more in love with virtue and purity and delicacy so that they can be trusted to come unpolluted from places that would pollute your daughters? Have you thought of this?

Tell us, wives, are you willing to live in the closest and most sacred relations with men who go to places not fit for you to go to?

Tell us, all, mothers, wives and sisters, have you not been shirking your responsibility, that, as a part of the human family, belongs to you? Should we not lay aside some of the trivialities with which women have attempted to satisfy themselves, and, asking in sober earnest "Am I my brother's keeper?" do what we can to make good the places to which we expect our sons, brothers and husbands will go?

It seems to me that the logic of your position would keep every *good* man from having anything to do with laws under which he lives, and throw the administration of affairs entirely into the hands of men who make it "no place for women." Is such a result desirable?

Miss Eliza Gordon publishes a successful stock journal at Springer, New Mexico. She has recently been appointed postmaster at that place. This is one of Postmaster General Gresham's clever deeds.

CLOTHES.

Weekly Magazine.

The members of the Japanese Embassy now traveling in this country are the observed of all observers in every city where they visit, and on every railroad train on which they travel, chiefly on account of their dress which to our unaccustomed eyes looks grotesque enough. Of course they are aware that their costume makes them the object of remark, but they have themselves shown a disposition and capability for making criticisms on American clothes, manners and customs, instead of allowing that privilege to be wholly one-sided. The chief of the Embassy is reported to have said that people of this country might learn a great deal from the Japanese, especially in the matter of dress. He says they would never wear in summer, close-fitting, binding garments, stiff collars and neckties, and thick white vests. Their garments, he says, are more comfortable and convenient in every way. It would seem that they ought to know. The present fashion of Japanese dress was introduced by the present dynasty three hundred years ago, and has since remained unchanged. Clothing is made of the finest materials that the wealth and rank of the individuals will allow, and in as great quantity, and descends from parents to children. The same suit is often worn through five or six generations. The Japanese have immense numbers of suits of clothing. The present Embassy has several tons of baggage, which consists exclusively of wearing apparel. No member of it has less than fifty suits, while some have one hundred and fifty.

The Embassador's remark shows that he has considered the effect upon the human being of comfortable clothes. To the discomfort of ill-fitting, hampering, binding garments may be traced a great deal of the irritability, meanness and inefficiency of both men and women. What wife does not know the damaging effect upon a husband's temper of an ill-fitting shirt, or collar that chokes him?

One great irritant of domestic life has been removed by the transfer of shirt-making to manufactories, where it properly belongs, for if a man's shirt don't fit him now, he, at least, has no chance to lay the blame on the incompetence of women in general, and his wife in particular. But no matter where the shirt is made, if it makes a man uncomfortable it makes him cross. So of all other articles of apparel. A garment that binds one at the arm-holes, that interferes with one's down-sitting and uprising, or in any way constrains the natural movements of the body, is an instrument of moral deterioration. A tight shoe is a messenger of Satan, not only sent to buffet us, but to tempt us to buffet others.

Comfortable clothing as an essential aid to good morals is often overlooked by parents and teachers in their care for the young. A boy or girl who is conscious of ill-fitting, unbecoming and uncomfortable clothing has lost one of the first essentials of good temper and of self respect. And who has not noticed the effect upon children of a bath and change of clothing? A wise mother was once asked how she managed when her children got into fits of ill temper and obstreperousness as all children will do sometimes. Said she; "I generally give them a bath and dress them up in their good clothes." How much better than scolding and punishment, thus to direct the currents of irritation, and by making them feel particularly fresh and comfortable physically, to improve them mentally and morally.

The first essential of good clothes is comfort, and the second, that they be appropriate and becoming. Some one has said, and very truly, that next to a clear conscience the most essential thing to self-possession and dignity is the consciousness of being well dressed. The importance to society of good and abundant and comfortable clothing should be more considered than it is. And in our country, where all the materials for beautiful, comfortable and healthful dress so greatly abound, we ought to be the best dressed people in the world.

MALTHUSIANISM AND MARRIAGE.

The Liberal, published in Sydney N. S. W., contains in its issue for Aug. 25, two rather remarkable articles, one reviewing Henry George and Malthusianism by Robert White, and another on Marriage, by C. E. Johnson. Mr. White while recognizing Mr. George's great services to the working men, shows that he is in error in regard to the Malthusian doctrine. While Henry George says that "there is not a single case in which vice and misery can be traced to an increase in the number of mouths over the power of the accompanying hands to feed them," Mr. White declares that there are thousands of such cases in all parts of the world, causing untold misery, poverty and suffering, and in hundreds of cases, even death. Mr. White thinks that the only real cure for this evil is Malthusianism, a knowledge of how to regulate the number of the family by observance of the natural law of generation.

Mr. Johnson, in his article on Marriage, speaks of the growing disposition of young men to keep out of it. He ascribes this tendency to the infelicities which are so widely apparent in the ranks of the married. He then quotes from our Plain Home Talk, and strongly endorses our recomendation, that a board of physiologists and physiognomists should be appointed to examine into the mental and physical characteristics of candidates for matrimony, and to grant or refuse marriage licenses according to the congenialities of the parties presenting themselves, and further, to grant divorces to those who are miserably mated in wedlock. Herein, he thinks, lies the key to the improvement of marriage in a young country like Australia. We might add here, that our publications are finding an extensive circulation through Australia, and we are pleased to see that the good seed is taking root.—*Health Monthly.*

(Continued from fifth page.)

sisting difficulties that so soon ended this large society which all justice was ignored to establish. Being in view of the scene, having no ill wil, but a kind of desire for its prosperity, I ought as a faithful chronicler, to giv my opinion. Wide and fast spreading conviction of the need of the change, betokening a not distant practicality, stimulated an ambition to be in the van rather than the rear, and excited a hope that immediate following in other towns would cheer them on, produced the first symptoms. Then seeing a convention approaching in their midst with strong signs of being most able, and known over the nation; for they knew letters were coming from M. D.'s, D. D.'s, and Professors; decided them to let it go on to completion, then take possession of it, and with its name, fly on its wings to quick recognition, as the pioneer revival of the Science Costume Movement. Partial possession at first, was failure in all; it broke the wings of reputation, and there was not the humane motive, the patriot principle to work out a good for self or country.

VINELAND N. J.

Attention is called to the Front Rank Cooking Stove. It is a little household gem, in every sense of the word. Cheap, clean, safe and labor-saving. Just the thing for light housekeeping in California.

Please Order Them of Elmina.

"The Darwin's Paper," 50c; cloth 75c; "John's Way," 15c; "Studying the Bible," 10c; "Physiology for Girls," giving valuable information upon subjects hitherto consid ered of too delicate a nature to be placed before the public. Price $1. Godly Women, cloth 75c. paper 50c.—a book that every woman should read. "Diana," 25c, a new and unique tretise, which advocates continence in wedlock and purity in single life. Four tracts 6c; "Health Hints," 25c.

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Price 25 cents.

Press and personal comments, selected from out its many unqualified endorsers.

It is a ringing monograph on dress reform.—Inter Ocean.

Trenchant truths in a pleasant style. We commend it.—*Woman at Work*

It is thoughtful, practical, entertaining in every paragraph.—Hartford *Globe*.

The author handles her subject as one who sees the peril of ignorance on this question of woman's dress. Fashion is surely killing the race.—*Woman's Journal*.

WANTED,

A General Agent, also, Canvassers, in every City and County in California and Oregon, to sell Dr. H. S. Cunningham's Family Physician; Lectures on the Physiological Laws of Life and Hygiene; Phrenology and the Temperaments; Psycology, or Mesmerism; Love, Marriage, and Causes of Divorce; Happiness, how gained and how retained; Advice to the young and the old, the single and the married; How to avoid disease and prolong life to a grand old age. It will be sent Post Paid to any address. Cloth $2., Leather $2.50. Half-morocco $3., Full-morocco $5.

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Anna K. Hawley, of Delhi, La., has patented a button that can be readily attached to garments without sewing, and readily removed without injury.

A jury in London forbade a woman the administration of her own affairs because of a peculiar bird-like formation of her head which they believed was an indication of insanity.

The Canadian Women's Suffrage Association is fairly at work, well-officered with a carefully framed constitution a large and influential membership, and an enthusiasm worthy of the cause they have undertaken to champion.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before. "So the cars were full, too?" said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—Georgia Major.

In the August number of the *Phonetic Journal* Isaac Pitman offered a prize of £5 for the best graduated copy book adapted for the introduction of phonography in schools. To be received by November 1st; award to be made December 1st.

We are never too old to learn.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Clara S. Foltz, by indefatigable indnsary, has made for herself an enviable position as an able and conscientious lawyer. She practices in all the courts.

Mrs. A. O. Cook, Thulow Block, is the best artist in hair jewelry in San Francisco. She also preserves natural flowers so perfectly, that they have the appearance of fresh gathered blossoms.

A visit to Mrs. Holt's Art Parlors, Phelan's Building, will convince anyone that she has not mistaken her calling.

The Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine, 29 Post-st, is set in a star. Put one in your house if you want light.

Marder, Luse & Co., Sacramento-st is a good place to buy printing materials, type, presses, etc. They carry a large stock of the very best quality of goods.

Make home happy by the hum of the Home Sewing Machine, 634 Market-st.

Bancroft's publishing house is the largest on the Pacific coast, and keeps the largest variety of books, periodicals, stationary and chromos in the city.

Smith &Ryder have the choicest stock of clocks and jewelry in San Jose.

People visiting Stockton will find Mrs. Allen's *temperance* house, the Eagle Hotel, a desirable home.

If you wish to be well and promptly served, and get your money's worth, patronize Gladding, McBean and Co., 1310 Market-st, manufacturers of all kinds of water, sewer and chimney pipe, garden statuary, vases, etc.

Mackay's Carpet Emporium, Market-st, is the place to find the latest designs in carpets, oil cloths, linoleum, druggets, etc.

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AGITATE, EDUCATE, ORGANIZE.

INCONSISTENCIES OF GOVERNMENT, AND RACE CULTURE.

By EMILY P. COLLINS.

For the Herald.

What a bundle of contradictions our men made government has been from its first inception. Its grand foundations were truth and justice; but how inconsistent with these principles is the structure our fathers builded upon it, and which their sons have perpetuated. Declaring that all men were born free and equal, they doomed a whole race to be born to perpetual slavery;—a crime that was washed out, only by rivers of blood. They declared that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and then assumed jurisdiction over half of the people who never consented to their government. They declared that taxation without representation is tyranny, and yet taxed one half of the peo ple while denying them representation. Evidently, the founders of our government, though they believed in the justice of the principles which they avowed, had no confidence in a government by the people, regarding it as a dangerous experiment that they dared to institute in a degree, only. Hence they divided the people into two classes, a ruling and a subject-class; and their descendents have continued these distinctions with all the multiplied evils resulting from this state of things.

One of its most glaring inconsistencies is in the laws regulating marriage; or rather, the non-regulation of it. For instance; they hold every person under twenty-one years of age, as incompetent to make a contract involving the financial value of a jack knife or a China doll; and yet allow minors at the infantile age of twelve or fourteen to enter into an indissoluble compact, of more importance than all others, together; one that is to determine their happiness or misery through all time, and that will affect their posterity also.

Common sense, physiology, and experience, teach that human beings should not propagate their kind at an immature age. The effect upon the mother is often disastrous as well as upon her offspring. History proves that the superior intellects of the world, were born of parents when at or near the maximum period of their mental and bodily vigor. It is not more, but better chileren that our country needs. While the nation groans under the burden of caring for its paupers, and of protecting itself from its criminals and for punishing them, it permits these classes to multiply themselves without let or hindrance, keeping our jails, prisons, idiot asylums, and poor houses filled with their miserable progeny; for just as surely as the Ethiopian begets his own color, just so surely the idiot, the thief, or the murderer, begets his own kind. While millions of dollars are expended every year for the purpose of regenerating mankind, no effort is made to produce a race that will need no regeneration; though it is estimated that heredity and pre-natal influences form nine tenths of the character; while training and education are responsible for only the remaining one tenth. There is scarcely any position of trust and responsibility for which the seeker is not required to give some evidence of his fitness and moral character; but the most important of all offices,—that of parent, the most depraved specimens of our race may occupy at pleasure.

In those parts of our country where hogs are allowed to live on the public domain, an owner who permits a male scrub to run at large, to deteriorate the superior breeds, is regarded as a public offender, and any one is at liberty to abate the nuisance. It would seem to be of much more imbortance to propagate the best breeds of swine, than of men.

The convicted felon forfeits his political rights, having proved that he is morally unfit to use them; but his marital rights are in no wise impaired, and he is at liberty to reproduce in offspring his own evil nature. How long will it take our good, Christian, reformers to regenerate mankind, when for every one they reform, a score of the same vile, miserable sort are born into the world to curse and pollute it, for it is the same, improvident, reckless, selfish, beastliness, that molds them into criminals and paupers, that makes them so much more prolific than prudent, moral, pure minded people. The laws of heredity were sufficiently illustrated, to impress the public thought, one would suppose, in the well known case of Margaret, the pauper, thief, and prostitute, on the Hudson, whose posterity in ninety years numbered six hundred twenty-four; of whom two hundred were convicted felons, and nearly all the rest were either drunkards, idiots, paupers or prostitutes. The cost to the county of caring for this race of paupers and criminals was estimated at $100,000; taking no account of the damage to property and the suffering they caused others. What a blessing it would be to community, were such people as Margaret, and they are many of both sexes, prohibited from begetting children. "But would you have the law interfere with the natural rights of the individual?"

Rights of individuals are not considered when it is necessary to stop the spread of small-pox, cholera, or yellow fever, and the rights and liberties of the individual may be justly sacrificed for the safety and welfare of the public.

HARTFORD, Ct.

A SOLEMN SABBATH.

Go barricade the river up,
And padlock down the rail;
We'll have no train of Sunday run,
We'll have no steamers sail.
Go tell the sailor on the seas
To make his canvas fast,
And trust the mercy of the waves
Till Sabbath shall be past.

Command the sun to stand his course,
Forbid the winds to blow
And tell the flowers they shall not bloom,
The trees they shall not grow;
The little wild bird shall not sing,
The lambkin shall not play;
The cattle all shall silent be—
It is the Sabbath day.—X.

PARALYZED BY PIETY.

I have known what it is to pass a "Sabbath" in a small Scotch town where I had no acquaintance; I have known what it is to be waylaid by a Connecticut "Sabbath" far away from friends and books, and had long ago vowed never again to incur such peril of breaking into blasphemy; but neither in Scotland nor in Connecticut have I ever seen such a paralysis as fell upon Honolulu on this first day of the week. A photographer who had traveled with us had proposed to show a few of his new acquaintances some pictures of the island in his studio, but now he expressed his regret that it could not be done. "But why not?" "Oh, you could not see them without light." "But there is plenty of light." "Ah, but you do not know Honolulu," said the photographer; "if a window of my place were to be seen open on Sunday we should all get in trouble and mine would'nt end soon." But where the "Sabbath" goes so far as to waylay a steamship's company and rob them of their only opportunity of observing the daily life and manners of a foreign people, its pious accomplices ought to have the common sense to know that their "Sabbath" is sure to be cheated also. Several of our company amused the smoking-room with spicy stories of how they outdid the "Honolulu Sabbath" (the phrase is proverbial), of how buying and selling went on with closed doors and unclosed eyes watching for the policemen. Some of the shop-men said that the policemen are bribed to detect violations of these "Blue laws" sent by New England to this Botany bay of banished dogmas. It is about the only work they have to do in the little town—to bind this galling Sabbatarian yoke upon it one day in the week. Meanwhile Boston enjoys picture galleries all day Sunday and concerts in the evening, and buys and sells whatever it wants. Let not my reader suppose that these poor Hawaiians were undergoing an ordinary Sabbath. I feel sure that a member of our London Lord's Day Association would soon find himself regarded here as sadly lax in his Sabbatarianism. Never was a company more cruelly disappointed than that of the *Australia*. We had some of us come 10,000 miles hoping to see the variety and freedom of the planet we live in, and when we arrive at one of the fairest of the tropical islands, lo, all that is visible from morning to evening is a town transformed into the image and likeness of what Sabbath dismalness we have left at home.

DEVOTION AND DRESS.

What compensation was possible for missing an experience from which I had expected much was accorded me by hospitable gentlemen of Honolulu to whom I brought an introduction. One of these took me to a church of the natives. I heard part of a sermon by one of them which possibly impressed me more than if I under stood it. The language was plensant, if not musical; the preacher's voice low and agreeable and his few gestures graceful. The only thing depressing was the thick, heavy clothing worn by these dusky natives. It was near noon, the crowded room was like an oven, the audience were melting with the fervent heat, yet there they were in heavy broadcloth, many of the women having network woolen shawls around their already heavy laden shoulders. Is this an item of that missionary Christianity which holds that the raiment of the saints must necessarily be from English factories? Did Jesus and his diciples go about Palestine taking so much thought that they should be clothed in dresses so very unlike that of the lily that spins not? In the afternoon I saw on the streets some native ladies whose dresses were comparatively healthy and appropriate to the intense heat. The Hawaiian lady's dress is not gathered at the waist, but falls from beneath the arms to the feet; it is susceptible of considerable artistic treatment, as one may see in Russia where the morning dress of ladies in summer is much the same. But, alas, it is to be feared that the artisic sentiment and taste of these natives is being trampled out by the pietistic plague which has become chronic among them. So far as I could learn, their mirth and joy have fled, dancing is rare and the theater can hardly be supported against the hoslility of imported sects. A good deal of sugar is taken out of the island, and the quantity of sweetness and light left is not very great. A slow human sacrifice is going on in the guise of a religion that once meant glad tidings.

—MONCURE D. CONWAY, in S.F. *Chronicle*.

MISS HATTIE E. SPERRY, of Oswego, N. Y., is employed as stenographer, by Nordyke & Marmour, mill manufacturers, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Germantown (Pa.) *Telegraph* urges the younger generation to deal very gently with those who are on the downhill of life. Your own time is coming to where they now are. You, too, are "stepping westward." Soothe the restlessness of age by amusement, by consideration, by non-interference, and by allowing plenty of occupation to fall into the hands that long for it, But let it be of their own choosing, and cease to oader their ways for them as though they were children.

Capersauce.

BELLES AND MUSCLE.

"Clara Belle" in a letter to the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, writes as follows:

The blush of health is on the cheek of the really up and up fashionable girl of the metropolis. The pretension is that it was put there by rugged physical training during the summer outing—that she has played lawn-tennis, pedestrinated and equestrinated so much that the ruddy hue is truly indicative of rich, rushing blood. No longer is it deplorable to be strong. Adipose tissue is despised and muscle is exalted.

"Feel that," said a friend whom I met in a parlor after her season out-of-doors. She put my hand on her arm midway between the elbow and the shoulder. The skin was as smooth and white as ever, under a single thickness of lace, and the roundness was charming.

"Grip hard," she commanded.

I grasped the arm with both hands. Then she shut her fist and drew it slowly up to her fair shoulders. Under my hand rose such a bunch of muscle as I had never felt before, except when hanging on to a brawny partner in the waltz. The girl had been rowing daily all summer. The palms of her hands are calloused, and she has to wear gloves a whole size larger than she used to, all the same. She does not lift so much as a cup of tea, without managing to bring up that muscle, and I actually saw her writing a letter and making the biceps show through the tight sleeve of her dress at every stroke of the pen. "And look at this," she said, as we were together in her boudoir. What she proudly called my attention to was the fact that, in walking across the room, the action of the muscles of her calves was plainly visible on the surface of her stockings.

"You wont be able to keep your muscle through the winter," I observed.

"Wont I?" and she led me into an adjoining closet. "That's what will do it, me gyurl."

Perhaps some of my readers wish to cultivate their muscle, and so I will tell how to make the apparatus which she showed me. You can almost fix it yourself. The requirements are two pulleys, two eight-pound window weights, a strong cord and a strip of plank with two holes in it. The cord must run through the holes in the plank, and suspend the weights. The exercise is obtained by pulling at the ends of the board. You are to assume all sorts of positions, so as to bring the whole muscular system into play.

Learn to Laugh.—Blessings on the laughers, no matter of what style. Of course we all like ha-ha-ha, or ho-ho-ho, or haw-haw-haw! but give them all a welcome; the worst of them are a thousand times better than the whiners. Hearty laughter is better than pills for dyspepsia, better than chloral for neuralgia, and better than balsam for consumption. Come on, brothers and sisters, with your ha-ha-ha, and your he-he-he, and your ho-ho-ho, and all its variations; you are welcome! But you long-faced, whining, groaning wretches, avaunt! I would rather have the cholera come this way than you! Why dont you cut your throats? I will sit on your case as a juror and bring in "a case of justifiable suicide!"—Dio Lewis.

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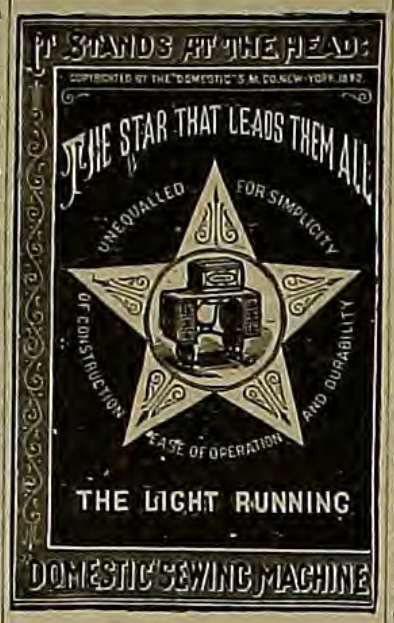

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